WEEK
ENDING
MAY 28, 1932

Liberty

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America's Best Read Weekly

Leslie Thrasher

BEN **HECHT** - MARGARET **KENNEDY** - E. ALEXANDER **POWELL** - ACHMED **ABDULLAH** - BERT **GREEN**

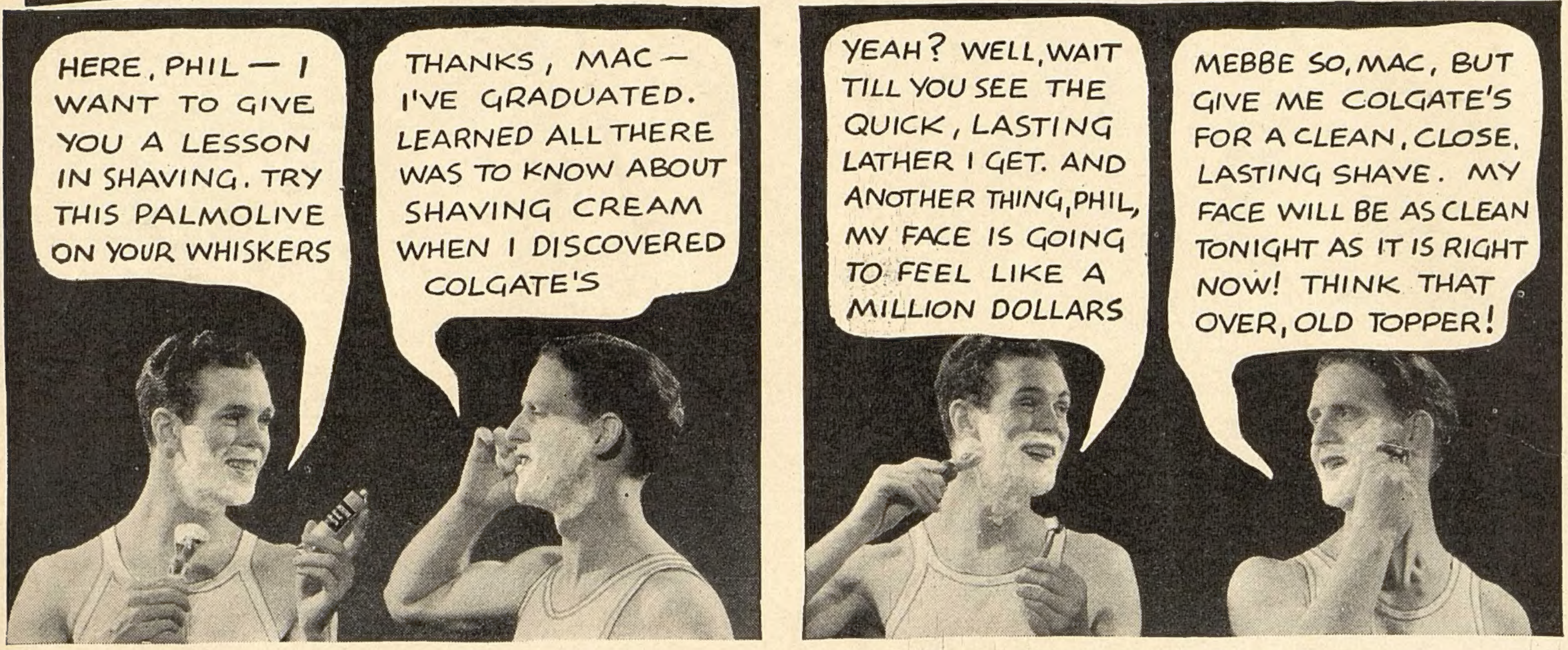
$25,000! for "BLURBS"

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

	For best Colgate "blurbs"	For best Palmolive "blurbs"
1st	$500	$500
2nd	125	125
3rd	50	50
9 next	25	25
20 next	10	10
200 next	5	5

Can you write one?

464 cash prizes this month


HERE, PHIL — I WANT TO GIVE YOU A LESSON IN SHAVING. TRY THIS PALMOLIVE ON YOUR WHISKERS
THANKS, MAC — I'VE GRADUATED. LEARNED ALL THERE WAS TO KNOW ABOUT SHAVING CREAM WHEN I DISCOVERED COLGATE'S
YEAH? WELL, WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE QUICK, LASTING LATHER I GET. AND ANOTHER THING, PHIL, MY FACE IS GOING TO FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS
MEBBE SO, MAC, BUT GIVE ME COLGATE'S FOR A CLEAN, CLOSE, LASTING SHAVE. MY FACE WILL BE AS CLEAN TONIGHT AS IT IS RIGHT NOW! THINK THAT OVER, OLD TOPPER!

THOSE are "blurbs", men—those words coming out of Phil's and Mac's mouths. Read 'em over. Who do *you* side with—Phil or Mac? What's your choice—Palmolive or Colgate's?

Write a "blurb" of your own—in your own words. Help Phil out—or help Mac out. Send in your boost for Colgate's OR Palmolive. We're putting up big money for the best "blurbs" sent to us. Get yours in!

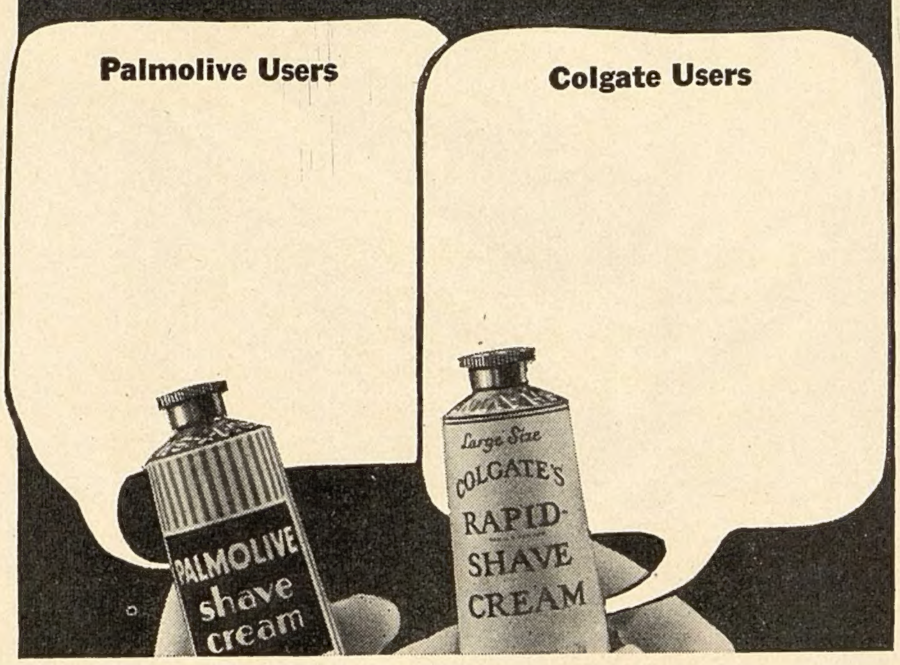
All over the country you'll find men like Phil and Mac. Millions boosting for Palmolive. Millions pulling for Colgate's. In fact—more men use these famous shaving creams than any other. They lead a field of 176 competing brands. Think of it!

Which side are you on? In one of the empty "blurb" spaces at the right (or on a separate sheet of paper) write *your* "blurb" in favor of Colgate's OR in favor of Palmolive—*not both*. Write it now!

Come on you shavers—get in on this

$25,000 argument

Mac wants you Palmolive users to say your say. Phil says "Stick with me, you Colgate users." If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money.


Palmolive Users
Colgate Users
PALMOLIVE shave cream
Large Size COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

CONTEST RULES

Mail your "blurb" with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. D-5, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Ill. Residents of Canada, address: 64 Natalie Street, Toronto, 8.

The prize money (totaling $25,000) is divided into 6 sets of monthly prizes (each set totaling $4200). At the end of each month prizes are awarded (see list above) for the best "blurbs" received during that month, as follows:

Feb. 29	$4200	Mar. 31	$4200
April 30	$4200	May 31	$4200
June 30	$4200	July 31	$4200

(*Contest closes July 31, 1932*)

Contest is only open to residents of the United States and Canada. Employes of the manufacturers and their families are *not* eligible to compete.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize tied for. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

At the right are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's and Palmolive. Here are some of the reasons why men prefer these famous shaving creams.

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles soften each hair at the base of the beard.
3. Gives close, skin-line shave.
4. Gives lasting, 24-hour shave.

"IT MEANS TWO MONTHS *just dropped out of my life*"

LIFE is almost useless during those long weeks between the old teeth and the new ones. You are not exactly "dropped" by your friends . . . you drop *yourself* . . . afraid to talk . . afraid to laugh . . . nothing can more quickly sow the seeds of an inferiority complex.

What causes this mental anguish? Nothing except the simple fact that lost teeth are usually *your own fault*. If your dentist wanted to be absolutely frank and not spare your feelings, that is just what he would tell you: "*It's your own fault.*"

Why must we lose sound-looking teeth?

Some teeth are lost through accident. Some are lost through decay. But the great surprise is when the dentist brings the word "pyorrhea" into the conversation. Because pyorrhea is a disease of the gums—a disease that works beneath the surface. Sometimes it works for five or even ten years before its effects are known. Teeth lost through pyorrhea are likely to be sound, healthy teeth so far as the eye can see. *That* is the great shock of pyorrhea.

Pyorrhea causes half the losses

Now you can see why it is so important to give your dentist an opportunity to check up regularly, because only the dentist can detect pyorrhea in its early stages. Don't keep your dentist tied down to repair work. Give him a fair chance at *prevention*. More than half the losses of adult teeth are due to pyorrhea, so you may be sure every reputable dentist is thoroughly versed in the treatment of the disease. In fact, thousands of dentists from coast to coast today are using at their chairs the special pyorrhea treatment of Dr. R. J. Forhan. That is his *professional* formula. His *home* formula is embodied in *Forhan's Toothpaste*, and it cannot be obtained by the public in any other way. You can't have healthy teeth in unhealthy gums, and Forhan's is really a double-duty toothpaste. Use it twice a day for both teeth *and* gums.

It's worth taking seriously.

Bleeding gums may warn you too late

Preserve your natural teeth. Don't wait for warnings. See your dentist twice a year. Use Forhan's faithfully—the whole family. It's a supremely fine toothpaste, and then besides there is the big *protection-plus* of the Forhan home formula. Remember that. And read the directions on the big brown tube. At all drug stores. Forhan Company, Inc., New York, N.Y. Forhan's Ltd., Ste. Therese, P.Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

SAVING BILLIONS FOR THE FEDERAL TREASURY

The federal government has always assumed the full cost of war. And that is as it should be, with one exception.

A war is not fought especially to protect federal interests: it is fought to preserve the nation, to hold the home inviolate, to protect our people in their property and other rights. The federal government does not furnish the soldiers; they are supplied by the various states. And all the risks associated with supplying soldiery should be assumed by the states.

Applications for soldiers' bonuses paying financial rewards due to physical ailments, damages, etc., by individuals as a result of the war should be made to the state and paid by the state. They should be made to the local community in which each individual lives, and passed finally by state officials.

The huge machine that we now have at Washington which is shouldering the financial claims of the aftermath of all our various wars, is entirely devoid of human sympathies. It is not in touch in any way with the soldiers whose claims it finally allows. Furthermore, a fairly large percentage of the claims that are allowed are fraudulent. Clever lawyers and sometimes unprincipled doctors help to rob the government in this manner.

Now, if these claims were made locally and paid locally, such fraudulent demands would be quickly discovered; in fact, they would rarely be made.

It is our suggestion, therefore, that the huge liability that the federal government is now assuming for the various wars be transferred to the states and communities in which the claimants now reside; that the moneys being paid to the citizens of the various states be collected by the states in the communities in which the claimants reside, in the form of a special tax.

The advantage of such a change would

First: Relieve the federal government of enormous liability which it never should have assumed;

Second: Largely eliminate fraudulent claims;

Third: Assure more just and humane consideration of claimants;

Fourth: Increase the allowance made to many who, doubtless, would not have the advantage of clever lawyers.

Now, of course, this is revolutionary, and to those who are accustomed to doing everything in the old way it will sound unreasonable. But if we are desirous of handling these governmental activities in an effective and satisfactory manner, such a procedure will be a tremendous improvement over the present method.

But it is not at all out of place to believe that such a change might enable the state governments greatly to reduce the liability, giving all those who have just claims all that is due to them and perhaps cutting down or eliminating other claims.

Naturally, by such a plan some states might be assuming an undue proportion of this war debt, and some communities might be assuming an undue proportion. Such communities could call on the state to help make up the difference, and the states could call on the federal government.

There are, of course, many details that would have to be worked out in connection with a plan of this sort, but in a general way it would insure a more just and careful consideration of the claims made by the various soldiers. Furthermore, there would be the definite understanding on the part of the officials considering claims locally, that whatever the allowance might be they would have to pay it in excess taxes, and unreasonable claims would not be allowed.

The huge machine at Washington that now pays these claims is so far distant, and the taxing power is so far removed, that people do not realize they are paying the taxes indirectly for every dollar that claimants collect. Furthermore, such a plan would bring home to every citizen in every community directly the actual financial cost of war. Their tax bill would have a certain assessment each year to pay war costs; it would always be before them. It would be much more difficult to rush us into war with such a constant reminder of the terrific associated expenses.

Patriotism is an invaluable characteristic; without it no nation can long exist; and no matter how much you might pay a soldier who has risked his life in battle, he would still be underpaid. And in suggesting the transfer of the liabilities from federal to state governments, it is with the thought in mind that the claims of our soldiers will receive more just and humane consideration; that the money we have to spend for this purpose will be more justly and sympathetically distributed.

This is the first gun that we are firing in a proposed revolutionary change in our governmental system. But the world of today is alive with new ideas, and we cannot expect to depend on a horse and buggy for transportation when automobiles and planes await our orders.

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GONE! Those days of muss and painting disorder

The OLD way
...house torn up for days
The NEW way
...painted and settled the same day

Now—one day painting

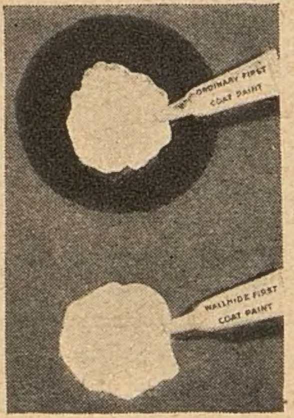
... hang pictures the same day

IT'S *almost too good to be true!*—this new paint discovery that now brings you One Day Painting.

Start painting any room in your house in the morning . . . that evening before dinner you hang your curtains and pictures. No more days of muss and painting disorder! Old or new walls can be painted with Wallhide and rooms settled—the same day!

Wallhide is totally different from other paints because it contains VITOLIZED OIL. It brings you painting results that are *impossible* with paints containing ordinary oil. It dries with a satiny sheen, wears longer, washes perfectly. Saves you time, trouble, money.

Wouldn't you like to transform the appearance of your rooms for only a very few dollars? You can with this new Vitolized Oil paint. *Fewer coats are required.* And you will be delighted with the 15 beautiful Wallhide colors. Ask your painter or dealer to show them to you today. Remember—only Wallhide can bring you Wallhide results. Insist on it! Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, Paint and Varnish Division, Dept. 315, Milwaukee, Wisconsin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enables you to make the dramatic Wallhide "spot test" Shows you the many superiorities of this Vitolized Oil paint—why it covers better, wears longer, why it keeps the paint film alive and elastic indefinitely. Mail coupon today.

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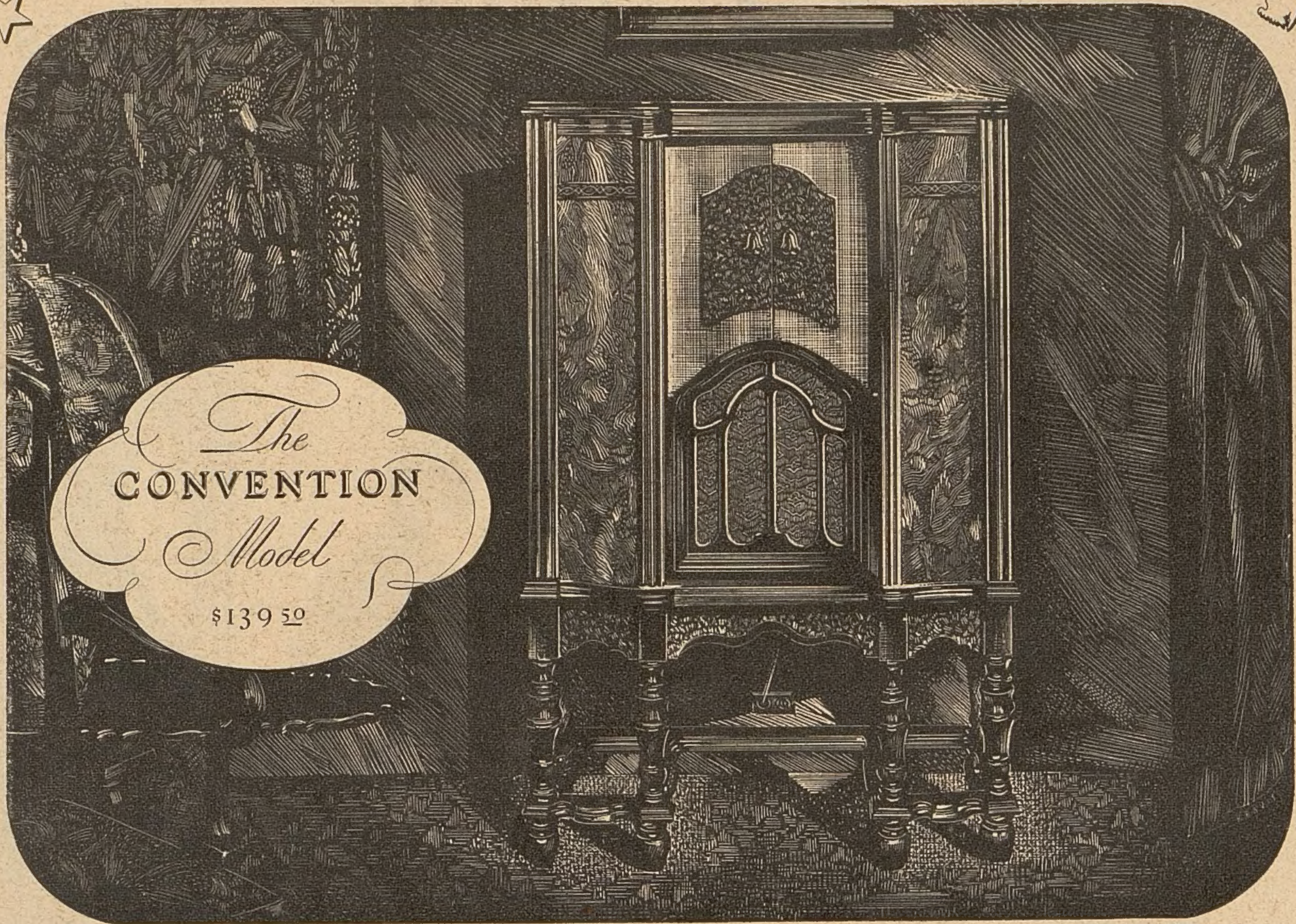

GENERAL ELECTRIC ANNOUNCES

7 MAJOR ENGINEERING ADVANCES

All for Better Tone

After months of laboratory work, General Electric presents the amazing new high-power Twin-Push (Class B) Amplification and 6 other major improvements, in its new Convention Model.

Greater tone realism than any radio you have ever heard before! Complete new tubes of greater efficiency! Boundless power! New high frequency response, giving full brilliance to the entire musical scale!

Read over the radical new features of this great set. Then go to a G-E Radio dealer's and *"believe your own ears!"*

● NEW—"Twin-Push" Amplification, giving a tremendous increase in undistorted power—many times the power of previous receivers—resulting in the complete elimination of the "blurring" which takes place in most receivers when sudden exclamations or musical crescendos are received.

● NEW—Twelve Improved Tubes of *new* type throughout, giving greater efficiency and purer tone quality.

● NEW—Dual Automatic Volume Control, using two tubes instead of one—overcoming the defects of previous automatic volume controls. It makes possible the reception of all stations—strong and weak—at the same volume without touching the hand-operated volume control, and without distortion.

● NEW—Automatic Lo-Tone Compensator, which automatically gives the same full, rich tone whether the set is turned to low volume or high.

● NEW—High-power Dynamic Speaker, completely re-designed to give greater tone fidelity.

● NEW—Special Hand-operated Tone Control to give any shading of tone desired, and eliminating the mushy boominess formerly noticeable when tone controls were turned down.

● NEW—Greatly-improved G-E Tone Equalizers with *acoustic orifices* of *exclusive G-E design*—making possible further refining of tone and eliminating cabinet resonance.

● IN ADDITION—Other outstanding G-E features, including the famous G-E full-range sensitivity, and selectivity with improved band pass characteristics! General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

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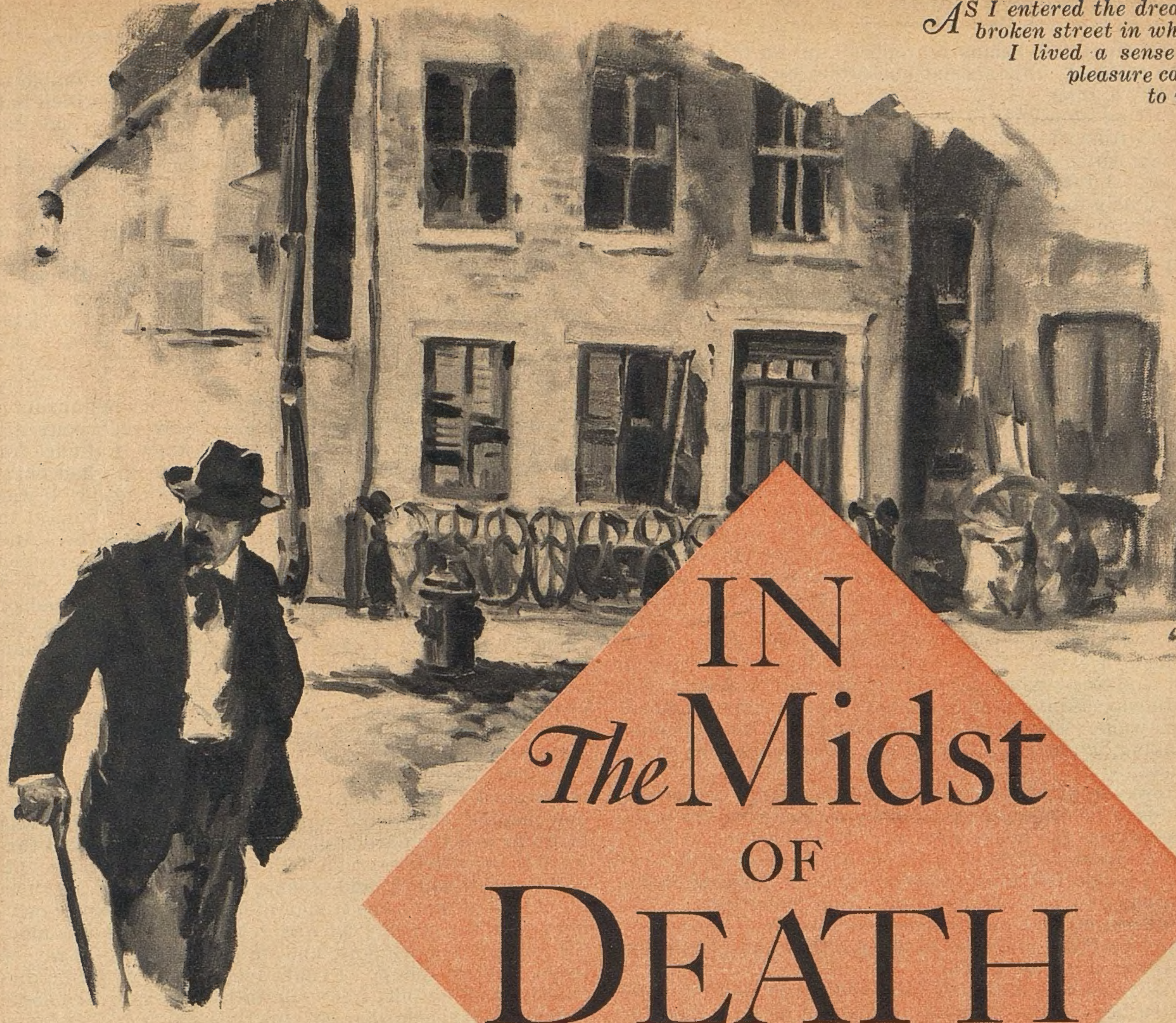
Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon Eastern Daylight Saving Time. For the entire family—"Just a Song at Twilight"—every Sunday afternoon 5:30–6:00 Eastern Daylight Saving Time—over a nation-wide N. B. C. network.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO



AS I entered the dreary, broken street in which I lived a sense of pleasure came to me.

IN *The* Midst OF DEATH

The Shades of a Guilty Romance Return to the Scene of Their Sin

By

BEN HECHT

Pictures by
LAWRENCE WILBUR

(Reading time: 27 minutes 45 seconds.)

I HAVE no romantic notions tucked away in the back of my head that corpses rise from graves to walk the earth, that curses survive the foolish mouths that utter them. I have no belief in the survival of living things after they have died, whether they be trees, dogs, cats, or foul old misers. If there be banshees and leprechauns, vampires and a company of wailing disembodied souls floating in the night, I have never seen such gentry nor had any commerce with them.

Yet I believe—or, rather, I have for several months lived—in a world as evil and unnatural as any the voodoo worshipers go hunting in the dark jungle. That I escaped from that world alive I attribute more to chance than to the superiority of reason over unreason.

I will start my story with no other description of myself than that I am a writer. I had planned to write a book, and because of the nature of this book I had moved myself and my favorite belongings into a strange and little known part of New York City. I had rented a house in Cherry Street, a battered, almost obliterated survivor of a street on the East Side.

In this street the Island of Manhattan comes to a sad and ragged end. There are no tenements. There are half-dismantled houses that resemble packing crates more than domiciles. There are empty lots used as dumps and very little to dump in them. There are a few sagging warehouses, and a handful of rather mysterious folk who, like the street to which they cling, seem more survivors of some past era living on scraps wrested from a wasteland than residents of today's New York.

The house in Cherry Street into which I moved had been built in 1800. It had the look of a house that had been stormed and taken again and again by hosts of vandals. Its sides gaped. Its stoop had been wrenched away, its rear undermined, its roof shelled. It still boasted its Adam doorway intact, and inside the walnut floors and stairway survived.

But I stood, that first spring morning, inhaling so bitter and dominant a reek of decay that it seemed this derelict house must any hour give up its architectural ghost and collapse into a heap of refuse. Yet in two weeks' time—with its windows restored, its odors banished or at least neutralized by grate fires and aromatic smokes, its

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

IN THE MIDST OF DEATH
Continued from page seven

walls repainted, beams repropped, and its thousand spiders crushed—this ancient house took on a persuasive if shabby dignity.

Sitting at nights in its lamplighted living room, now filled with books and such comforts to which I cling, I felt rather smug over my domestication of this tramp of a house. I forgot the abandoned junk yard that was my north neighbor and the tar-paper shanty on the south. I had cleared away and spaded up the plot of ground in the rear and done some spring planting, thrilled to find the soil into which I dug, once the overlay of refuse had been carted off, full of evidences that a garden had once thrived within the dismantled brick wall which still outlined the little area.

As for the odors of this castaway street, within a month the mingled scents of rust and sea, of decaying wood and stale walls, had grown downright pleasing to me.

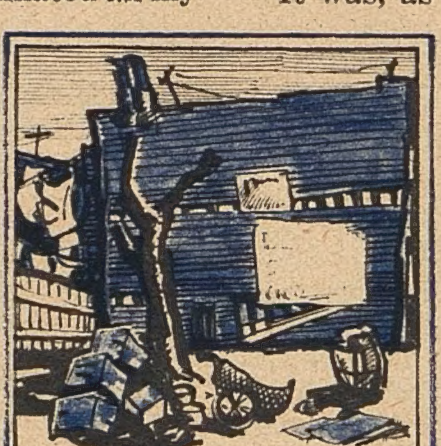
Although I was charmed by the neighborhood, I found sleep difficult at the beginning, owing to the noises I seemed to have rented along with the house. Rats scurried in the dark, and the quick, furtive shuffle of feasting and exploration was at times frightening. Likewise the babble of rotted wood, of creaking fibers, dripping plasters, warping beams which became audible in the night's stillness was disturbing. Behind the new paint and all my improvements, decay, like some restless ogre with a thousand tongues, continued its monologue in the dark.

I would get out of bed a half dozen times a night and, lighting a candle, walk through the house expecting to find God knew what—ghosts, or acrobats at least. But there was nothing ever to see but empty rooms and shadowed walls. There was nothing to find but the continued creaking, grunting, pitter-patter, and moan of the dying house.

However, after a month I found these once disturbing sounds of no consequence. I grew pleased with the mood of loneliness the house gave me. It enabled me to work. And at night, feeling as if I were adrift on some derelict ship, I would fall asleep despite a sudden running on the stairway or a half-strangled cry from the cellar.

But one night I was wakened by a sense of shock—by some trembling response to danger that had penetrated my sleep. I sat up in bed.

The room was dark. A faint moon outlined my little garden beyond the window. I realized as I reached for the box of matches that an odd sharpness animated all my senses; and that it was not for the familiar noises of this old house my ears were straining, but for some other, unknown, and yet psychically expected sound.



I WAS about to light a match when this mysteriously awaited sound came into the room. It was a soft footfall. That quick chill with which the heart signals its terror, while the mind lags behind, entered my blood. In a moment I knew I was listening to a cat. A cat was in the bedroom. And in my relief over this fact I conceived an immediate love for the animal, regardless of its color, shape, or degree.

I settled back and, grown used to the dark, made out its silhouette. I watched it move slowly across the floor and, with a silent agility that made it seem to take flight rather than leap, mount the window sill overlooking the garden a few feet below. Here it remained, crouching and staring.

Again the tremble of premonition that had awakened me returned, as if all were not as well as my cat had led me falsely to believe. Once more I found my heart chilling and my senses strained. I moved uneasily to the edge of the bed and looked out of the window in which my visitor crouched.

There was another visitor! In a far corner of the garden a figure was standing. The face was not visible. I could make out only an outline of someone stooped and motionless. As I lay looking it moved and shuffled off, and I saw that my trespasser was a woman, old and bent and barely able to walk.

A rumble brought my eyes to the window sill. The cat had risen on its legs. Its back was arched, its fur pointed. It spat and leaped from the window into the garden, vanishing after the departing figure.

I lit two candles; picked up a book but was unable to read. The presence of the old woman in the garden had not particularly alarmed me. But the antics of this cat appeared to have affected my nerves.

Of my half amused and half hysterical conjectures that night I will say only there is hardly anyone so sane, so realistic, but that somewhere lingering in his brain lobes may be found the lore of cats and witches and the whole childish paraphernalia of forgotten fairy tales.

The morning brought a rich sense of absurdity to my relief. In the bright morning sun the memory of witches and evil cats made me smile. I went to work on my writing with the incident thoroughly digested and disposed of.

RETURNING from dinner, which I ate in a restaurant a mile or so from the old house, I discovered a souvenir of my night's disturbance. The cat—I knew it at once for the same animal that had invaded my room—had obviously adopted me as a source of board and lodging. It was an unsightly creature, a bit too long and cylindrical to stir the enthusiasm of even a promiscuous cat lover. And it ate the food put before it with a remarkable unfeline boldness and relish. Also, after its meal it went to sleep in a manner which was rather surprising. Instead of curling up and settling gracefully into slumbers, as became the tradition of cats, this eccentric and stringy animal fell over on its side, its legs outstretched like a dead horse, and in this stiffened posture closed its eyes and slept. I watched it for a time, thinking perhaps it had died; but the twitching of its legs reassured me and I returned to my work.

In bed, having put out the candles, I thought of the other garden trespasser, and lay staring out of the window hoping she would appear again. The night was brighter and the garden pleasantly visible. I looked forward to my witch's return with a sense of entertainment.

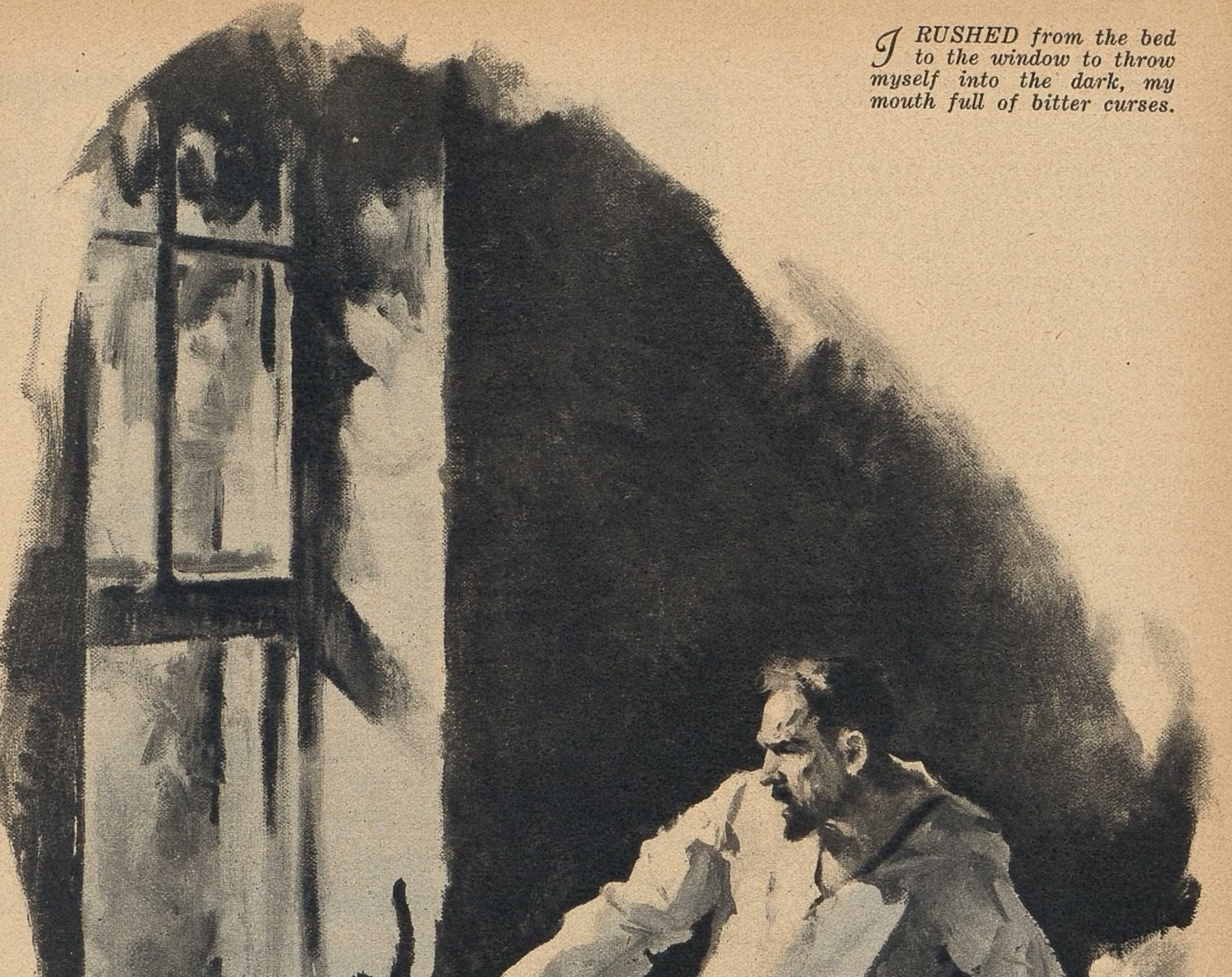
But I fell asleep, and wakened as I had the previous night, full of that same tremor of disquiet and expectancy. My friend the stringy cat was in the room. He was moving toward the window, and he struck me as a rather tense, electric fellow. I could feel a wave of feline disquiet. Looking out, I saw again the figure in the same far corner of the garden, but this time visible in its details.

It was, as I had surmised, an old woman with a face almost destroyed by age. In the moonlight I could see plainly the senile and malformed features. Shrunken, ashen, it frightened me as the faces of the over-aged sometimes do—those faces too close to death, out of which the corpse already peers and on which a mold already seems to be gathering. She was shawled and wore a heavy black skirt. Her hands were hidden.

I watched, wondering what strange inner errand could bring so old a woman into my garden after midnight. As I continued to look the sense of alarm increased. This crone standing so still appeared to me suddenly as someone engaged in some dreadful activity. I found myself quivering, my senses bristling with fears and full of a wordless ugly conviction that something was going on in the garden.

I held my breath, fearful of attracting those hollow, brooding eyes to me. All that I saw was this motionless figure in the night, this mummy in the shadows. But now it struck me that it was *too* motionless. It was watching something. The thought came to me, like a spider crawling through my head, that there was something in the night of which this visitor was part. My ears and eyes strained themselves for a hint of hidden things. I could detect nothing. But the night grew ugly and unfamiliar, and I lay staring with the sick taste of fear in my mouth.

What was it I felt? What did I expect? What was this motionless one with the hidden hands doing? Why did she come to my garden to stand and stare? Then, as on the night before, I heard a rumble from the window sill. The old woman had moved and was shuffling away.



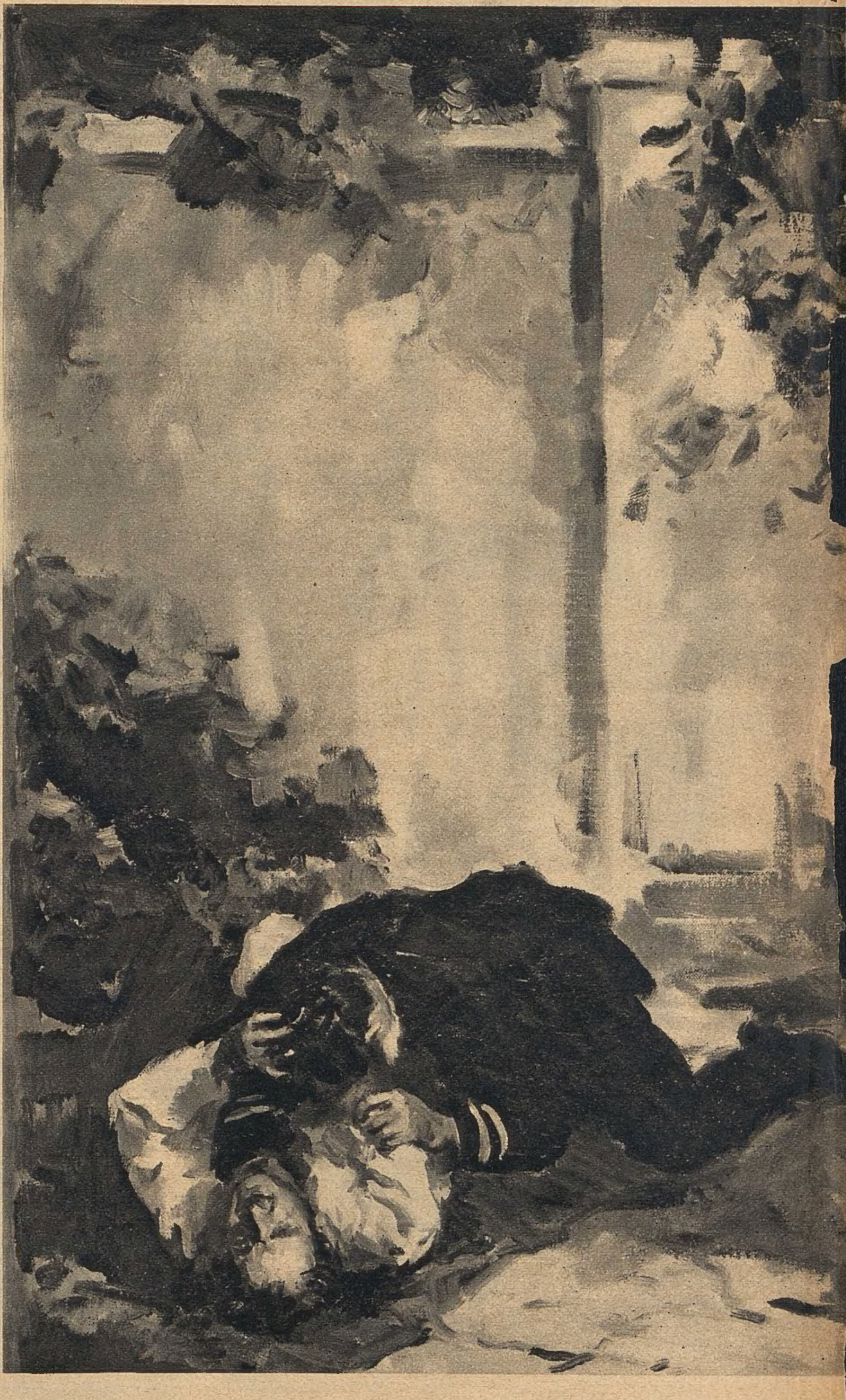
I RUSHED from the bed to the window to throw myself into the dark, my mouth full of bitter curses.

I saw the cat arch its back, spit, and leap into the garden. And, to my horror, an almost uncontrollable impulse to jump out of the window after it laid hold of me by the hair. I lay clinging to the bed, gritting my teeth against this sudden compulsion. My legs already felt in flight toward the garden. I could already smell the dank half-flower, half-refuse odor of that little plot of earth as if I were walking across it. But I remained in the bed, resisting this flight of my senses, and after a few minutes found myself rid of this inexplicable and shocking inner command. I lay covered with perspiration.

In looking back over the subsequent events I marvel over nothing as much as my own weak will, my inertia,

[CONTINUED

IN THE MIDST OF DEATH
Continued from page nine



They had wrestled until Captain John had choked the life

and my mysterious submission to the thing which that night brought into my life. That the hidden selves of a sane man may respond to the eerie, the magical, the unknown, is in a manner natural. But that sanity itself—the surface of logic and practicality which we proudly identify as our ego—should so easily become stricken and impotent to direct one is a sorry indication of the paper-thinness of our wills and pretenses.

I made no effort the next morning to explain my curious impulse to jump into the garden after the crone. Stupidly I shelved the memory as belonging to another set of circumstances—as having no particular point in them for sanity to discuss with itself. I fed the cat, noted once more its peculiar methods of slumber, grinned at its unsightliness, and resumed my writing.

But even that first day an enervation had begun to rob me of both facility and ambition. I idled about the old house. The arrival of Mrs. Hanse, my elderly and amiable charwoman, threw me into a burst of temper. I felt her presence hostile and alien. This stout and busy old woman did not belong around me. I ordered her off, to her surprise as well as my own.

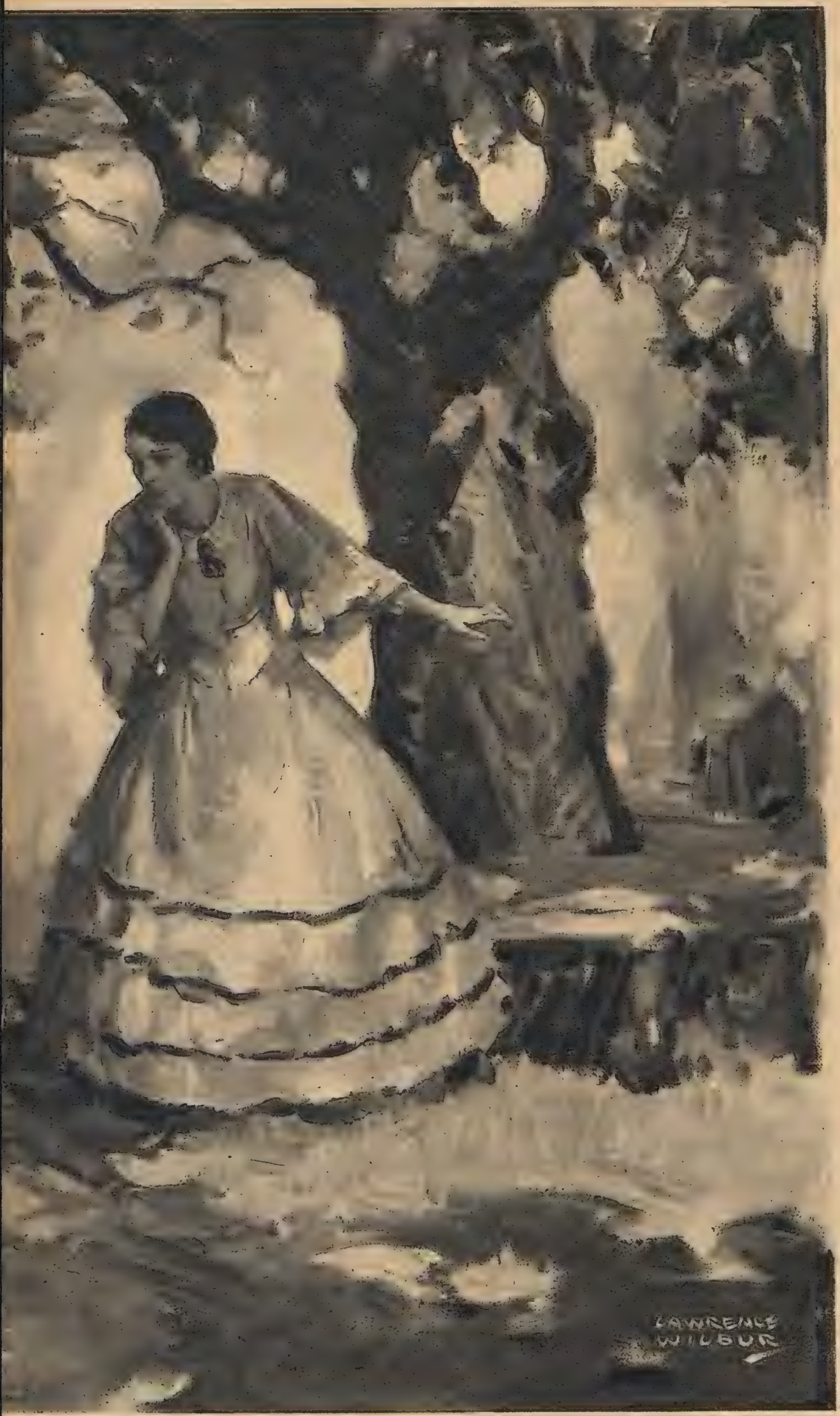
Toward evening I took my daily walk to the restaurant. I had no appetite. I was too eager for an event—the night. There was no doubt in my mind. My visitor would return. I knew almost the hour she would appear.

I RECALL a moment or two of wonder during this day. What was this eagerness? Why was I so excited? What was it I was expecting, and what had stirred in me this strange mood—half furtiveness, half anger? I answered these questions smugly enough. My desire for another glimpse of my garden visitor was merely proof of my courage. Most men would have been quaking at the prospect of such another little spectacle; but I was one whose cynicism enabled him to enjoy such hints of the supernatural! This explanation pleased me and I noted nothing strange in my behavior.

On this third night the sky was dark with clouds. I walked back from my dinner, which I had hardly touched, and as I entered the dreary, broken street in which I lived a sense of pleasure came to me. I stood looking up and down this forlorn and castaway street so devoid of life in the dark. No lighted windows with blinds insufficiently drawn to reveal little bits of human scene, no vehicles clattering cheerily on human errands, no sounds of music or argument came to disturb my mood, my strange appreciation of these empty, derelict sidewalks. Something less than life seemed to exist in the half visible shanties with their battered fences. At the end of the street a few figures moved; but these, with their furtive, preoccupied air, seemed part of the meaning of this scene, just as the figures of mourners walking among old graves add somehow to the signifi-

I went to bed and lay grinning and full of fancies. The garden was almost too dark for objects to be seen, and despite my vigil it was not until the cat again had mounted the window sill that I became aware of my visitor.

There she stood again in the corner, a blur of black against the crumbled wall. But though I could make out nothing I could feel her motionlessness. She was some cracked old beldame, I began to think, some eccentric crone that belonged in this castaway street, a pothering granny dizzied with the approach of death and shuffling



t of Phillip Massover. Jenny had stood by watching.

aimlessly through the dark. But my thoughts dwindled. More powerful things than words were talking to me.

They came out of the garden—messages so confusing and so sickening to my sense of reality, of self, of the worldly practical intellect that was still I, that I lay breathing as if running uphill. An intolerable duality seemed to be taking possession of me. I was aware of things my senses were denying me. My ears and eyes, straining again for a hint of hidden matters in the night, detected nothing.

But an odor was slowly filling my nose, an odor of roses in bloom—heavy, sweet, evilly romantic. And I felt the night air on my face as if I were outside. Wind rushed on my skin as if I were running, and I heard myself panting as if with some unimaginable activity. This was hallucination, for I still lay in the bed. The me I knew lay clutching the sheets as if fearful of being swept from his place. In the far corner of the garden I could still see the motionless old woman.

An anger made my head nod. This anger was strange. It seemed to sweep something out of me. It propelled me, as on the previous night, to the garden—but this time with so violent and blind an impulse as was almost irresistible.

I saw the cat leap again, and I rushed from the bed to the window to throw myself into the dark, my mouth full of bitter, unintelligible curses. I stopped at the window. The garden, a few feet below, was an instant away. But an unexpected glimpse of myself saved me. I saw myself in the dark windowpane—a dim image with wild, staring eyes. This image seemed to hover unreal as a ghost in the night. But it was I. And, clinging to the sill with trembling hands, I shrank from it. It halted me, sent me cowering back to the bed. I fell exhausted on the pillows and slept soundly.

WHEN I woke I knew, from the unlightened mood which dawn and supposed rationality brought, that I was in the midst of some experience deeper than I had bargained for. I felt a depression as of danger waiting. Yet more than on the previous day I desired no company. This perverse longing for loneliness, for fear, surprised me faintly. I knew dimly now that I was behaving in a manner foreign to my intelligence. Finding myself about to enter the garden that afternoon to do some weeding, my feet lagged. I started mumbling to myself that I was too tired to work outdoors and that the earth was too damp. I returned to my living room with a wretched impression of danger averted.

I made no investigations in the neighborhood or, what was worse, in my mind. I sat about the old house, reading and scribbling ineffectually, and allowing something to drift—as if I had become too much like this street that had once seemed to me a half sunken and rotted barge moored to a wharf and threatening to disappear. I felt a character change, but thought or rescue were impossible. I had escaped my will.

My antics and agonies during the weeks that followed have left no special memory. I recall nights when I watched, my friend the cat beside me on the sill, and no visitor came into my garden. And other nights when she appeared. I recall seeing her sometimes plainly—too plainly—as if her miserably aged face were pressing against mine. There is the memory of her motionlessness, of her never varying lifeless vigil in the dark, and of the sense deepening in me that danger, horrid and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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nauseating, threatening me. But chiefly there is the memory of the growing need to join her in the garden. Against this strange and ugly need I struggled each night she appeared.

Although my sanity—the I of my ego—dwindled, and I became nightly more and more an oblivious actor in some evil and infuriating scene taking place in the dark, yet I clung to my side of the window with inexplicable resolve, exhausting myself with the effort, finding myself the next day often unable to leave the bed, as if drained of all will and vitality by the night's struggle.

I made several half-hearted attempts to leave the old house. I telephoned friends; I paid visits. But the thing happening had fastened itself to me. I did not desire to avoid it. I was pleased to lie trembling in this dying house. I seemed to have become a plotter against myself, a secret ally of those forces which were pulling me out of the window each night to join something in the garden.

Such friends as saw me during this time commented on my gauntness and bad temper, advised fresh air and new diets, and usually departed angrily. As the summer grew hotter visitors stopped calling, and even my few intimates, repelled by my unfriendliness and uncharacteristic bursts of anger, left me alone. I lived with the stringy, queer cat that I had never fondled nor given a name, but that I continued to feed eagerly each day, as if it were part of the mystery into which I was soon to be inducted.

I knew days before it happened that I was going to join her in the garden. There was no longer anything that could stop me. I was aware of a secret in my heart, mind, senses—a duality that still evaded my thought but to which I must surrender. Inside my identity, burrowing through what I had deemed my sanity, a new person, a new set of moods, desires, had taken shape. I had something to do with this half-dead crone who came haunting my garden at night. I had something to do with her vigil. What, I didn't know. But even in the brightness of the day I found myself scowling, moving about my lonely house full of truculence and loathing.

What was it I hated, what I loathed? There was no answer to this, yet I knew the answer. It lay in the garden. An impulse was overwhelming me as if hands were fastened in my hair dragging me outside myself.

I remember of the final night few actual sane details. That there was a bright moon I recall. Yet I mistrust even that memory. I seemed aware during the day of a storm over the sea, of a heavy wind blowing and the old house creaking and moaning as if it must collapse any moment. I locked myself in, refusing to admit the amiable and persistent Mrs. Hanse. I sat waiting in the bedroom.

BEN HECHT

who wrote this story, was born in New York City, was educated in Chicago, and began his newspaper work there at the age of sixteen. He is the author of a number of short stories, books, and plays.

AT twilight a desire to undress came to me, and I grew frightened at this. I did not wish to undress. But my hands, obeying an inner command, began removing my clothes. I did not desire to sleep, yet I crawled into the bed, nightrobed and shaking.

As I lay I remembered with an odd distress that the cat was not in the room. The absence of the cat filled me with violent disquiet. I jumped from the bed and unlocked the door. The cat was outside waiting, but it remained on the threshold, refusing to enter my room. I whispered to it coaxingly. Finally, angered by its obduracy, I reached to lay hands on it. It rose stiff-legged and spat at me.

I smiled and returned to the bed. There was no need to coax this cat. I knew that it must be in this room this night, and I laughed aloud at its futile hesitation. It kept watching me; and then slowly, its legs stiff with fear, it came in and slunk into a corner. I saw its eyes burning like two fiery disks in the dark, and appeased I fell asleep.

When I woke it was after midnight. I slipped furtively from the bed and moved barefooted to the window. She was there, motionless in the far corner of the garden, and the sight of her brought so deep a rage into my heart that I bit my lips to keep from cursing aloud. A mood, furious and blinding, laid hold of me. Standing in the dark window watching the figure in the corner near the garden wall, I knew who she was!

I screamed and hurled myself into the garden. Rage lifted me from the ground as I fell. I heard another shout. It was I, running through the garden toward this figure, toward this motionless one. I was gasping something in a hoarsened voice—a name: "Jenny—Jenny!" I never reached her.

A pair of arms seized me. They came out of the dark, enfolding me, crushing me against a body cold and violent. I fell, and the arms clung. I heard my screams. A hand cold as death gripped my throat. I was being choked. I fought. A tall, heavy man panted in my ear, cursed, growled, and kept tightening his hand on my neck. I felt death and murder in the dark. My senses were almost gone when, opening my eyes, I beheld something so strange as caused me to gasp and cry out.

I beheld around me a tall brick wall with flower boxes arranged along its top. Against the wall dahlias bloomed, and in a sudden flood of moonlight I saw garden beds teeming with asters and gladioli. Under the window of my bedroom rose clumps of towering bushes and the smell of roses flooded the air. In the far corner stood a great tree.

In the instant I beheld this unnatural sight that was part of the hand choking me to death, a pain ghastly and intolerable wrenched at my head. I lay in this nonexistent garden, crushed under the body of this nonexistent murderer, feeling life grow black, and I heard myself cry out crazily, "This isn't true!"

With these words, as if I had waved some holy talisman in the devil's presence, the walls and flowers, the heavy garden scents, the great tree in the corner, and the moonlight vanished, and with them the cold hand disappeared from my throat.

I RECOVERED consciousness in the dawn. Barely able to move, I crawled into the old house. My neck was stiff and sore. In the hallway I saw my cat. It was lying stiff-leggedly as if in its peculiar sleep. I bent over it. Its head was crushed and it was dead.

I remained in bed for two days, nursing bruises and too weak and stiffened to move. Mrs. Hanse, buxom and spry beyond her years, took care of me. She was of the opinion as she applied remedies to my bruises that I had been in a nasty fight, and this reminded her of what she called the good old days of Cherry Street when Homeric combats between Celt, Teuton, and Semite had livened the neighborhood.

I listened to her reminiscences with crafty, flattering interest. I was afraid to be left alone in the house. I induced her to take one of its rooms for a bedroom. Yet, though I lay cowering at night, fearful of looking into the garden and listening almost hysterically to the pitter-patter and moan of this dying house, I refused to leave it. A sense of violent shock lingered in me, and my mind was beginning to torture itself in a search for explanations, reasonable explanations of all that had happened. I was myself again, weak and convalescing from something that haunted me as if it had been a dream. But to leave would be to leave behind only half of my disease, whatever it had been. My mind, unsatisfied and tortured, would keep alive these dormant fears. Cherry Street, with its forlorn and castaway stare, with its night noises and unknown figures, would follow me wherever I went. And the garden would follow me.

On the fourth day, feeling stronger, I asked Mrs. Hanse the question that had been rolling furtively over and over in my head:

"Do you know any old woman in the neighborhood named Jenny?"

Mrs. Hanse nodded.

"Aw, she's a funny one, that one," she said. "Old Jenny. Sure, she hangs around yet."

"What do you know about her?" I asked.

And Mrs. Hanse told me the first part of the story.

A few days later, able to leave the house, I visited the Public Library and rummaged for hours through old newspaper files. By the end of the week I had pieced together old Jenny's history.

The old house I had rented had been the home seventy years ago of a man named Phillip Massover. Jenny had been his wife. They had lived there but a short time—less than a year. In that day this old house had been a likely and dignified residence and Cherry Street a tree-shaded, charming avenue. The Massovers had moved into this house immediately after their marriage.

This marriage had been an unhappy one. Jenny had loved another man whose name was John Tell and who was captain of one of the sailing ships her husband owned. A drawing of John Tell I located in the New York Times of September 10, 1860, reveals a tall, heavy man with deep-set eyes. Of Jenny or her husband Phillip I could find no likenesses.

One day in the summer of 1860 the police, urged on by worried neighbors, visited the Massover home in Cherry Street. They found it deserted. The beds were unmade; the dishes lay unwashed in the sink. Husband and wife had vanished. Inquiry revealed that Phillip Massover had not been at his shipping office for five days. Eager neighbors introduced the name John Tell into the mystery, and four months later Captain Tell was arrested as his ship docked in the harbor of New York. With him was found the missing Jenny Massover.

Both were charged with the murder of Phillip Massover, and a hunt for the remains of that deceived husband instituted. Captain Tell and Jenny related what seemed a straightforward and, for that day, dreadful story of sin. Jenny had run off with Captain John one night, leaving her husband asleep and unsuspecting in his bed. His subsequent disappearance was a surprise to her. Neither she nor John knew aught of what had happened to him.

The police investigation dragged through the autumn and was finally discontinued. I could find no hint of where John and Jenny went on their release—whether they married and settled down or took to the seas in one of Captain John's boats. But this was the Jenny who came to visit my garden. She had returned from God knows where to the home of her youth. Mrs. Hanse explained that a few old-timers who had the story from their parents had recognized her, but that it was impossible to talk to her. She was deaf and almost blind and lived on scraps.

BUT there was no need to talk to Jenny. Once I had gathered her story, my own participation in it became clear to me. I *knew* what the police had never found out and what the legends of the neighborhood had never contained. I knew that old Jenny, blind and tottering, had come back from somewhere to the scene of a crime committed a summer night some seventy years ago. She had come back, to stand under the tree that had once filled the far corner of the garden, as she had stood one night in the arms of her lover Captain John while her husband slept in the room I occupied.

But on that night her husband had been wakened, perhaps by the noise of a cat creeping through his room. He had looked out the window, seen her embraced. Rage had filled him, and he had jumped into the garden to attack the scoundrel and despoiler of his happiness. And this scoundrel, Captain John, had met him halfway, his arms reaching out of the dark to seize him. They had wrestled until Captain John, stronger, burlier, had choked the life out of Phillip Massover. Jenny had stood by watching. Phillip murdered, the lovers had worked swiftly to dispose of him, and then hurried to the captain's ship in the harbor and disappeared.

This was what old Jenny, motionless night after night in the garden corner, had been watching—the murder. Her half-blind eyes, looking out of another self, had stared at this scene of passion and death in the garden, had watched night after night a man come leaping out of the bedroom window over the rosebushes, rushing through the aster beds, and coming to grips with another man, and dying.

It was this vision in which old Jenny lived that had come scratching at my senses like some phantom at the doors of life. Old Jenny, lost in her memory of that wild night, watching that scene of terror relive itself, had cast a telepathic spell over me. I was sleeping in the bed where Phillip had slept. I was watching from the window through which Phillip had watched. And I had finally become Phillip!

This was the secret I had felt but been unable to understand, this the change of character that had slowly overtaken me as I stared night after night out of the window. I had become part of Jenny's hallucination. I had slowly caught her madness as one might catch a disease. I had experienced a disintegration of self and will and become dominated by a vision creeping like some mist through my senses into my soul. On the night I jumped from the window I was Phillip—a phantom Phillip. I was the Phillip seen by Jenny in her trance, Phillip running to be murdered in the garden seventy years ago.

But here I pause. The marks on my neck, my bruises, the crushed head of my cat—these were real. What hallucination could have this power to injure my flesh?

I ANSWER this cautiously. It was not a ghost that assailed me in the dark, but a dream. Our bodies, I discovered that night, respond not only to those things we glibly call realities. Our imagination can also create images with the power to destroy us, can people that inner world of hallucination with monsters of no substance that nevertheless can wound the flesh, break the body, and crush life from us. Our senses, our organs, can respond with a mysterious logic to the assault of chimeras. This is the secret of stigmata, of those physical disorders which hallucination produces.

But this phantom that tried to strangle me in the dark was no figure hatched by any dream of mine. It was a thing of mist risen out of the memory of the crone who stood dreaming in the night. It was Jenny's dream that assaulted me.

The answer, then, is that our hallucinations have power not only over us but over those who can be reached by them. These shades generated by obsession are residents of an inner world in which time, space, and life are unknown and yet in which we may live and die. This is the world of death that lies dangerously at the bottom of the mind. We are as unaware of its dimensions and powers, of its disasters and ecstasies, as we are unaware of the universe beyond the skies. And in this world which will sometime be opened and explored by man dwell today those forces of which we get glimpses in the guise of banshees, vampires, and ghosts.

On the night I rushed into that nonexistent and blooming garden I was Phillip Massover; and out of the past, out of this inner world into which I had been lured, strong hands rose to murder me again. . . .

Two weeks after I had recovered from the assault I saw my garden visitor for the last time. She was waiting motionless in the garden corner, half hidden by the night. I stood in the window, trembling, a curious memory agitating my senses. But I knew the exorcism necessary. I cried out to Jenny and ordered her to go away. When she failed to move I threw a stone. It fell near her feet. Startled, she raised her half-blind eyes to me, glared at the old house, and shuffled off.

The next morning an idea filled me. I began digging in the garden. At nightfall of the second day I uncovered two skeletons. They lay under the earth where my visitor had kept her vigil.

One of them was that of a man. The other was that of a cat.

THE END

The Japanese

Why the Manchurian and Shanghai Coups Threaten the Peace of the World and Open the Door to Communism

By

E. ALEXANDER POWELL

Wide World photo

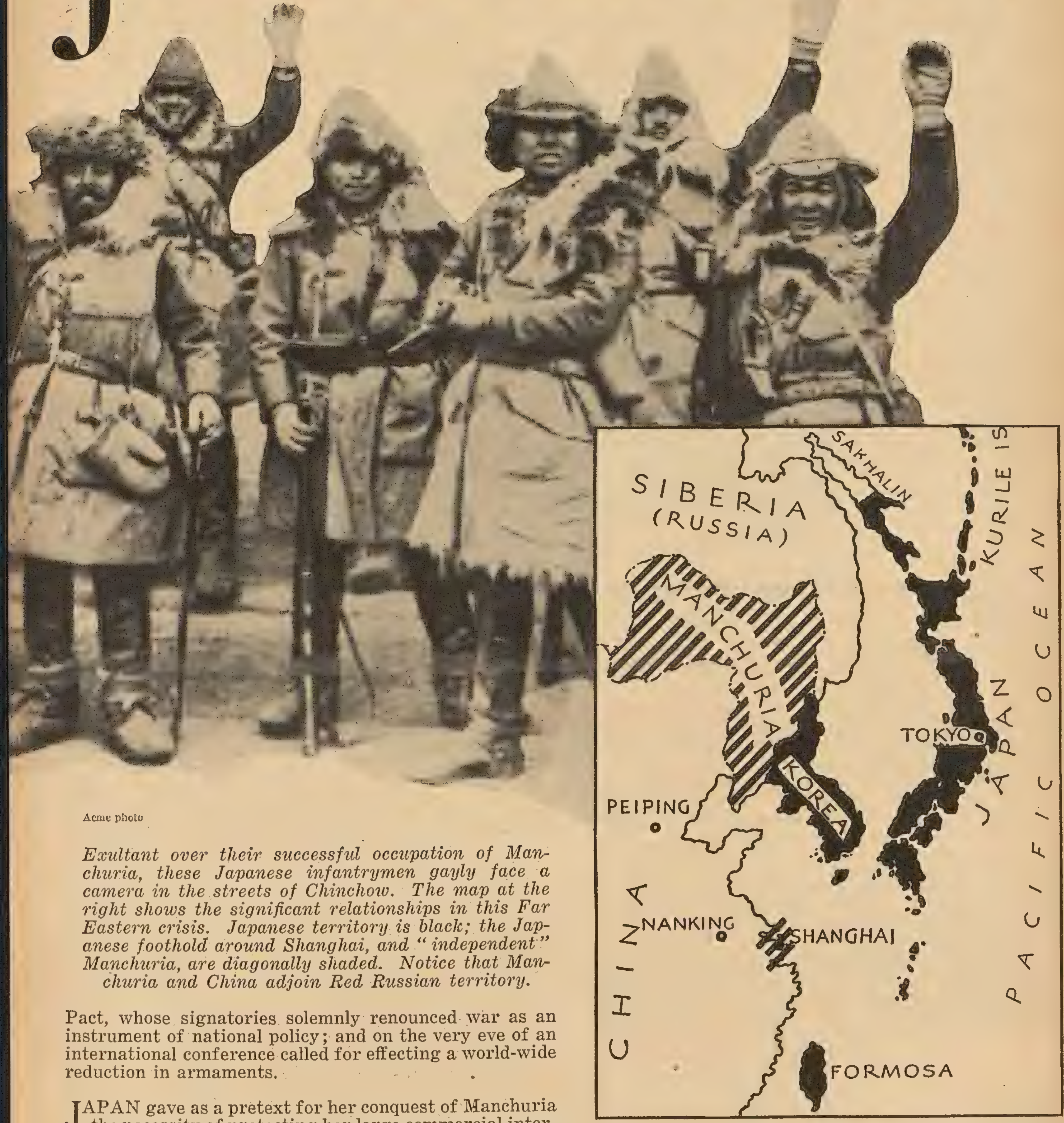
CHINESE youth (at left) stands its ground outside Shanghai. These young soldiers are using as breastworks the traditionally sacred grave mounds of their ancestors.

(Reading time: 16 minutes 25 seconds.)

WE have just witnessed one of the most amazing and ominous episodes in the history of our times. In the space of only about a hundred and fifty days we have seen the armies of the world's last great autocracy invade the territory of a neighboring republic with which it was professedly at peace, drive out the latter's defenders, bomb and occupy its unfortified cities, oust its officials, seize its communications and industries, and, behind the transparent screen of a puppet government, coolly take possession of a region very nearly as large as all our Atlantic coast states put together, with a population one-fifth that of the whole United States.

This wholesale spoliation, without parallel in magnitude or effrontery since the days of Napoleon, was effected in spite of the remonstrances of the United States; in cynical contempt of the League of Nations; in violation of the Washington treaty in which nine powers guaranteed the territorial and administrative integrity of China; when the ink was scarcely dry on the Kellogg-Briand

JUGGERNAUT



Acme photo

Exultant over their successful occupation of Manchuria, these Japanese infantrymen gayly face a camera in the streets of Chinchow. The map at the right shows the significant relationships in this Far Eastern crisis. Japanese territory is black; the Japanese foothold around Shanghai, and "independent" Manchuria, are diagonally shaded. Notice that Manchuria and China adjoin Red Russian territory.

Pact, whose signatories solemnly renounced war as an instrument of national policy; and on the very eve of an international conference called for effecting a world-wide reduction in armaments.

JAPAN gave as a pretext for her conquest of Manchuria the necessity of protecting her large commercial interests by suppressing banditry and establishing law and order in that demoralized region. Turn back the pages of history for sixteen years and you will find that those were the identical reasons advanced by President Wilson's administration for ordering a punitive expedition under General Pershing into Mexico.

Now, in order that you may have a complete understanding of what Japan has done in Manchuria, let me sketch a hypothetical parallel. Let us suppose that the forces under General Pershing had *not* been withdrawn from below the Rio Grande. That, without any declaration of war, and while keeping our ambassador in Mexico City, our aircraft had bombed Ensenada, Ciudad Juarez, Chihuahua, Hermosillo, Monterey, and Saltillo, killing a few hundred of Villa's bandits and great numbers of unoffending and defenseless Mexican citizens.

Suppose that we had then proceeded to occupy the border states of Tamaulipas, Nuevo León, Coahuila, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Baja California. Suppose that we had put Americans in charge of all the railways, banks, mines, and oil fields in the occupied region.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE JAPANESE JUGGERNAUT
Continued from page fifteen

And, finally, suppose that, in order to lend a cloak of respectability to the shameless performance, we had organized these six northern states of the Mexican republic into a kingdom and placed on its throne a discredited ex-president of Mexico who had been kicked out by his own people—a puppet ruler with the government at Washington pulling the strings.

Visualize such a series of events and you will have a tolerably accurate picture of what Japan has done in Manchuria.

Acme photo.

Japanese troops pouring into Chinchow over the ancient main gate of the city, which the Chinese had abandoned.

Perhaps the most significant and sinister features of the whole extraordinary proceeding have been the Japanese government's open defiance of world opinion. Again and again the Japanese Foreign Office assured our ambassador in Tokyo, again and again the Japanese ambassador in Washington assured our State Department, that Japan was not contemplating the conquest, or even a prolonged occupation, of Chinese territory. If the government at Washington really accepts these assurances at their face value, then it is even more naïve than its critics claim.

The Manchurian adventure was not an extemporaneous measure, suddenly adopted in order to bring the exasperating Chinese officials to terms and banditry to an end. The truth is that the Japanese war lords have been secretly planning the conquest of this vast, rich region for years. Every detail of the invasion—the composition of the expeditionary forces and the plan of campaign—was decided upon long ago by the Tokyo War Office. Germany laid her plans for the invasion of France no more methodically. Ever since the close of the Great War, in fact, the Japanese military machine had been oiled and waiting for the word to go.

THE psychological moment came in the early autumn of 1931, when those Western nations which under normal conditions might have intervened to prevent the spoliation of China were up to their necks in trouble at home. The United States was suffering from an appalling economic depression. Great Britain was in desperate financial straits, with the pound on the toboggan and the most important general election in a generation at hand. France was haunted by the fear of an economic collapse in Germany and the rise to power of the Hitlerites. Russia was staggering under the tremendous burden of the Five-Year Plan. The League of Nations had shown such spinelessness and indecision that it was no longer taken very seriously by anyone. The militarists in Tokyo decided that The Day had dawned.

Within a hundred days after the operations began Japan had acquired almost undisputed control of the three Manchurian provinces of Fengtien, Kirin, and Heilungkiang, with an area of 390,000 square miles—a territory which, owing to the enormous development of the soy-bean industry and the improved railway facilities, has grown more rapidly in wealth than any other part of China.

Far from being a region of arid plains, as most foreigners assume, Manchuria is a prosperous agricultural country, its soil one of the richest in the world. There is no dearth of timber, for great forests abound. In minerals Manchuria is enormously rich. The Japanese have also acquired complete control of 36,000 miles of railway, including the enormously important South Manchurian line, which forms a link between the Korean and Trans-Siberian systems—and have thus prevented Russia from gaining access to the warm water. But, most important of all, the Japanese have obtained what promises to amount to a monopoly of Manchuria's trade.

NOW, if Japan had been content with her Manchurian spoils, she would today be sitting on top of the world—the Eastern world, at least. But the ease with which the ill-led and disorganized Chinese forces in Manchuria had been defeated had convinced the Japanese that all Chinese were cravens. So the war lords in Tokyo decided that they might as well continue their campaign of land-grabbing while the grabbing was good. Moreover, the seizure of Manchuria had had a serious economic repercussion in Japan, for the 411,000,000 people in the eighteen provinces of China proper proceeded to show their resentment by instituting a gigantic boycott of Japanese goods. The Japanese militarists thereupon decided to bring the stubborn Chinese to terms by sending a punitive expedition to Shanghai. Japan proposed to regain her lost trade not by winning the confidence of the Chinese but by killing them. Only a nation run amuck would countenance such folly!

The naval phase of the Shanghai adventure was a disastrous failure. The bluejackets and marines, backed by an armada of warships, butchered a great number of noncombatants, but did not budge the city's defenders. The military effort which followed, when viewed in the larger aspect, was not much more successful. I have no intention of reciting here how the Nineteenth Route Army, largely composed of lads in their teens, unprovided with heavy artillery, aircraft, tanks, or even steel helmets, for five heroic weeks defied the might of Nippon. When the Chinese finally retired, in excellent order and to prepared secondary defenses, their prowess as fighting men had aroused the admiration of the world and the legend of Japanese invincibility had vanished forever. It will take years for Japan to recover the military prestige she lost on the slopes of the Woosung forts and in the shell-torn streets of Shanghai.

And it may well take a generation or longer for her to recover the trade which she has lost as a result of the harebrained Shanghai adventure, for the Chinese are a singularly stubborn and vindictive people with long memories.

Let us see just what Japan has gained—and lost—since September last.

She is, it is true, in control of Manchuria, but the American Secretary of State and the League of Nations have announced unequivocally that they will not recognize the government of a Manchuria taken from China by force. This means that the Japanese are unable to obtain a legal title to the territory they have seized. Furthermore, Japan knows that if she were to let the puppet government of Henry Pu-Yi go by the board and annex Man-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE EIGHTEEN]

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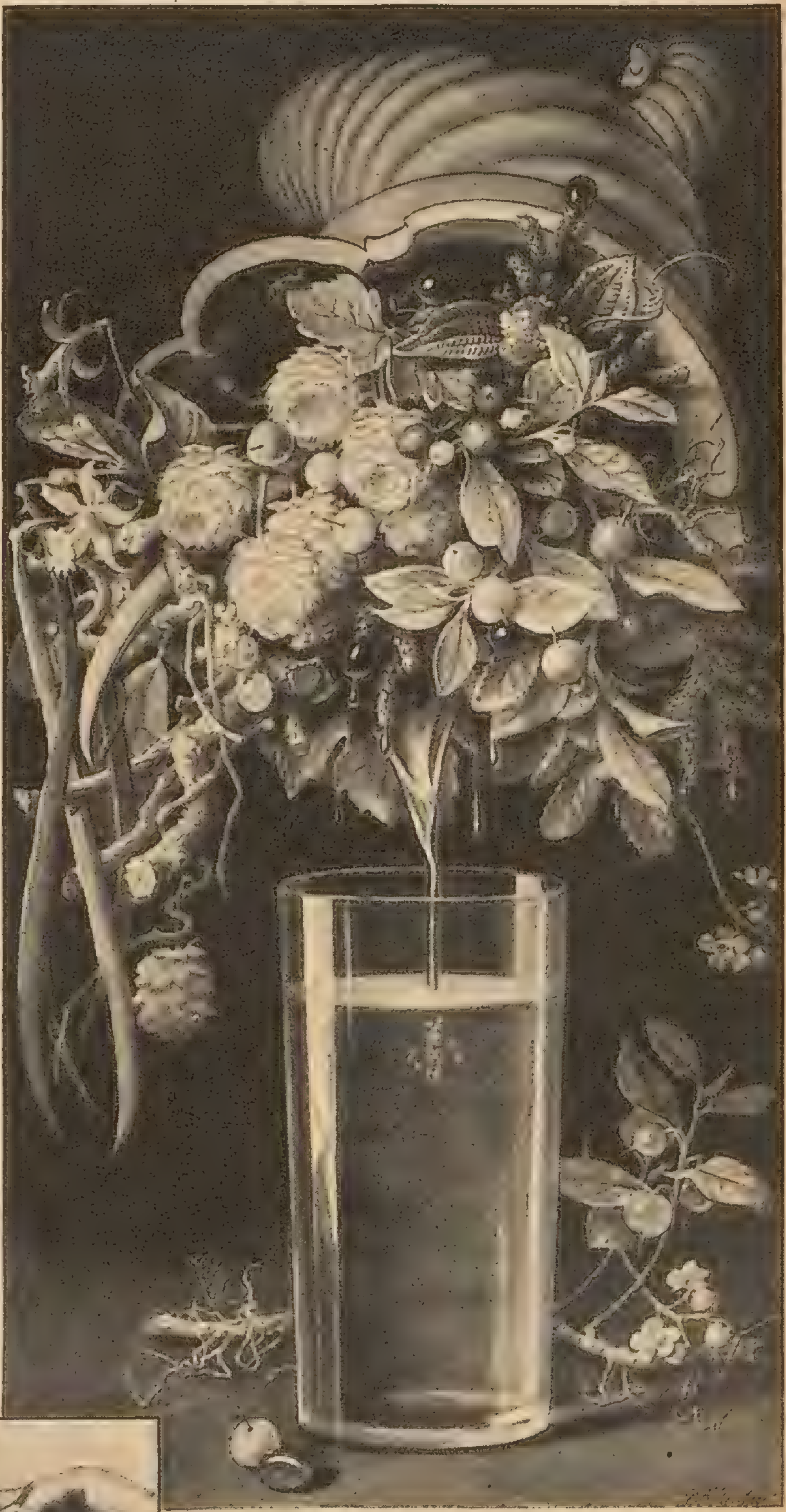

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THE IMITATION!		THE GENUINE!
With only flavoring oils and often artificial foam, chemists fail to duplicate the natural juice flavor and wholesomeness of Hires Root Beer.	*or*	Nature's taste thrill in Hires Root Beer comes from its natural juices. It quenches your thirst and delights your palate.

DEPENDABLE FOUNTAINS GLADLY PAY MORE FOR HIRES ROOT BEER — YET *YOU* PAY NO MORE THAN FOR AN IMITATION

THE JAPANESE JUGGERNAUT
Continued from page sixteen

churia outright, she would create for herself a minority problem without parallel anywhere else in the world, for, with Manchuria a Japanese possession, *57 per cent of the total population of the empire* would consist of non-Japanese elements—Chinese, Koreans, and Formosans.

At Shanghai Japan eventually won a technical victory, and as these words are written she is occupying a considerable area around the city. But what about the boycott that she went to smash? Far from being smashed, it has been tightened from one end of the Chinese Republic to the other.

Finally—and in the long run it will prove the heaviest liability of all—Japan has lost the confidence and respect of the rest of the world; that invaluable—if intangible—asset which bankers and business men recognize in any individual when they say that "his word is as good as his bond."

© Bachrach photo

E. ALEXANDER POWELL

"professional onlooker" at world affairs for thirty years, is a distinguished war correspondent, traveler, and author. In the A. E. F. he was an officer in Military Intelligence. He has several foreign decorations of honor.

This is recognized and secretly deplored by many high-minded Japanese who are jealous of their country's reputation. But it troubles the Japanese militarists not at all. Yet no nation that I can recall has been able to adopt that cynical policy and get away with it.

Let me make it amply clear that I hold no brief for the Chinese. Their endless bickerings, their countless revolutions, their incompetence as administrators, their placid acceptance of chicanery and corruption—these shortcomings did much to lose them the respect of the world, though they regained a considerable measure of that respect by their gallant defense of Shanghai.

Moreover, no one who has a first-hand knowledge of Far Eastern conditions can honestly deny that Manchuria would be vastly better off under Japanese rule than it was under its corrupt war lords and the remote control of Nanking. But the fact remains that the inhabitants of Manchuria are Chinese. And the Chinese have this in common with ourselves: *they prefer to be self-governed rather than well governed.* Japan did not embark on her course of conquest without taking preliminary soundings of European opinion. There is the very best of reason to believe that both the French and the British governments secretly assured Tokyo that, so far as they were concerned, she was free to go ahead.

It may be questioned whether the attitude of the British government was other than passively acquiescent. Probably it didn't care very much, one way or the other, what Japan did in Manchuria, for it had troubles enough of its own at home. But when the Japanese, having completed their Manchurian operations, descended upon Shanghai and started to invade China proper, the MacDonald government suddenly realized the threat to Britain's commercial supremacy in the valley of the Yangtze. That is why, at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute, England accepted the viewpoint of the United States.

THERE is no doubt in the minds of most of those really conversant with the situation that Japan received active encouragement from France in both the Manchurian and Shanghai enterprises. In pursuing this tortuous and perilous policy the Quai d'Orsay had four major aims in mind.

First: Japan's aggressions in the Far East have served to support the French thesis that a powerful army is essential to national security and that disarmament under present conditions is out of the question.

Second: Japan has asserted that she invaded China in order to enforce her treaty rights, which is precisely the argument France would employ should she find occasion to invade Germany in order to suppress Hitlerism or to collect reparations.

Third: France believes that sooner or later Japan will become embroiled with Russia over Manchuria, in which case the Soviets would cease, at least for the time being, to be a menace to France's ally, Poland.

Fourth: France figured that if the Chinese Republic was plunged into chaos and broken up as a result of the Japanese invasion, the enormously rich southern province of Yunnan, which adjoins the French colony of Indo-China and on which France has long had a covetous eye, might well fall into her hands.

Furthermore, it should be kept in mind that France and Japan have much in common. Both are great military powers with inordinate ambitions. France aspires to the hegemony of continental Europe just as Japan aspires to the hegemony of eastern Asia. Both peoples are realists; both subscribe to the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils."

Of course the French government stoutly denies that it has encouraged or supported Japan's aggressions. The French ambassador to the United States, on a speaking tour in the Middle West, scored such charges as being devoid of foundation. But those who shape the secret policies of European governments do not always take ambassadors into their confidence. Under certain circumstances the less an ambassador knows the better.

BUT France overlooked one bet. The astute gentlemen at the Quai d'Orsay failed to foresee the effect that Japan's aggressions would have on the smaller members of the League of Nations. With the aid of her satellites France controls the League Council. But when, on the insistence of China, the League Assembly was convened in extraordinary session, France found herself helpless against the little nations. Consequently, she was placed in a most embarrassing position at Geneva. She did not dare to weaken the prestige of the League, which has proved a valuable tool on numerous occasions. So, despite the encouragement that the Quai d'Orsay had secretly given Tokyo, France was compelled by force of circumstances to yield to the insistence of the smaller nations (as was England) and join them in serving on Japan what amounted to an ultimatum.

In other words, France, being unable to ride two horses at the same time, chose the League instead of Japan. That is why Japan, deprived of French support at Geneva, now threatens to withdraw from the League of Nations.

Every reader of dispatches from the Far East must have been struck by the fact that Russia, despite her enormous interests in Manchuria, has studiously refrained from protesting against the Japanese aggressions in that region. Those who do not go beneath the surface of international politics glibly explain that this is because Russia is not prepared to go to war, that she cannot afford a war, that her energies are concentrated on the Five-Year Plan. These explanations are good as far as they go—but they go only halfway. The truth is that Russia has made no move to halt Japan because the rulers of Soviet Land knew that Japan was playing their own game. Russia was not at all averse to the Japanese invasion of Manchuria. Russia did not want the protests of the League of Nations to be effective. Russia hoped that the United States and England would hold aloof, that France would openly side with Japan.

Why? The reason is obvious. The Russians, past masters in diplomacy, were convinced that China, if abandoned by those she had looked on as her friends, would be tempted to seek salvation in communism. Would it be so astonishing, when you stop to think about it, if China should in her extremity turn to Moscow for sympathy and support? The Russians are neighbors. Their frontiers march with those of China for upward of six thousand miles. They are themselves as much Oriental as European. Moreover, communism has already gained a secure foothold in parts of China, particularly in the western provinces adjacent to Russian Turkestan, and in Canton and its hinterland.

Prophesying is a dangerous pastime, yet I am willing to hazard the prophecy that, unless Japan is forced by Western pressure to withdraw from China, the next few years will see the complexion of the Chinese Republic change from mottled pink to a decided red. Already, indeed, the Cantonese leaders, who are openly in sympathy with communism, are in the saddle at Nanking. And south of China lie British India and French Indo-China, where, official denials to the contrary notwithstanding, communism has been steadily gaining ground. I am no alarmist, but I am convinced that the day is not far distant when it will be recognized that Japan's spoliation of China has paved the way across the length and breadth of Asia for the spread of communism.

But the most immediately serious result of Japanese aggression, as I see it, is the discouraging effect which it must have on the world's hopes of peace. What country dares to disarm after Japan has shown how easy it is for a power armed to the teeth to take the territory of a weaker neighbor?

Before summer comes around, no doubt, the representatives of the nations assembled at Geneva for the Disarmament Conference will perfunctorily affix their signatures to some sort of agreement, for public opinion will hardly permit them to depart without something having been accomplished. And Japan will be asked to sign that agreement in spite of the fact that she has deliberately employed armed force as an instrument of national policy. Under the existing circumstances, however, just what is Japan's signature worth? What assurance has the world that sooner or later she will not find a pretext for seizing the Philippines (provided we abandon them, as we apparently propose to do), or the Dutch East Indies, or Siam, or some more of China, or any other parcel of territory which may take her fancy?

THE most depressing and discouraging aspect of the whole sorry business has been the singular apathy and supineness of the American people, to whom, when all is said and done, the government at Washington looks for guidance. We have seen a peaceable and almost defenseless nation invaded and despoiled. We have read in our newspapers of the bombardment of unfortified cities and the slaughter of noncombatants. Yet this country has been swept by no wave of righteous indignation. The group of educators who issued a protest were regarded as mushy sentimentalists trying to involve the United States in war.

Had the American people voiced their disapproval in no uncertain terms, I believe that Japan would have halted her invasion, for the last thing on earth she wants is war with a first-class power. But the nations, as a whole, sat back and let events take their course.

How far away seem the days when we proudly boasted that we stood for the Square Deal. How faint the cries of "Free Cuba!"—"Save Belgium!"—"Wipe out the Turks!" I wonder what the ghosts of Abraham Lincoln and Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt are thinking about it all.

THE END

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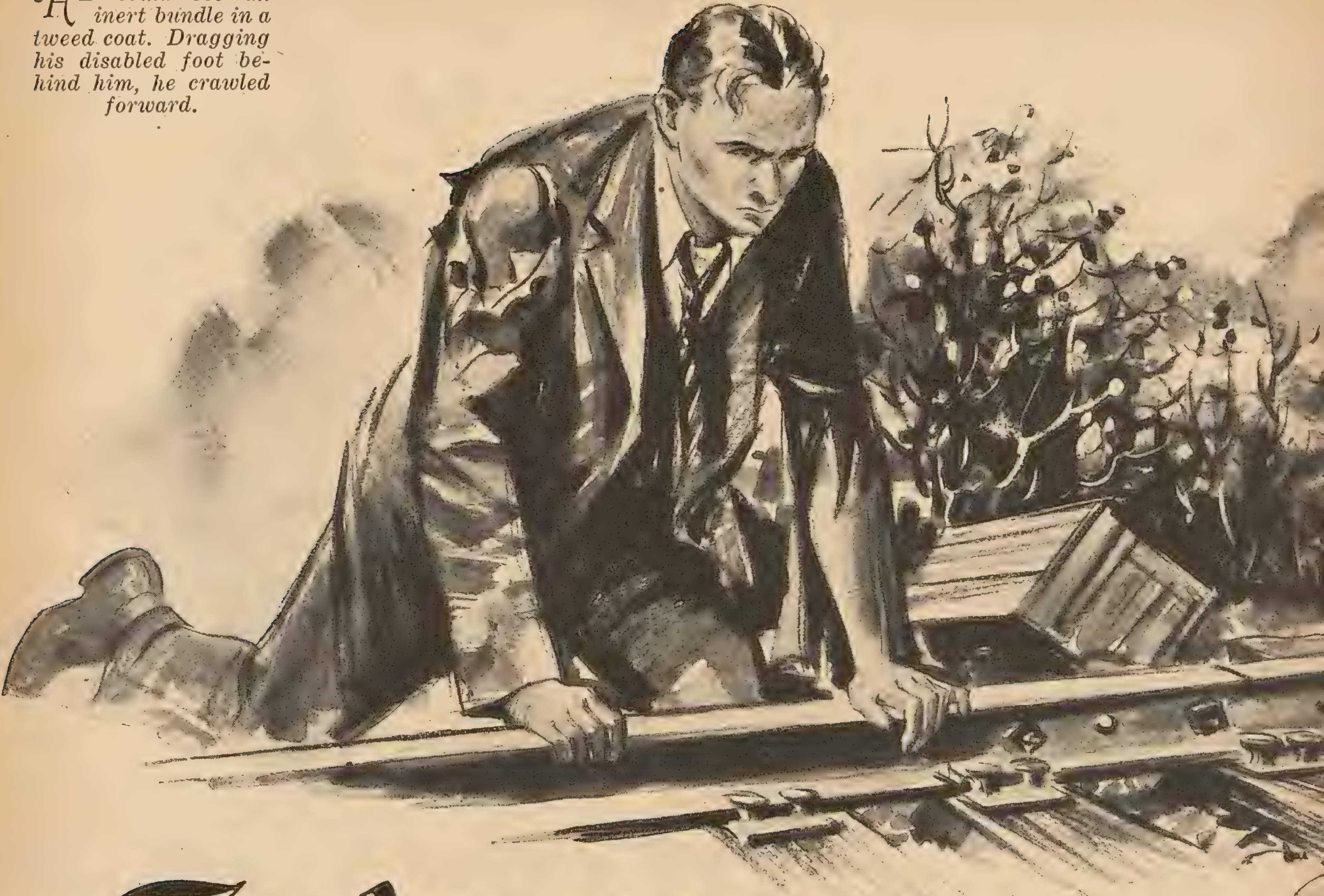
HE could see an inert bundle in a tweed coat. Dragging his disabled foot behind him, he crawled forward.



While There's LIFE There's HOPE

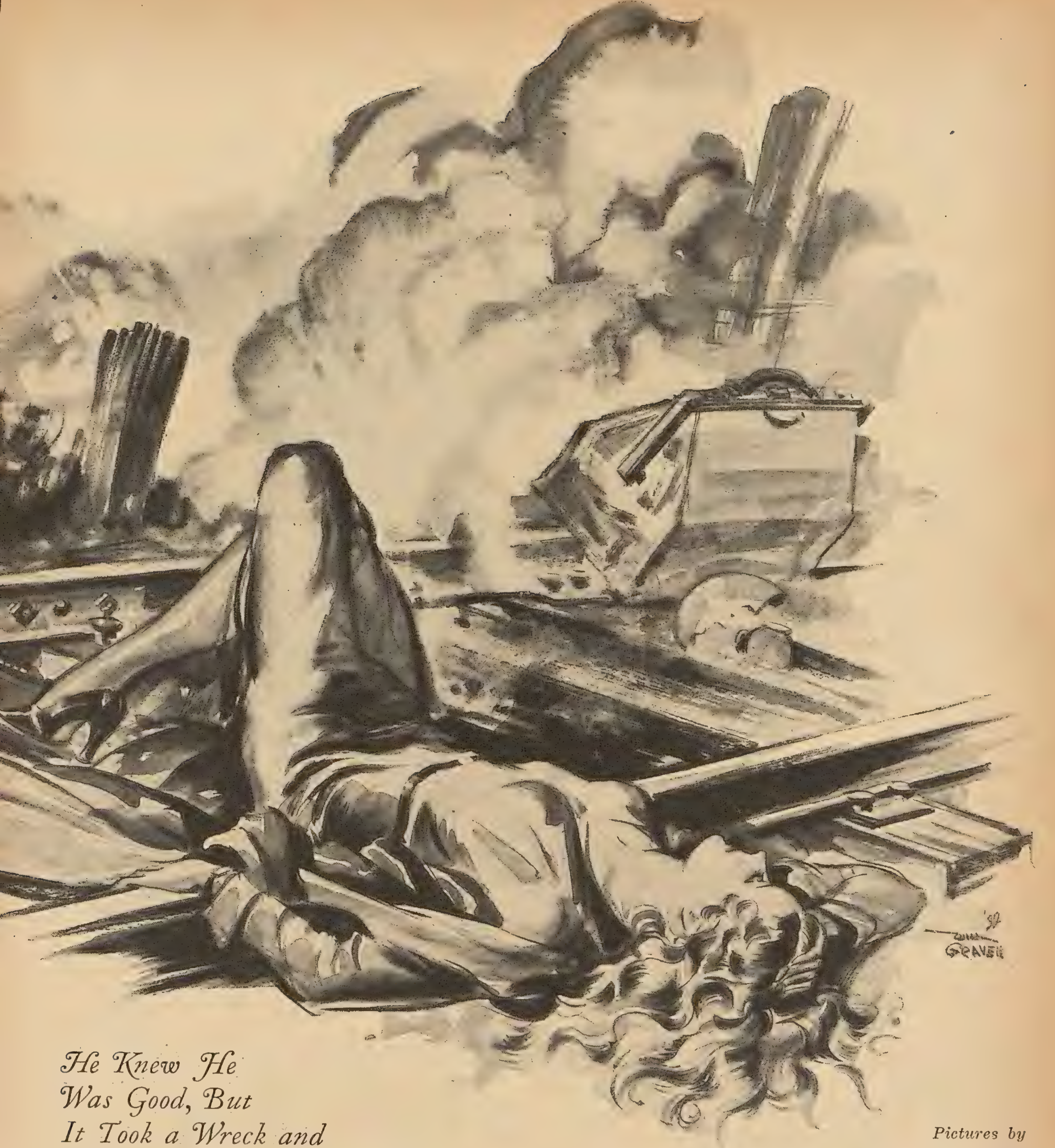
By MARGARET KENNEDY

(Reading time: 28 minutes 40 seconds.)

QUITE a number of people came to the private view of Quentin Crowe's sculpture at the Kummel Galleries, because Quentin was a delightful young man and went everywhere. But nobody bought anything. There were two reasons for this: the prices quoted in the catalogue and the size of the exhibits.

Quentin could never forget that a distinguished critic had once described his work as niggling; and for two years, writhing beneath the accusation, he had concentrated upon primitive and monumental groups with allegorical names, forgetting that few people have houses large enough to hold a Negress seven feet high entitled Dark Virgin.

One very rich old lady, a known friend to the arts, did hesitate for a little while in a way that raised Quentin's hopes. She might possibly have produced a check book had it not been for the ill-timed entry of Uncle John and



He Knew He Was Good, But It Took a Wreck and a Girl to Convince Him

Pictures by
Will Graven

Aunt Mabel. This tipped the scales against him, for it was known that they financed him and were paying the expenses of the exhibition. One look at Aunt Mabel's chinchilla coat decided her: the young man could not really need helping. She glanced at the stony precipice which she had thought of acquiring and kept her money for somebody who painted miniatures and had no rich relations.

Uncle John and Aunt Mabel squeezed in and out among the exhibits and stared upward in a kind of complacent bewilderment. They thought it all very odd and ugly, but they knew successful and distinguished sculptors were doing much the same sort of thing, so that it might after all be " good."

" We must see what the critics say," was all the comment which they ultimately dared to make.

The critics gave to poor Quentin, at most, a couple of lines at the very bottom of a paragraph. And for the rest of the fortnight nobody came to the Kummel Galleries at all, except Miss Sparrow, Aunt Mabel's companion, who had been unable to come on the first day because she was washing the dog. Quentin himself kept away from the place. He was writhing under a new word. Pretentious!

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

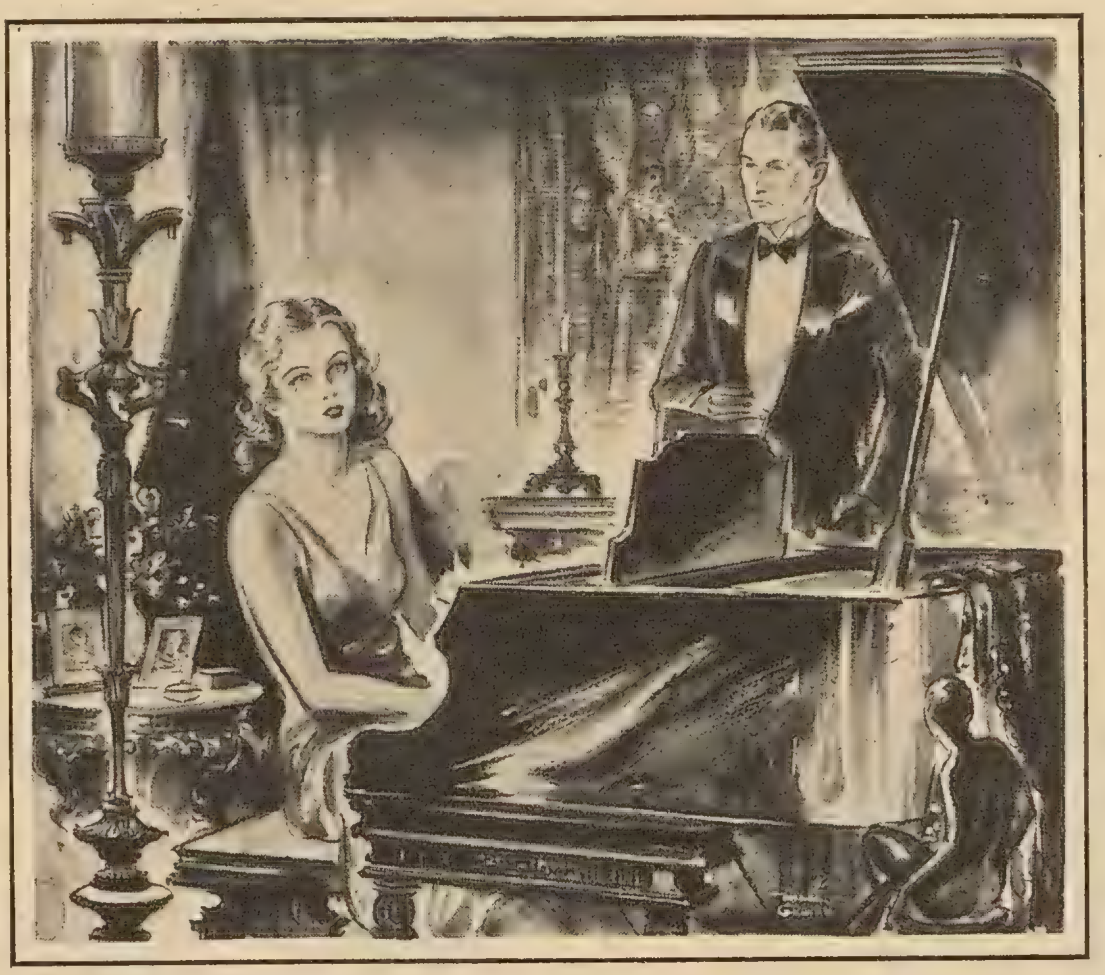
WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE
Continued from page twenty-one

It had occurred in two of his sorry little notices. They were calling him that now, after all the pains he had taken not to be niggling.

So he kept away and lunched out every day, as was his custom, and if asked about his show he would say valiantly:

"Darling, it's fallen so flat that it simply isn't there at all."

And then the exhibition closed. And Spring and Dawn and Dark Virgin and Harvest were all sent back to his studio. And his rent was due. And his bank asked what he was going to do about his overdraft. And his uncle sent for him.



He pushed open the door and went in. The ecstatic notes broke off abruptly.

It was the end of everything, as he very well knew. Uncle John had made him understand that this exhibition must be a success. If he had sold anything, if he had even paid his expenses, they might have continued his allowance just a little longer. But he was a failure and they had found him out.

Like an aristocrat going to the guillotine, he took particular pains to array himself for the execution. His new dinner jacket, though it had not been paid for, fitted a great deal better than Uncle John's clothes ever would, and his socks were a poem. Taking a last regretful look round the charming, expensive little flat where he had squandered so many happy months, he shrugged his shoulders and made for the door.

The sound of the telephone brought him back. It was Leonora, to whom he was languidly devoted. She wanted to know what he was thinking about this evening, and why he had not rung up for two days, and if he could take her down into the country on Sunday.

"Darling, I'm ruined. Didn't I tell you?"

"What do you mean, Quentin?"

"Just that. I haven't got any money."

"O-o-oh—"

THERE was a tiny pause, and he could see her in his mind's eye flicking off the annoying irrelevancy with an impatient frown.

"But you never did have any, did you?"

"My uncle is going to put his foot down."

"Oh, I see. But that won't prevent you from taking me down to Syranwood on Sunday?"

"I'm afraid it will. I shall have to go to Liverpool. My uncle is going to put me into the jute business. He's had enough of this tomfoolery and he's not going to keep me in idleness any more. He always did think—"

"Have you seen him?"

"No; but I'm going to. And that's what he's going to say. I'm like Saul on the road to Damascus. I've seen a light, and heard a voice—and I never did much care for kicking against the pricks. If I go quietly perhaps he'll pay my debts."

"But, Quentin—"

It was obvious that Leo, confronted by the loss of a belonging, was perturbed.

"But, Quentin, you can't possibly go to live in a place like Liverpool. Not *Liverpool!* To live! It's ghastly. You'll drop out of everything so. Haven't you really got any—"

"I've got one hundred pounds a year of my own."

"Oh, well." Her tone confirmed his suggestion that this was hardly worth mentioning. "But must you be so defeatist?"

And then somebody interrupted her, and she hung up after hastily admitting that perhaps, after all, he had better not do anything to offend his uncle.

And that's that, he thought, hanging up at his end. Probably he would not see her again for a long time. And for a moment, remembering her exotic charm, he was aware of a sharp regret. He hesitated. Why should he not, after all, stay on in London for a little while? He might find a job that would keep him. His meals cost him nothing: he always ate them in other people's houses, just as he always rode in other people's cars. His clothes would not look shabby for some time to come. By judicious borrowing he might be able to afford it. But, though he did not mind living on his uncle, he winced at the idea of cadging from his friends. And there were his debts.

BY far the easiest course would be to subside gracefully into the job which his uncle was sure to provide.

Besides, after all, the old boy had no heirs, and some day—Quentin was too kind-hearted to allow himself to hope that it would be terribly soon—some day one would come back from Liverpool so rich that one need never worry over anything again. By that time Leo would have forgotten one, but there would be other women.

And Dawn? And Spring? And Dark Virgin?

He ran down the stairs very fast, not waiting to take the lift. It was almost as if he were pursued by something—as if these colossal creations were thundering down after him.

But there had been no breach of faith with them. The hussies had betrayed him. They had not sold.

"And yet," he thought, as he gained the street, "I have talent."

Pondering upon this conviction, he thrust it behind him.

"I had talent."

He drew up at his uncle's house in South Kensington with a poor-relationish expression in spite of his well cut clothes.

Gates opened the door, and he felt at once that Gates knew all about it. The sour-faced old brute had probably looked forward to this for years.

Relinquishing his hat and coat, he ran upstairs. Sounds of music met him on the half landing, and he paused there, realizing that Christina Sparrow must be playing the piano in the drawing-room. And she must be alone there, too, for his aunt would never have told her to play at a quarter to eight in the evening. For the last few steps he went very slowly. The presence of Miss Sparrow always embarrassed him. He never knew what to say to her. The difference in their situations made him uncomfortable.

She was, like himself, a dependent—a distant cousin of his aunt—and she lived in South Kensington as a sort of unpaid companion. He was sorry for her. In her case the bread of charity had been so dry and so thinly buttered, hardly buttered at all, that he could not help feeling ashamed when he thought of all the jam which had fallen to his share. He wanted to be especially nice to her. But she gave him no opening. She was a dull girl, heavy, silent, and atrociously dressed, going clumsily about the myriad petty tasks which his aunt devised for her. She gave the impression of being both stupid and plain, and though he suspected her of being neither, he had long since given her up.

But she played the piano very well. In that respect he had never done her justice, perhaps because he had never listened to her. Of an evening, when he dined there, his aunt would say:

"Chrissie dear, play something, and Quentin can talk to me."

But now, as he listened on the stairs, he felt a sudden thrill of excitement and pleasure. The girl played marvelously.

STANDING a little to one side of the open door, he could see the whole ugly room reflected in a large mirror which hung on the wall at the end. He saw in its midst, beautiful, alive, apart, the rapt face of Christina Sparrow. With a shock of surprise, he started, blinked, and looked again. She was beautiful.

Not beautiful as Leo was beautiful: there was nothing deliberate or concocted in the whole of her body. But she was lovely as a flower is lovely, as the sea is lovely, with all the thoughtless, unconscious grace which is gone in a moment but is remembered forever. She was large; but there was a nobleness of proportion about her head and shoulders, the spacing between her eyes was exquisite, and her mouth, which he had thought sulky, smiled mysteriously. How was it that he had ever thought her plain and stupid?

Poor relations, he realized, should never be large, especially if they are women. A large woman requires a queenly independence to set her off, and she cannot afford to dress cheaply. A large woman should never be required to wash lap dogs. It was a crying shame.

Conscious of a certain excitement, he pushed open the door and went in.

The ecstatic notes broke off abruptly. A startled face peered at him out of the shadows, and there was a crash. In jumping up she had upset the piano stool. Her clumsiness embarrassed Quentin so much that he also, rushing to help her, knocked over a small table covered with photographs in silver frames.

"Have I broken anything?" he asked, as he crawled under the piano and rescued a signed portrait of King Edward VII.

"No," said Christina Sparrow.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Don't *ever* invite him again!"

HOPE was a good looking fellow, full of vitality and charm. He counted himself pretty lucky to be invited to the Duane's as a fourth for bridge. After all, Duane was an influential man; could do things for younger men if he liked them. And Hope knew that Duane had shown interest in his record with the Duane competitors.

And yet when he left the table, Duane whispered to his wife, "Don't ever invite him again!" And Mrs. Duane agreed.

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There are one or two things no man or woman can get away with socially. One of them is halitosis (unpleasant breath). The other is the presence of body odors of any sort.

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LISTERINE *ends* HALITOSIS
***checks* BODY ODORS**

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE
Continued from page twenty-three

“ How beautifully you play! ”

She said nothing to that. This habit of saying nothing was one of the most defeating things about her.

“ Don't you think you were playing very well just now? ”

“ Yes,” said Christina Sparrow.

They stood looking at one another.

“ Do you like living here? ” he demanded boldly.

After a little hesitation she said:

“ Yes—and no.”

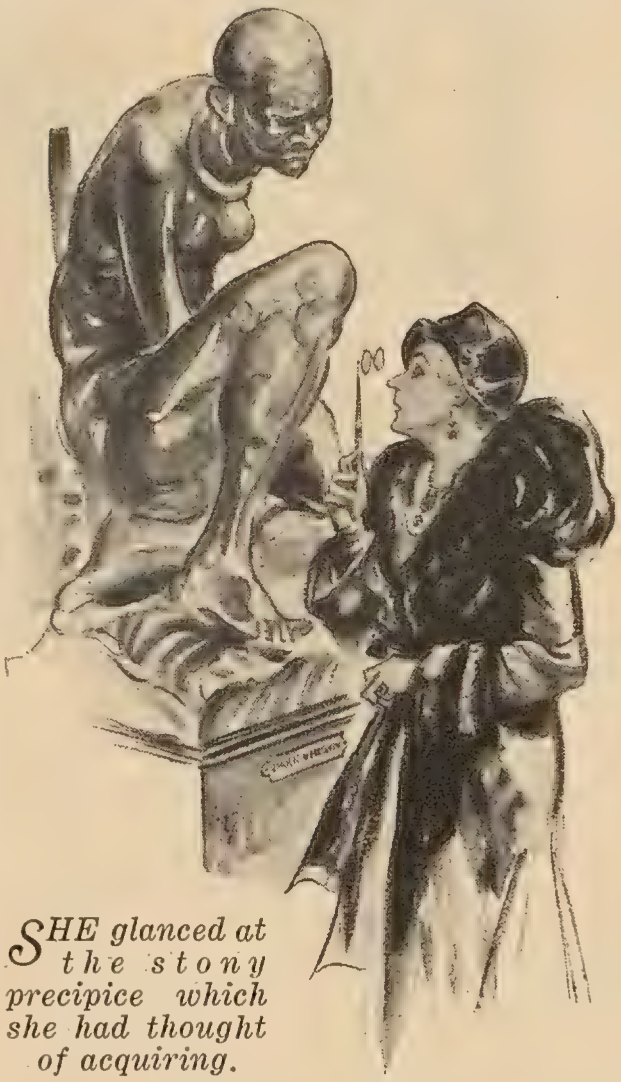
It was the longest speech that he had ever got out of her. He was pleased.

“ Charlotte Brontë said that, when she was asked if she liked London.”

“ Yes,” agreed Christina Sparrow.

“ Oh! ” Quentin was a trifle disconcerted. “ You were quoting? ”

“ Yes.”



SHE glanced at the stony precipice which she had thought of acquiring.

Hang the girl! Would she never get further than monosyllables? He made a very bold move indeed.

“ Am I in disgrace? ”

She gave a quick glance at the ceiling, implying that she supposed he was referring to his uncle, who was at the moment dressing for dinner in the room immediately above their heads.

“ Yes.”

“ And what do you think about it? ”

She flushed scarlet.

“ I? ”

“ Yes, you. Do you think I ought to go into jute? ”

“ No.”

“ Oh, don't you? Why? ”

“ Oh—” she began.

It was as though her whole being had become transfused with indignation. She turned on him with such flashing eyes that he almost recoiled. And then, in a moment, the inner light was extinguished. She grew pale, looked away, turned from him with an awkward movement. The burning words were never spoken. His aunt had come into the room.

“ Ah, Quentin! You came a little early, I think. Your uncle will be down in a minute. Chrissie dear, just run up and fetch my Chinese shawl. I find it chilly this evening.”

Christina ran, and the solid house shook as she thundered up the stairs.

“ Your uncle,” pursued Aunt Mabel, “ wants to talk to you.”

Quentin signified that he had thought as much.

“ I needn't go into it all. He'll explain. But there is an opening in the business. Of course, if your exhibition had—”

“ I know,” agreed Quentin quickly. “ I haven't a leg to stand on.”

AUNT MABEL, who had a literal mind, looked at his legs in surprise. And then, pursuing her point, she continued: “ But all that is not my province. I only wanted to impress upon you how generous your uncle— And if you go to Liverpool we should like you to go on Wednesday.”

“ Any day,” declared Quentin.

“ Poor Chrissie is going to Birkenhead on Wednesday to stay with her sister, who is ill. It's not very convenient for me to spare her, but she insists on going. So we thought it would be a good plan—”

The feet of poor Chrissie, bringing the shawl, again shook the house, and Aunt Mabel lowered her voice:

“ A traveling companion— You see, poor thing, she is often so ill in the train. Like seasickness.”

Quentin's reply was lost in the roar of a Burmese war gong which Gates was belaboring in the hall.

He would escort Miss Sparrow to Birkenhead, but he wished she was at the bottom of the sea. His momentary interest had been quenched by the horrible prospect of such a journey. And he could not help regarding her as a symbol of humiliation. She was a badge of failure.

Two months ago they would never have dared to send him on such an errand! But now he had been reduced to her level. He must make himself useful in return for all that he was getting. His aunt, he felt sure, was determined to underline his position. Less liberal than his uncle, she had always been a trifle hostile. She had not grudged the money which he had cost them, but she had resented the freedom which went with it. She could be generous too, but in return she liked subservience; she liked to buy a little of the soul of her victims.

But he called for Christina punctually at the appointed hour on Wednesday and conducted her to the station. His pockets were bulging with brandy and sal volatile—good, as he had been told, for people who feel ill in trains. And her looks did not reassure him. They were deplorable.

“ Are you all right? ” he asked moodily, when they had got themselves into the train.

“ Quite.”

“ Hadn't you better sit facing the engine? ”

“ I don't mind. I'm a very good traveler.”

“ Oh, that's all right. My aunt seemed to think—”

CHRISTINA smiled wanly.

“ I was ill once. It was the beginning of influenza, really. And she has never forgotten it. You know how those family legends get started.”

He was relieved. Perhaps she was not looking as ill as he had thought. Perhaps it was merely the effect of that ugly, ill-fitting tweed coat which made her look so sallow. And at least she would not require him to talk to her. She would leave him to his gloomy meditations. Apparently her own were not of a lively kind. There was something tragic in her heavy face as she stared out of the window.

They flew northward through the dingy suburbs and out into the flat midland fields. A steady drizzle hid the sky, but Christina went on staring out of the window. Quentin pretended to read the paper, but his thoughts were far enough away.

He looked at his watch. It was nearly time for lunch. It was the moment when he had so often slammed the door of his studio and jumped into a taxi. But today, if he had been in London, he thought that he would have cut out lunch. It was one of those days when a lunch party was a nuisance. Exercising the privilege of a spoiled young man, he would telephone his excuses and stay where he was, in the quiet seclusion of his back-yard studio. He would have the endless day to himself. For it would be very hard to get right, that girl's head; he would have to sweat blood before he got it. The spacing between the eyes—

He leaned round a little, trying to study her averted face. And then he gave an angry jerk. It was the final irony of his career that he should be thus consumed by an insatiable desire to model the head of Christina Sparrow. He could have done so at any time during the past years; and only now, when fulfillment was beyond his reach, had the wish occurred to him.

At lunch he had a better view of her face.

“ If only I had some clay,” he mused, “ I could make quite a good beginning before we got to Liverpool.”

And then he remembered that tomorrow he would be in the jute business. For a moment he felt quite sick. He waved away a proffered dish of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. It was impossible to eat anything in a train that lurched and swayed so outrageously. He had never been in a train where things fell crashing off the tables. It was—not right—too much. And Christina was screaming:

"Put your feet up and take care of broken glass!"

That was easier said than done. Something heavy fell on him and struck his shoulder painfully. They were at a table for two, and they could only curl up on their seats, with their backs pressed against the windows. And the train still went on. It was mad.

The door at the end of the coach opened very slowly. Quentin watched it, paralyzed. It was admitting the coach in front.

The invader reared itself on end. It brandished spinning wheels. Quentin saw sky through a hole in the roof. And then he felt something give behind him. There was a violent pain in his arm as broken glass ripped his sleeve. He was flung for miles. He was torn all over. There was rain on his face. He was lying embedded in a thorn hedge.

Soft fingers of rain were touching him, and the noise was still going on. There were screams—or was it only one endless scream? And a red light—fire somewhere.

"I'm in an accident," he thought. "This is a railway accident. I'm—not dead!"

THE hedge was sticking into him all over, and for a space of time—he did not know how long—he lay there without moving. There seemed to be no reason for doing anything, and he felt rather sleepy. But gradually, as a sense of time and space came back, the scream and the crash broke up into a great clamor of separate noises. He managed to raise his head a little, and saw the remains of the restaurant coach half crushed beneath its neighbor. Some people ran along the line.

"But I'm in a hedge," he thought, puzzled.

The side of the coach must have fallen out and he had been flung clean across the track. This hedge must have saved his life. Christina Sparrow—

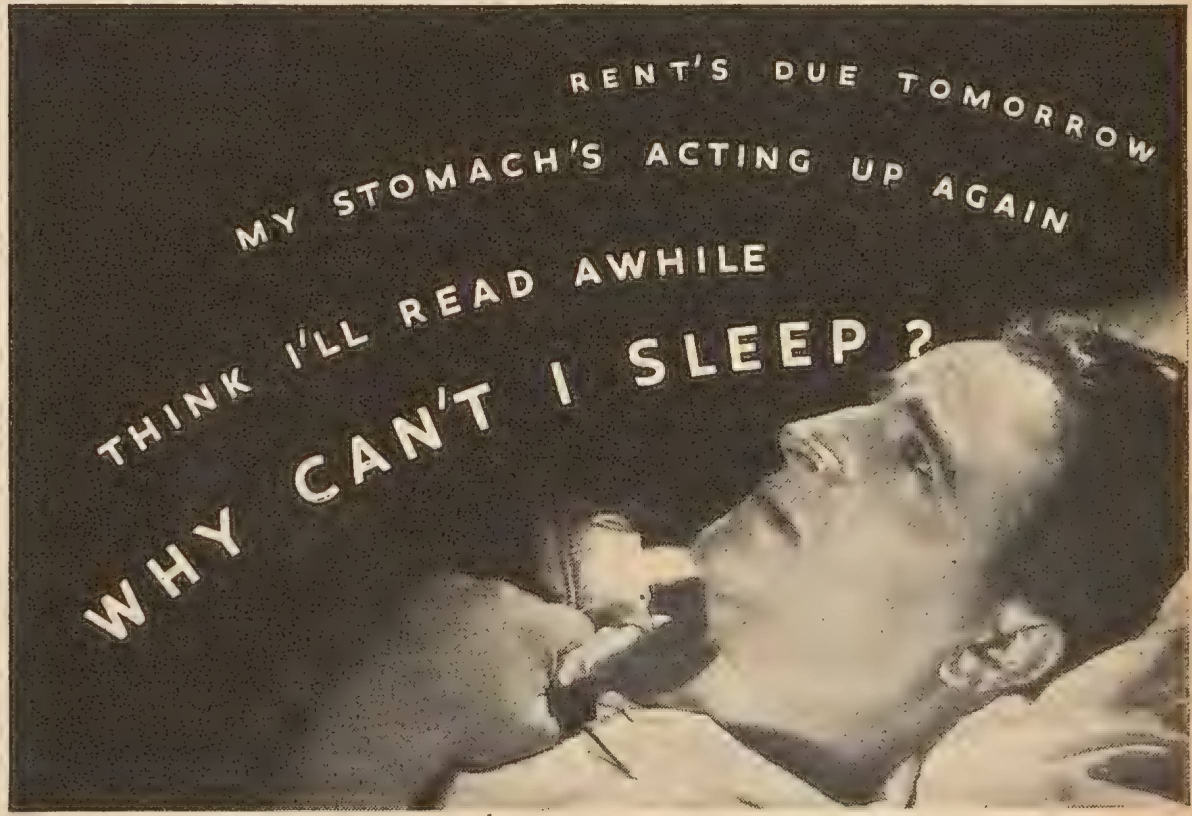
He began to make violent, painful efforts. The thorns caught at him and tore his clothes. He was bleeding everywhere, and when at last he struggled free his foot gave under him with a wrenching pain. Something must have been broken. He sat dizzily in the ditch for a few seconds before trying to crawl on to the track.

A few yards down the line he could see an inert bundle in a tweed coat. Fear came back to him suddenly. Dragging his disabled foot behind him, he crawled forward, bent over the bundle, felt a quick throb of relief when he saw her smiling.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GO TO SLEEP

INSTANTLY Tonight..Without Drugs



NO NEED TO ENDURE NERVE WRACKING HOURS OF THIS

No More Bed Tossing... *Steadier Nerves Tomorrow*

NOW there is an instant way to get natural sleep—entirely without drugs. A way that 20,000 doctors advise.

It not only induces sound sleep quickly—but acts to restore your normal tendency to sleep soundly every night.

It is a delicious food-drink you take before going to bed. You fall asleep almost as soon as you close your eyes.

In the morning you waken vastly refreshed—nerves calmer—mind clearer by far. For this remarkable food-drink restores your tissues as you sleep. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

This discovery is called Ovaltine, a pure food-drink first created in Switzerland—now made in America according to the original formula.

How It Combats The 3 Causes of Sleeplessness

Probably the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness are: (1) brain congestion, (2) digestive unrest, (3) nervous irritability. You may suffer only from one or from all three.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And combats congestion in brain capillaries which often keeps you from getting to sleep.

Second: Ovaltine combats digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes. And it contains a remarkable food property, called *diastase,* which has the power to digest the starch content of other foods in the stomach. Thus it lifts a great burden from your digestive organs. And helps your stomach "rest."

Third: Ovaltine combats nervous irritability by supplying important calcium to the system, under the most favorable conditions to promote calcium metabolism and provide proper calcium balance in the blood. Phosphorus is supplied (in its food form—lecithin), a vital element of nerve and brain tissue. A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides, in easily digested and rapidly assimilated form, the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissues while you sleep.

Start Tonight

If you're troubled with sleeplessness, don't suffer longer. Get acquainted with Ovaltine this very night. See for yourself how naturally you fall asleep.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, observe the permanent benefits you obtain. Note how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly every night. Note how quickly you recover from fatigue.

That's why so many physicians advise that Ovaltine be taken *regularly,* night after night.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine. Take it just before you go to bed. You will start sleeping more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—for nursing mothers and the aged.*** 890

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE
Continued from page twenty-five

"Are you hurt?"

"I don't know. I can't move."

"You can't—"

"I can't feel anything. What about you?"

"Nothing much. I fell into a hedge. But my foot's twisted; I can't walk. How do you mean? Can't you sit up? What happened?"

"I fell on my back on to the line."

"Oh!"

The implication did not dawn upon him at once, for she looked so comfortable. He arrived at it just as she spoke again:

"I'm afraid I'm done for."

"My God! Your back?"

"If it was broken I'd be paralyzed, wouldn't I?"

"It can't be. You'd be dead. We must—"

He looked round for help. There were people now, running up and down the line, half hidden by a dense mist of steam and rain. Shouts and orders mingled with the screaming and a sharp continuous hissing sound which must come from the engine. Two men with a stretcher leaped over a gate in the hedge, and there was the purr of a car driving up.

MARGARET KENNEDY

who wrote this story, is best known as the author of The Constant Nymph. Her home is at Campden Hill Square, London, because she likes hills and that was the only place where she could live on top of one. Her husband is David Davies and they have a small daughter.

"There'll be doctors along in a minute," he said. "They seem to be working at the coach up in front. I'll try to find somebody."

"Don't worry. I don't think a doctor could do much for me, and I'm not in any pain."

Another man jumped over the gate in the fence, and Quentin called to him.

"I say! Can you get a doctor? This lady is hurt."

"I am a doctor," said the man.

He bent over Christina, and Quentin remembered suddenly that he had a flask of brandy in his pocket. But of course the thing was broken. His handkerchief was dripping with it.

"You can't feel anything at all?" Why on earth couldn't the fellow say that her back was all right?

"I'll send a stretcher. I'll be back."

"Don't worry," Christina was saying. "They want you up there more than I do. I'm all right."

The man nodded and was moving off when Quentin clutched his coat.

"She is all right, isn't she? Her back's all right?"

"I couldn't say till I've examined her. Don't try to move her. I'll bring a stretcher as soon as I can."

HE had moved round behind Christina, where she could not see him, and he gave Quentin a significant headshake before he ran off.

"What did I say?" said Christina serenely. "He's a sensible man."

"He's a fool!" stormed Quentin. "To leave you here—I'll see that he catches it for this. I don't believe he knows what he's talking about!"

Quentin crouched in the wet grass and wiped the rain off her face.

"I hope they won't come yet a while," she said.

"You mustn't talk."

"Oh, yes, I must." She seemed to pull herself together. "It's my last chance for talking. I'm going to talk a lot."

"Christina—"

"I've got a great deal to say to you."

What eyes she had! There was so much life in them that he could not believe she was dying.

"And so little time to say it in. Quentin! Why are you going to Liverpool?"

"My dear, I—"

The brilliant eyes grew bitter.

"Don't talk to me as if I were one of those females. I'm not your dear, unfortunately."

"I beg your pardon."

"It won't do either of us any harm if I say it now. I've loved you for three years! So you can put that in your pipe and smoke it."

She closed her eyes with a deep sigh. For some time it seemed as if this were all she was ever going to say. Quentin, huddled against the driving rain, waited. Presently he heard her murmur: "And you haven't the guts of a louse."

"Then I'm not worth loving."

"Heaven knows you're not. It isn't as if you hadn't means of your own. You've got a hundred pounds a year. My stars! If I had that much—! But that's not enough for you. Not enough to cut a dash with. You'd have to give up your dears and live on kippers. You don't care for anything but comfort, do you?"

"I suppose not," agreed Quentin. "But I'm a failure, Christina."

"You don't think your work is bad. You think it's good."

"Nobody else does."

"Can't you get on without a chorus?"

"My dear— Sorry! Christina, if everybody thinks my work is rotten—"

"What does that matter? You're so vain! What does it matter what everybody thinks? You like doing it. You've got enough to live on. Why the hell can't you back your fancy? Just think of all the millions of people who have to do work they loathe simply because they've got no other choice. Oh, I wouldn't talk like this if I didn't know you'll be miserable for the rest of your life! You'll hate yourself."

"Why didn't you say all this before?"

"Because I love you."

QUENTIN had heard these words on other lips. He had spoken them himself. But now they frightened him. He heard them as if for the first time—heard them as a man traveling through storm and darkness in a strange country may see, in the glare of lightning, the goal of his journey.

"Say that again," he said.

"I love you!"

It was passion. It was the crude power that drives the world, the voice of unconquered humanity, the will that sends the martyr to the stake, leads forlorn hopes, and fortifies the mother in her travail. He had always been afraid of it, as of a force stronger than himself.

"Why didn't you tell me this before, Christina?"

"How could I? You'd have thought I was asking for something. Besides, I would have been asking for something. I'm human. I'm weak. I couldn't help giving way sometimes—hoping, wanting impossible things. But that's all over now."

"My darling—my dearest—don't—"

"Say you won't go to Liverpool, Quentin."

"I won't. I promise I won't. I'd almost come to it in the train, just before— I felt I must go back. There was something I wanted to do—a head. But you aren't going to die. You can't. You mustn't!"

He was clutching her hands. She smiled at him.

"I couldn't say all this if I wasn't. I shouldn't be so happy if I wasn't. I've only got now, you see. But you've got the future. Hope means something to you, but not to me. What head was it you wanted to do?"

"It was your head. I saw you playing the piano once. How I could have been so mad as never— I can't live without you! I think I must have loved you for a long time. And I never knew it! I've been mad."

The joy in her face was unbearable to see.

"Oh," she sighed, "what a good thing this happened!"

Quentin found that he was sobbing.

"Dear Quentin, you mustn't. I'm so happy And you'll be happy too. Your work will make you happy again. It will be the same to you that you have been to me."

"But I've not made you happy."

"Oh, but you have! The whole of my life has been you, really. I never had anyone of my own, you see, except my sister, and we were parted when we were little. I don't seem to belong anywhere. I've always got on with everyone all right, but I lived in a dead-alive sort of way till I came to your aunt. The third day I was there, you came to dinner. I was out on the drawing-room balcony and I saw you getting out of your taxi. And I thought, in quite a matter-of-fact sort of way: 'That's the man for me.' Just like that. I don't know why. I hadn't even seen your face. Only the top of your head. And then you came into the drawing-room and your aunt introduced us and you wondered what on earth you ought to say to me. Do you remember?"

Quentin nodded.

"I was so happy then. I felt as if I had begun to live a life outside myself. As if I'd escaped from prison. That happiness lasted for months. And then, like a fool, I wanted to be something to you, since you were everything to me. But now that's over. I'm happy now as I was at first. I'm happy because everything is going to be all right for you. Don't let's talk any more. I'm tired. Let's sit quietly till they come for me."

"They're coming now," said Quentin.

HE could see some men with a stretcher hurrying toward them through the mist.

"Oh, are they? Then we must say good-by."

"Christina—"

He forgot his damaged foot and tried to get up. As he sank back, groaning, the little cavalcade came up.

"But I must go with her," he insisted.

They did not seem to hear him. With infinite care they were lifting her on to the stretcher.

"But where are you taking her? I must come too."

"That's all right, sir," said one of them, glancing over his shoulder. "We'll be back for you."

"But—"

Someone had flung a rug over her. She looked different and far away. She might almost have died as they lifted her from the ground. He had a feeling that they must be making a mistake and that the burden they were bearing could never be, never have been Christina.

As the little procession disappeared into the rainy fog he looked round as if to see where she had gone. But there was no one.

Two more laden stretchers passed him, and then somebody or other asked if he could walk.

"I don't think so," said Quentin.

"If you put an arm round my shoulder," said the stranger, "do you think you could manage?"

"Manage?"

"To get down the line a bit. They've got an ambulance station in a shed down there, and they'll attend to your foot if you can get as far. The stretchers have run out."

"Are you a doctor?" asked Quentin, when they had gone a little way.

"No; but you'll find one down there."

There was a small crowd of loiterers round the ambulance shed, and from these a murmur of interest arose

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

—AND HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE — by ALBERT DORNE
HERE'S ANOTHER "B.O." AD. GUESS SOME PEOPLE ARE PRETTY CARELESS. BUT I'LL BET I COULDN'T BE GUILTY AND NOT KNOW IT!
SALE
LATER
THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A FELLOW! CLAIRE HAS TURNED ME DOWN THREE TIMES NOW ABOUT ANOTHER DATE
NEXT DAY
TOO BUSY TO SEE ME AGAIN. THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY. I'LL LOSE MY JOB IF I DON'T GET MORE ORDERS
THE SALES MANAGER SPEAKS
I'LL BE FRANK. YOU'LL NEVER GET AHEAD UNTIL YOU GET RID OF "B.O."—AND THAT'S SO SIMPLE— WITH LIFEBUOY!
THREE MONTHS LATER
CLAIRE, GUESS WHAT'S HAPPENED? I'VE WON FIRST PLACE IN THE SALES CONTEST. LET'S GET MARRIED SOON
DARLING, YOU'RE WONDERFUL! I'M SO PROUD OF YOU
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Don't risk "B.O."
(body odor)

EVERYONE perspires. Pores give off a *quart* of odor-causing waste daily—even more in hot weather! We never know the moment when *others* may notice this odor! Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, searching, germ-removing lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Makes complexions glow with healthy radiance. Its pleasant, hygienic scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBUOY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Bros. Co., Dept. 445, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you free.

SMOKER PENS CONFESSION

Is Devoted to One Tobacco

Pleads with Makers To "Keep Up Good Work"

Loyalty is a common attribute of pipe smokers. But the loyalty of Mr. N. Sadlier-Brown, a resident of British Columbia, is of a kind and degree that would make any manufacturer feel proud of his product. Here is Mr. Sadlier-Brown's letter:

Blue River
British Columbia
November 26, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that I have been overlooking an obligation in not writing to you what I think about your valuable product, Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. If a good thing is made, it should be boosted by its users.

Edgeworth is the coolest tobacco I ever smoked, and I've tried plenty. It has a flavor all its own, and the "flavor lasts" to the very bottom of the pipe. It's a high grade tobacco, and other tobaccos priced the same don't touch it for quality.

Most important of all, it's the only tobacco I can smoke. I have a bronchial throat, and every make of tobacco I ever tried irritates it—except Edgeworth.

So keep up the good work, for if you stop making Edgeworth I shall have to stop smoking.

Yours faithfully,
N. Sadlier-Brown

The makers of Edgeworth assure Mr. Sadlier-Brown that they certainly *will* "keep up the good work." And they want to assure him too that he will find the same fine quality in the Edgeworth he buys *anywhere.*

Perhaps you have never smoked a pipe. Perhaps you tried a pipe and found it wanting. In either case you are missing some of the real joys of smoking until you know the solid satisfaction of a good pipe *with Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.* Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 107 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. Or you can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.

You are invited to tune in on the Edgeworth Radio Program every Thursday evening at Eight O'Clock, Eastern Daylight Time. The WJZ network of National Broadcasting Company.

[WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE
Continued from page twenty-seven]

at the sight of Quentin's scratches. He was easily the most spectacular case that had been brought in, for he was bleeding in a dozen places. He passed through them to an accompaniment of admiring comments:

"Poor fella!"

"Bleedin' to death—"

"Must be suffering something crool—"

But the nurse inside was not so easily impressed.

"Fell in a thorn bush, did you? Well, that was clever of you. Just sit down there and wait. I'll see to you in a minute."

"The stretcher cases?" demanded Quentin.

"Oh, they're not here. They've gone straight to hospital."

"Then I must go on. I can't wait. I've got a friend—"

"My dear man, don't you worry. Your friend's all right."

"But I must."

She would not listen to him. Nobody would listen to him! He was as unimportant as his scratches.

Everybody was asking for their friends. He sank down upon a bench, beside a woman who was sobbing quietly.

"Don't cry," he murmured. "Have you lost a friend?"

She shook her head. No. She was traveling alone. But she had broken her wrist, and she was a violinist. She had been traveling north to play at a concert.

"Such an important engagement! And now—"

"I was standing in the corridor," narrated somebody in the doorway, "when I felt a violent concussion. It was all over in a minute."

"No, it wasn't," thought Quentin. "It went on for hours."

"Ran off the line."

"Everybody in the first coach—"

"Three concerts this week, and a chance of reëngagement—"

"Please—has anybody seen a little girl in a blue coat?"

"This will need a couple of stitches—"

"I was standing in the corridor—"

Two men pushed into the shed, and at the sight of one of them Quentin stumbled forward.

"What's happened to her? Where have they taken her?"

He clutched the doctor's coat. A dozen people were clutching and shouting.

HE had to wait his turn.

"Who? Oh, I remember. Plucky girl! Thought she was done for and told me not to waste my time. Your friend, you say?"

"Her back—"

"Oh, that's all right. Not a bone broken. Shocking bruises. She'll be bruised right through to the front tomorrow, I expect. But nothing serious."

"She couldn't feel anything. She was paralyzed."

"Shock. It often happens. Though, to tell you the truth, I thought she was a goner, too. But she'll feel plenty tomorrow, and be wishing she didn't. Plucky girl!

"You needn't worry about her. . . . What did you say, madam? A little girl in blue? Well, well, we've taken her to hospital, but I'm afraid—Just attend to that sprained ankle, sister—he's fainted. . . . Now, now, my dear woman, while there's life there's hope!"

THE END

In next week's issue—

The New Racketeer—
America's Greatest Danger

A startling expose of the octopus of terrorism that is strangling modern business, and what it means to the consumer

By
Will Irwin

Also stories and articles by Elliott White Springs and Cornelius Bull—Leona Dalrymple—George Sylvester Viereck—Captain Dingle—Robert Benchley—Mildred Harrington

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—According to the Bible, what unusual weapon did Samson use in a fight with the Philistines?

2—Who was Crœsus?

3—What line follows "I shot an arrow into the air"?

4—What is an alloy?

5—What is the Mohammedan name for the Supreme Being?

6—Who is the ruler of the Netherlands?

7—How did Joan of Arc die?

8—Who sought the Fountain of Youth?

9—With what theory are the names Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley identified?

10—Where do Alderney, Guernsey, and Jersey cattle get their names?

11—Who was called the Swedish Nightingale?

12—Who was the composer of the opera Iolanthe?

13—With what is the name Wedgwood identified?

14—What is the Levant?

15—What is the name of the railway usually called the Soo Line?

16—What is a flageolet?

17—Who wrote The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table?

18—Do the letters S O S, used as a distress call, stand for any particular words?

19—How many red and how many white stripes in the American flag?

20—What is a *de facto* government?

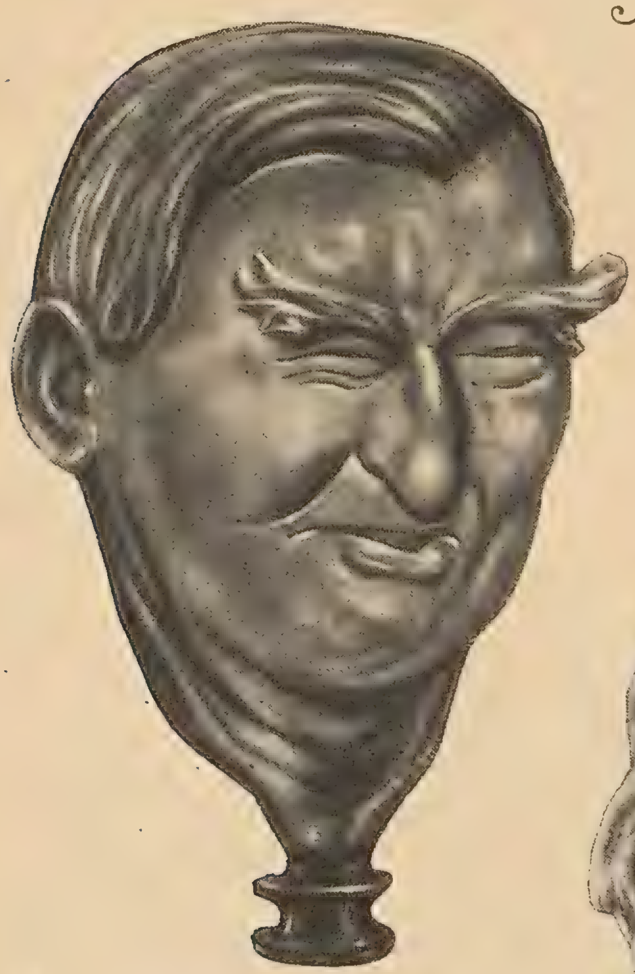
(Answers will be found on page 48)

Will Any of These Ever Reach *the* White House?

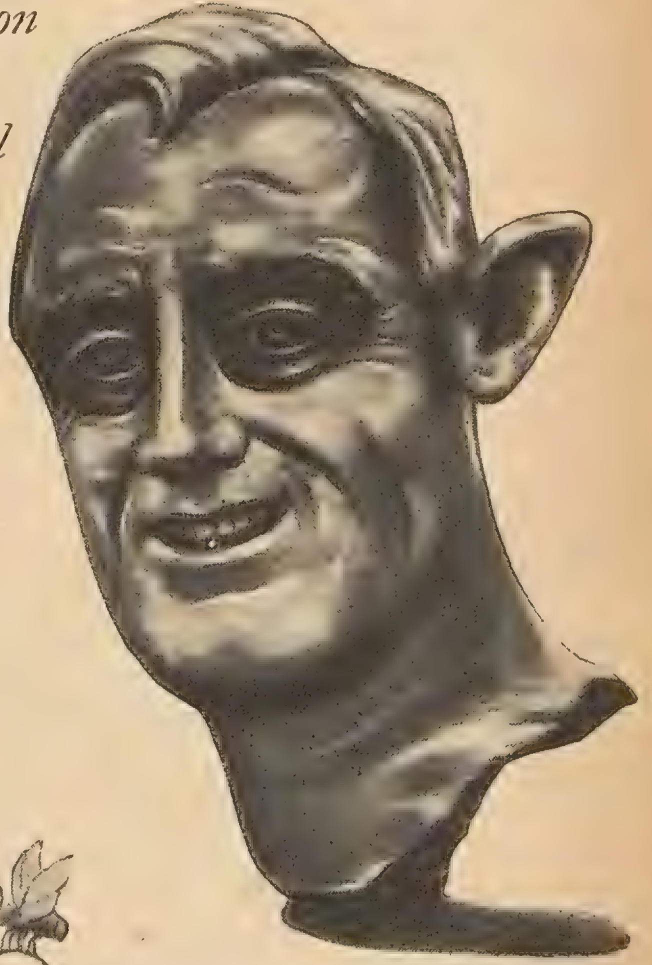
A Cartoonist's Impression of the Leading Democratic Presidential Candidates

By

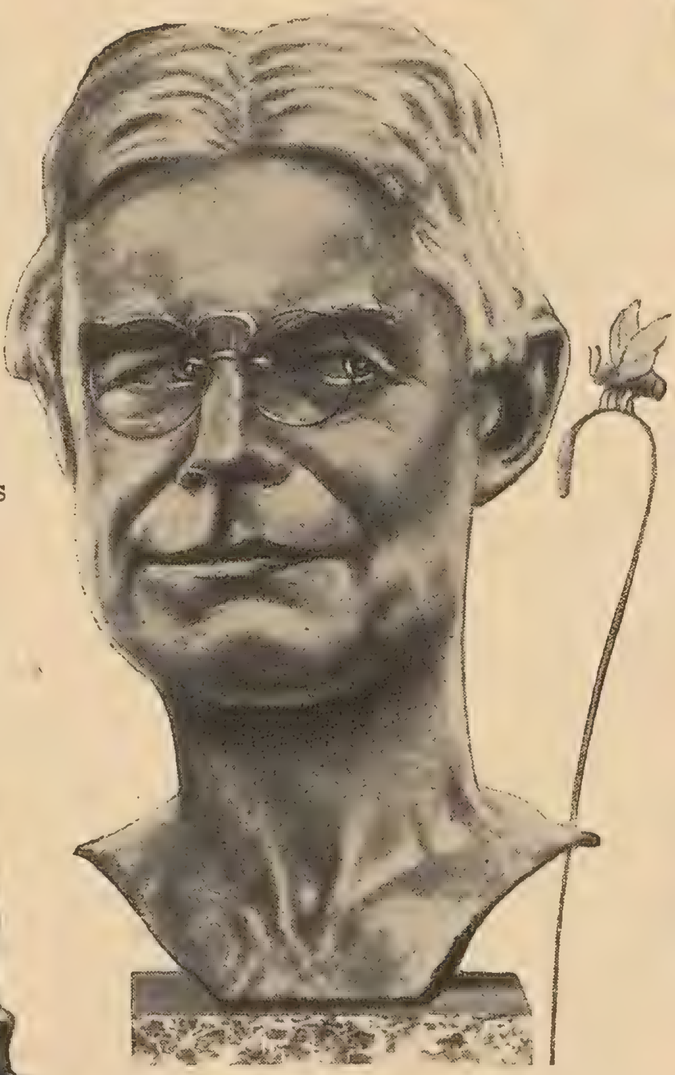
PERRITON MAXWELL



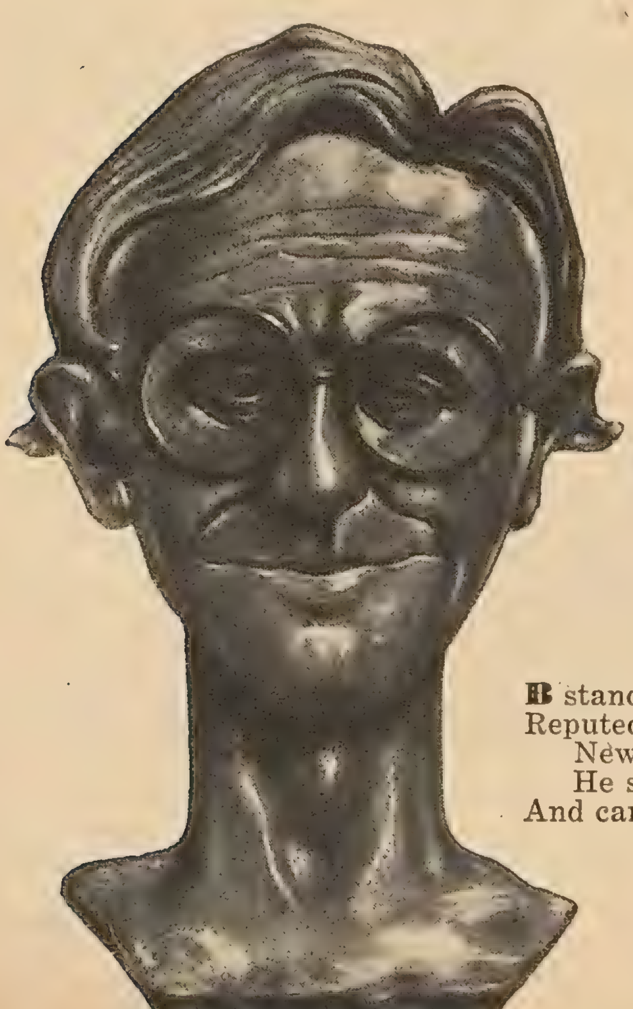
G is for Garner of Texas.
As though he would purposely vex us
To vote, stays his hand,
And this lack of a stand
May cost him some delegates' X-s.



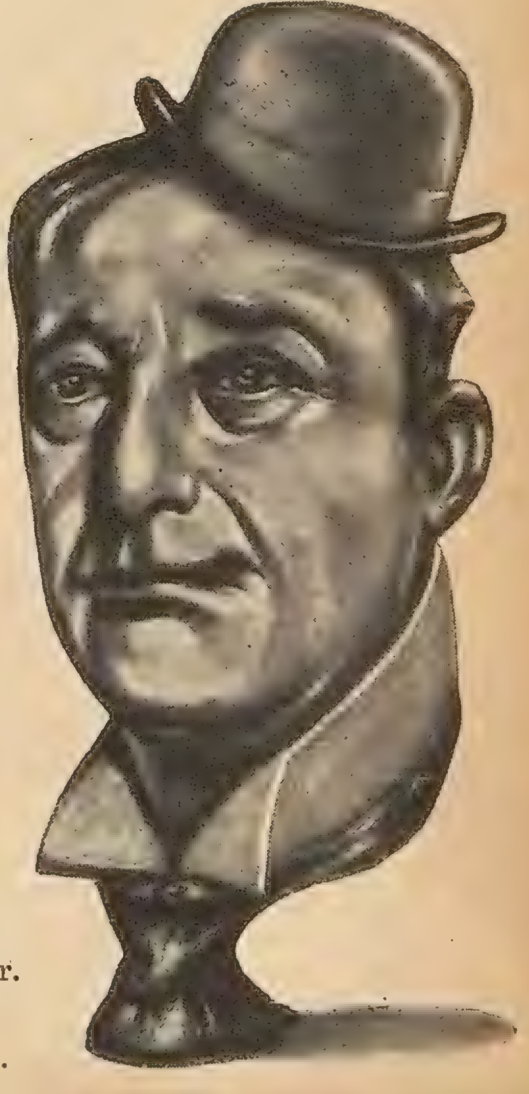
R stands for Roosevelt, Frank D.,
A cousin of Rough Rider T.
On Capitol Hill
They are wondering, will
The next White House Roosevelt be he?



R is for Albert C. Ritchie,
Who claims that the platform on which he
Can romp to a win
Will return legal gin.
He's got Bishop Cannon all twitchy.



B stands for Baker, Newt. D.,
Reputed dark-horse nominee.
Newt. D. isn't dense—
He stays on the fence
And can jump either way to D. C.



A is for Al (Empire Tower)
Observing the skies for a shower.
His future is bet
That we WANT to be wet.
He's hoping we put him in power.

Is the AMERICAN

A Fair European Gives Wives Some Pointers on How to Hold Their Husbands

By LEYLA GEORGIE

who played Charmaine, the French minx, in the famous stage production of What Price Glory. She has since written a much discussed novel, The Establishment of Madame Antonia, and she is soon to be heard in grand opera. Budapest, Hungary, was her birthplace.

(Reading time: 8 minutes 25 seconds.)

"THE American woman is the smartest woman in the world," declared one of my American friends recently, "because she gets more from men and gives less than any woman of any other nation."

As a European woman, I had to smile. It hasn't taken me long to discover that the American woman actually gets less out of life than any other woman in the world—because she doesn't know what love is! She is asleep. She has always been asleep. It is time for her to wake up if she is ever to know real happiness.

In spite of her freedom, her comforts, her luxuries, her beautiful clothes, her places of amusement, her control over her husband, she is the most dissatisfied and unhappy woman on the face of the earth, even if she doesn't realize it.

As my friend said, "She gets more than any other woman." Gets more and gives less. She is a cheater of the worst kind! She makes her husband pay—sometimes with his last drop of blood—thinking he is buying her love. And she gives him—what? Practically nothing!

She runs his house, yes. She entertains his friends, yes. She gives him a front for the world, yes. She gives him children, yes. She sees that he has nourishing food, yes. But she starves his soul and spirit and passion.

In Europe, American men are considered the worst woman-chasers in the world. They are notoriously unfaithful. But we European women know why. The American wife, with her cold lips and selfish demands, is to blame.

Love! Why, the American woman doesn't even know the meaning of the word.

Love to her is something to get. Love to the European woman is something to give. To her man a woman should be the greatest, the most wonderful lover in the world. That is how she could hold him.

To the American woman the expression of love—love-making—is something to be endured, like colds in winter and sunburn in summer. To the husband who wants to hold her close in his arms she turns a glacial cheek. A kiss is a condescension; she does everything but actually *say*, "You are so lucky to have me!"

The European woman neither takes nor gives everything in love. She shares. The perfect union must be that way.

Why don't American women get on to themselves? Why don't they learn what they evidently don't know? Don't they care that their men are constantly walking out on them, and are carrying on affairs behind their backs?

They must care! Or else they wouldn't lead the crazy lives they do. If their men are starved for love, so are they. Yet their husbands grow tired of them; they keep seeking new faces.

Why? Can any American woman answer that question? Will she answer it honestly? Does she know why?

The American who finds within the arms of his wife all that he wants and needs from any woman is rare.

American women are slave drivers. They drive their men to work for them, for the things they want. If the woman next door gets a new fur coat, a man doesn't get a minute's peace until his own wife has one, too. The American husband wears himself out body and soul, struggling to get together the dollars that his wife throws away on trifles. He comes to her weary and worn with the day's work; he would like to rest his head on her breast, like a tired child. How he would love to shut the whole world away—and get a bit of heaven for a few hours!

And what does she say? "Let's go to the movies," or "I've invited the Smiths in to play bridge."

Too often in America the fire of love strikes stone—and that stone is the woman. The awful pity of it is that American women are cheating themselves out of so much. In India women are educated in the science of love-making, which to them is almost a religious ceremony. The American woman could learn at least that much from the women of the Far East—that love is sacred, not casual.

The American wife points with pride to her clothes and her jewels and her fine home and automobile and all her other possessions. She is property-mad. She is the greediest woman in the world. As soon as she gets something she wanted, she desires something more.

American women are the richest women in the world—but they are also the poorest. Richest in material things that don't bring them real happiness. Poorest in the most important thing: love.

There is, of course, the talented woman who is gifted in art or otherwise and whose ambition ought to be encouraged. But even these should realize that their work is but part of their lives, and the essential thing even for them will always remain—love.

There are a great many independent working girls in America. They are called "bachelor girls" and their success in the business world is pointed to with pride. But underneath that successful, brittle exterior there is hunger. They would all gladly change places with any poor, hard-working wife who is rich in love.

Women weren't made for business and politics. Nature made them for men to love.

They weren't meant to get out and fight for freedom. Deep down, they don't want freedom! Getting the vote was the saddest blow that ever was dealt the American woman's happiness.

WOMEN were meant to be cuddled and petted and protected and bossed and eventually to have children. To become wives and mothers. Why do they try to be different, doing things they are not fitted for?

Instead of chasing around to club meetings and bridge parties and luncheons and current-events classes and other outside interests, the American wife ought to be perfecting herself in the most important rôle of her life: love-making. The happiest women are those who have done this. European women do it. They are trained for it from babyhood.

The European woman is often referred to as her husband's "inferior," as his "slave." She may choose to be that if she likes it! She may like to think that the man to whom she has given her life and love is smarter, wiser, kinder, braver than she is. It gives her a feeling of security.

She likes being his "slave"—if she loves him. He is all that matters in the world. She enjoys waiting on him,

WOMAN *Asleep?*

catering to him, doing countless little and big things for his comfort and happiness.

Does she get anything in return? Yes! As much as she puts into it. The European man gives so much love to his wife or woman that she feels compensated in full. He may not be a better husband and father than the American man, but he certainly is a better lover.

We get out of life just what we put into it. Then why shouldn't we get the same out of love?

American women are inhibited. Afraid to be themselves. Afraid to let go. Every hour of the day they crowd with more than it possibly can hold. They turn to movies and romantic novels for emotional thrills. To bridge and business to fill the gap. To cocktails for stimulus. They even turn to childbearing. But in spite of this cold outside, they want love as desperately as other women. It is pitiful.

So much loving in America! So little love!

The American woman surpasses the women of other countries in many things, it is true. She can teach them efficiency and smartness and how to raise children according to the latest scientific methods, and how to make husbands punctual at meals and orderly around the house. But she can't teach them how to be happy, and she can't teach them how to make love. She can't teach her own children that. Because she herself doesn't know how.

American women are the most attractive women in the world. They have every opportunity for making themselves Goddesses of Love, at whose feet the men of all nations could worship. They have no excuse for not being worshiped so.

Love and money are synonyms to the American woman. She doesn't want to give herself; she wants to be bought. With a wedding ring and diamonds. Legalized prostitution!

THE American woman climbed up on a pedestal—and she has climbed so high that she is almost inaccessible. By the time she has sense enough to climb down, if ever, it is too late.

Making love *is* an art! But European women are not specially endowed for it. They aren't any smarter or more sophisticated or more eager for love. They have taken the time and trouble to make a study of the art of love. The European wife realized long ago that nothing pays a woman so well as just being a woman. And that the more she-woman she is the better it will be for her.

The American woman, with her cocksureness, her tremendous, incredible sex vanity, makes me feel sorry for her, even though I smile at her a little, occasionally. She wears enticing clothes. She spends hours making up her face. She sways her hips and rouses men's passions, and calls it sex appeal.

It is a fake appeal, and it does not fool American men.

American women's love lives are all alike—made from one pattern—poured into one mold. The American woman has little individuality in her dress, but less in her love-making. She has no mystery, no allure, no fire, no charm, no spirit of adventure! She confuses passion with love-making, and passion dies first; love, soon after.

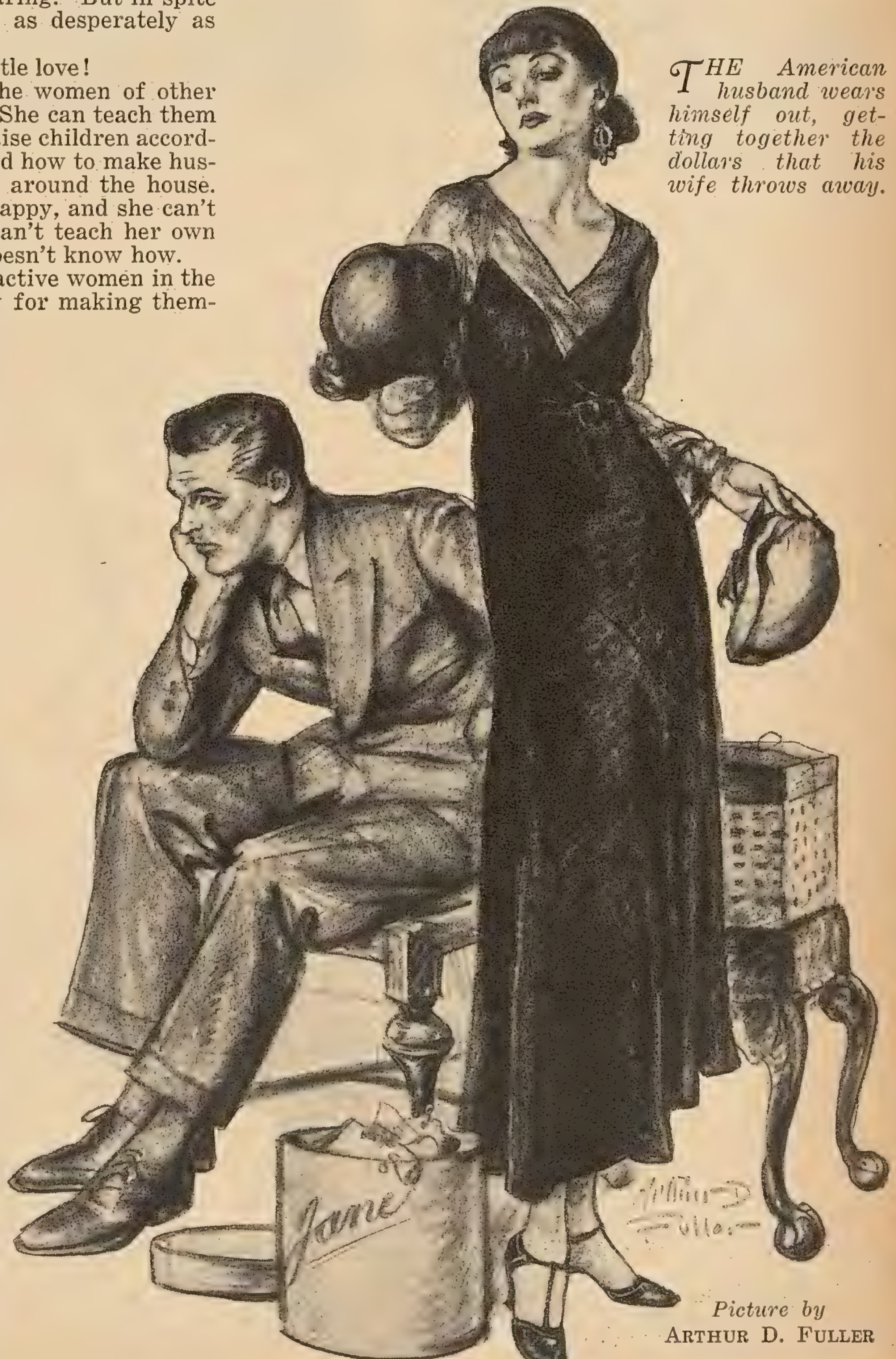
No wonder she can't hold her men!

Stupid American women! Why don't they add love to their possessions?

They could if they were smart enough! They are beautiful enough. But the American woman must learn to give before she can get.

Give an American man the kind of love he wants and he will give his American wife everything under the sun that she wants!

THE END



THE American husband wears himself out, getting together the dollars that his wife throws away.

Picture by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

Sylvia Sidney and Hobart Bosworth in The Miracle Man.

Right: Karen Morley and Paul Muni in Scarface.

A Climax

A Gangster Picture to End Gangster Pictur

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 5 minutes 15 seconds.)

NO silent film hit has been refilmed successfully in the talkies. It has been tried with Tol'able David, Over the Hill, and now with The Miracle Man.

This is not so much the fault of picture making as of a changing audience viewpoint. While it is true that a certain happy combination of people and conditions made most of the hits and that it is impossible to reassemble the elements of chance, it is really the public itself that makes revivals impossible.

The Miracle Man was a second-rate magazine yarn that provided a spiritual appeal of a sort. In a way, it belonged to the Turn to the Right school of play writing, in which nature, little children, or love finally transformed the dishonest crooks into honest citizens. I suspect that 1932 audiences have a more suspicious viewpoint and that The Miracle Man's chief interest now lies in its inevitable comparison with memories.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ½ SCARFACE

CAST

Tony Camonte	Paul Muni
Cesca	Ann Dvorak
Poppy	Karen Morley
Lovo	Osgood Perkins
Guarino	C. Henry Gordon
Rinaldo	George Raft
Angelo	Vince Barnett
Mrs. Camonte	Ines Palange
Costillo	Harry J. Vegar
Chief of Detectives	Edwin Maxwell
Gaffney	Boris Karloff
Pietro	Henry Armetta
Epstein	Bert Starkey

Directed by Howard Hawks.
Produced by Howard Hughes for United Artists.

Here is the gangster picture to end gangster pictures. There can be no more racketeer melodramas until the racketeers devise new methods of killing, new styles in looting, new kinks in grafting.

Although Scarface is being shown in some parts of America, censors have banned it in others. Scarface presents all the recent outstanding gangster big moments as part of its drama. You see the hoodlums lined up to be killed in the St. Valentine's Day massacre in Chicago, the hospital shooting of Legs Diamond, the telephone-booth murder of Vincent Coll, the Florida migrations of Al Capone, the smoking-out siege of Two-Gun Crowley, all adapted to the film's own characters.

These fact climaxes build up a gory tale of struggle for gang leadership. Vicious, ruthless Tony Camonte, lieutenant of a big-boss racketeer, kills his chief, takes the late leader's girl, tries to expand his power into the North Side, overreaches himself. The rat-tat-tat of machine-gun fire plays an accompaniment to the rise and fall of Tony Camonte. In the end you see him stagger out of his steel-incased lair, choking from tear gas, to plead cravenly for his life and to be shot down by the police.

The censors have been cold to Scarface because they believe it glorifies gangsters, that it does not present a true picture of our modern life. I leave it to you who can see the film to judge. To me Scarface is a powerful, exciting, bitter commentary upon our hypocritical, graft-infested Volstead era. You will go a long time before you get its machine-gun fire, its casual brutality, out of your ears and mind. Paul Muni is pretty nearly superb as the ambitious gorilla, Tony Camonte. A gorgeous performance is contributed by George Raft as his first aid in crime. You will find Ann Dvorak, as Tony's wild sister, and Karen Morley, his stolen sweetheart, to be excellent in their rôles.

Charles Ruggles (Center) in This Is the Night.

in Crime

Talkie Revival, a Comedy, and Some Sobs

AMES SMITH

★ ★ ½ The Miracle Man

CAST

Helen Smith	Sylvia Sidney
John Madison	Chester Morris
Henry Holmes	Irving Pichel
The Frog	John Wray
Bobbie	Robert Coogan
Nikko	Boris Karloff
The Patriarch	Hobart Bosworth
Harry Evans	Ned A. Sparks

Directed by Norman McLeod.
Produced by Paramount.

This was the 1919 landmark of silent pictures. Overnight it made Thomas Meighan, Betty Compson, Lon Chaney, and its director, the late George Loane Tucker.

This new talkie version left me cold, save when the village infidel's lame boy, impressed by the fake cripple's magical recovery, tosses his crutches aside and stands cured. Little Bobby Coogan does this scene beautifully.

My biggest disappointment is in Sylvia Sidney's playing of the Compson rôle. Where Mr. Meighan captured your sympathy as the gang leader, Chester Morris loses it. John Wray is a weak second to Lon Chaney's unforgettable Frog. Outside of Master Coogan, the best work is that of Ned Sparks as Dead Pan Evans.

★ ★ This Is the Night

CAST

Germaine	Lily Damita
Bunny West	Charles Ruggles
Gerald Gray	Roland Young
Claire	Thelma Todd

Directed by Frank Tuttle.
Produced by Paramount.

Following the Ernst Lubitsch song-and-frothy-story formula, this presents the boudoir problems of an embarrassed, nervous young man who, faced by a jealous husband, fibs about a loving wife. Then, of course, he has to get someone to pose as his better half. Practically all of the interest of the comedy evolves from the fact that the expert comedian, Roland Young, selects piquant Lily Damita to masquerade as his wife. This Is the Night is mildly amusing.

★ The Strange Case of Clara Deane

CAST

Clara Deane	Wynne Gibson
Frank Deane	Pat O'Brien
Nancy (as a child)	Cora Sue Collins
Nancy (grown up)	Frances Dee
Garrison	Dudley Digges
Ware	George Barbier

Directed by Louis Gasnier and Max Marcin.
Produced by Paramount.

Page Madame X, Madelon Claudet, and all the suffering mothers of melodrama. This story and its variations have served a good many times in the past. The present version drags badly. Wynne Gibson gives a fair performance of this newest Madame X and Pat O'Brien is lost in the rôle of her wastrel husband.

Do you know that—

Paul (Scarface) Muni is thirty-five? Before he appeared on the New York stage and in Hollywood films he had made a place for himself in the Jewish theater as Muni Wisenfreund?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express, Broken Lullaby, Dance Team, Emma, The Champ.

★★★—The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket.

DEMPSEY

How Jess Willard's Conqueror, Unpopular while Victorious, Came to Be an Idol through Defeat

By

WILLIAM INGLIS

Acme photo

JACK DEMPSEY as he looked at his best. If he should come back and win the title again — Wow! WOULD the fight fans' jubilee break all records!

(Reading time: 21 minutes 20 seconds.)

IN his fourteenth year Jack Dempsey had made up his mind that some day he would be champion. His ideal was Jack Dempsey the Nonpareil.

He was one of a family of six boys and five girls, of Scotch-Irish descent. Born at Manassa, Colorado, in 1895, he was named William Harrison; but when he began to box he adopted the first name of his fistic ideal.

The Dempsey family moved from town to town. Jack washed dishes for months in his father's restaurant. At Provo, Utah, he blacked boots to help support himself. While picking peaches at Montrose, Colorado, he found that Fred Woods, whom he had licked in a schoolboy scrap, was now known as the Fighting Blacksmith. He offered Fred twenty dollars to fight him in a hall, put Fred out in four rounds, and collected six hundred dollars from the crowd.

In search of bouts he rode thousands of miles on the brake beams of freight cars or on the roofs of passenger coaches. Often he was hungry. But his faith in himself did not waver.

One of Jack's early fights was with Andy Malloy—a draw; but in their next battle he knocked Andy out. "You're a natural fighter!" Malloy gasped. "I'll train you and be your manager." Jack agreed.

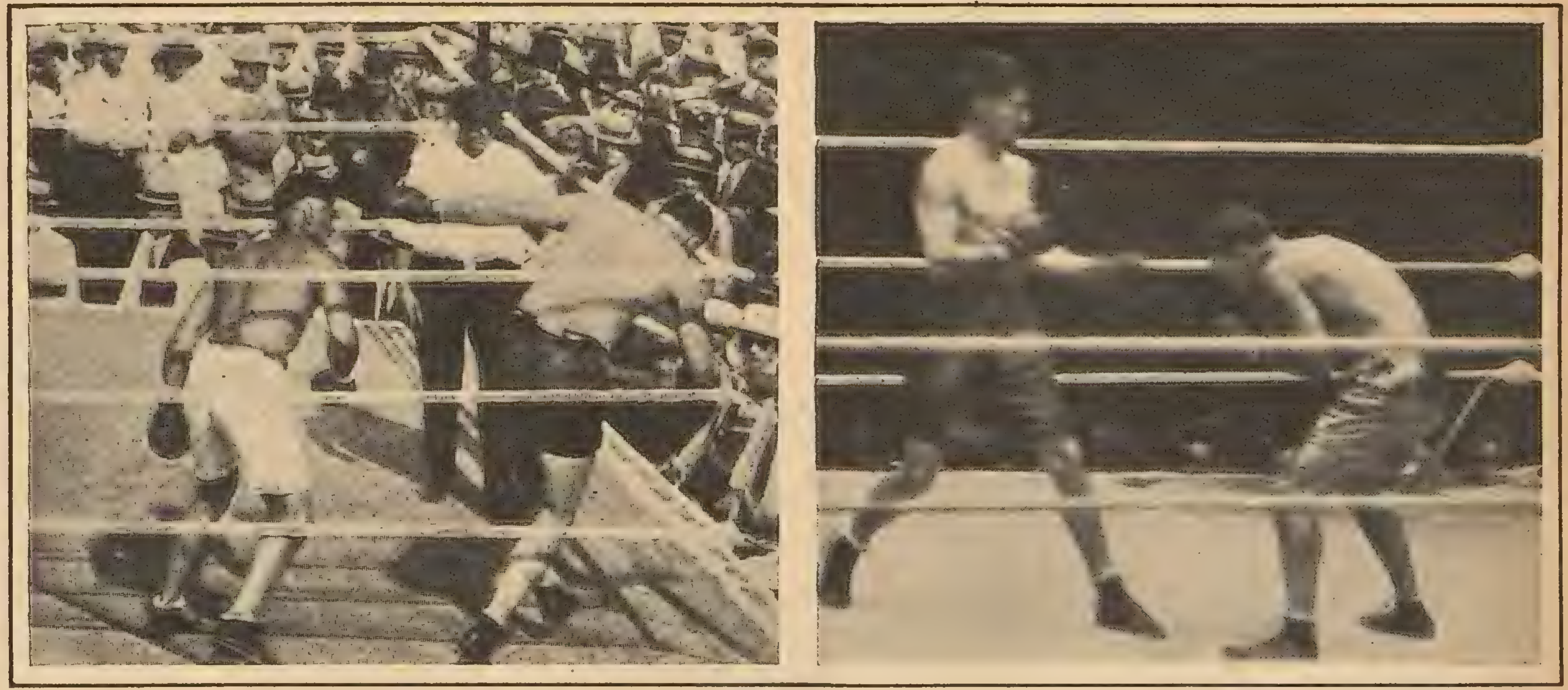
Malloy knew little about footwork. Jack's natural, spontaneous impulse was to run in and sock, chiefly with his right; and Andy did not correct this fault.

Rough experience in battle after battle taught Dempsey to shorten and straighten his terrific blows. He learned, too, to "roll with the punch," when the other fellow hit him.

Before he was quite twenty-one Dempsey and Jack Price, a manager he had acquired by the way, came to New York, and Price combed the town for a match. James J. Johnston was managing Andri Anderson, and he wanted to give him an easy match.

For ten rounds Jack and this giant pounded each other with all their might, and the referee called it a draw. Jack received sixteen dollars ($16) for his efforts. He grinned and said something about better luck next time. He had it—ten red-hot rounds with Wild Bert Kenney, another near champion—for which he

The DYNAMITER



Wide World photo

The beginning and the end of Jack's reign in the ring. At the left, he flattens big Jess Willard for the seventh time in Round One at Toledo. At the right, Gene Tunney (left) outpoints him at Philadelphia, in the Sesqui stadium.

received forty-three dollars—count 'em, forty-three! Price sold his managerial contract to John the Barber, who sent Dempsey into the ring against John Lester Johnson, an enormous Negro, who broke three of Jack's ribs. This was another ten-round draw, and Jack received one hundred dollars for his work.

Later, at Murray, Utah, he fought Jim Flynn, the Pueblo Fireman, heavier than he and with years of experience. Flynn's right fist crashed on Jack's chin early in the first round and outed him.

But now Dempsey's luck turned for a moment. He beat Al Norton so decisively that he had many offers of matches. Fat Willie Meehan got the decision over him in a whirlwind four-round bout near San Francisco, but in a return match Jack bested Fat. With the purses he won he was able to help his sick father and the family.

There was one man who believed in Jack Dempsey and never lost faith. This was Jack Kearns. He drilled Dempsey in boxing with the left fist while his right arm was lashed to his belt. Thus Jack offset his tendency to use his right too much; and, without the right arm to block with, he developed a weaving, bobbing style of defense that made him hard to hit.

California law allowed only four-round bouts, but Kearns got plenty of them. Dempsey beat Bob McAllister, Gunboat Smith, and Carl Morris, the Sapulpa Giant. Kearns was a good ballyhoo artist. Feeling that Champion Jess Willard, big and slow, would surely fall before Dempsey, he set out to get the match.

HE matched Jack with Homer Smith, and Jack knocked him out. Bill Brennan was another hurdle on the way to the title. Bill was a good soul. He was kind enough to call on Jack in his dressing room at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and say how sorry he would be to knock out a lad who was doing so well. When they met in the ring, Jack straightway surprised Bill with a left hook to the head. Bill fell. In the rounds that followed, he gave the best he had, only to fall again and again. In the sixth Jack drove a hot right to his ribs. That ended it, for Bill swung around so fast that his ankle broke before his foot could move.

Carl Morris felt sure that he could take Dempsey in a longer bout. Kearns agreed to a fight at the Queensberry Athletic Club in Buffalo, New York. At the tap of the bell Jack flew at the giant. By the sixth round he was helpless, and his seconds threw in the towel.

Next Dempsey boxed ten rounds to a draw with Billy Miske at St. Paul, Minnesota. Miske was of Jack's size and wonderfully swift-footed, and Jack could not move fast enough to beat him. That lack of good footwork was Dempsey's only defect.

Fred Fulton came to New York at this time, and drew crowds wherever he went. He stood six feet six and weighed 220 pounds in condition.

This was Dempsey's next opponent. He stood nearly a head higher than Jack. Spang! Dempsey's left fist flew in a short hook to the end of Fred's long chin. That was that. The fight had lasted eight seconds.

DEMPSEY and Kearns challenged Willard now, but Jess was indolent and ring-shy. They met Tex Rickard in New York.

"Gosh, Jack!" Tex exclaimed. "I never seed such a little feller! No one would pay real money to see you in there against big Jess."

Compared with the champion, Dempsey was little. Yet he stood six feet one and a half inches and weighed 190 ringside. Kearns pleaded that Jack had hewed down giants, and demanded a guaranty of $50,000. Rickard laughed and went away. But he came back in a few days, willing to promote the match but not to guarantee so much money.

Jack's plan was to out Jess as quickly as he had dropped Fred Fulton. But when he looked across the ring near Toledo, Ohio, on the hot Fourth of July, 1919, and had his first sight of the champion, he felt a sudden chill. The giant threw off his bath robe and stood revealed in all the menacing might of his six feet six inches and 250 pounds of strength and symmetry. As Jack studied this startling apparition, he frowned a moment, perplexed. Then, quickly recovering from the shock, he grinned.

At the bell the champion moved forward as deliberately as Goliath against little David. Dempsey trotted briskly to meet him, and the giant halted, on guard. But Jack stopped suddenly, just out of reach, and crouched, staring up at him. That stop disappointed Jess. He had to attack. He struck at Jack with his long left arm, the blow glanced harmlessly off the top of the little man's head.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

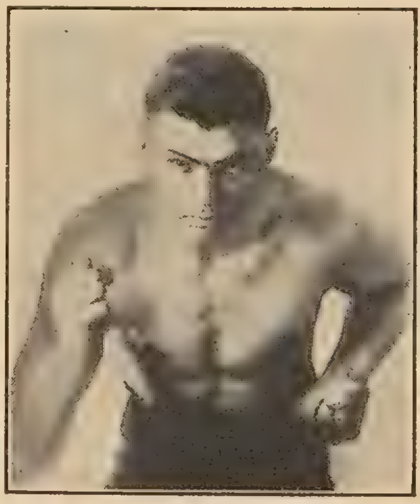
[DEMPSEY THE DYNAMITER
Continued from page thirty-five]

Jack did not try to counter. He was carefully sizing up the enemy.

Willard crowded in now with another left lead, and Dempsey dodged under it and leaped in, putting all his force into a right-hand drive under the heart. As he flew away he noted that Willard's mouth fell open. That meant that he was badly hurt. Instantly Jack dashed in with a left hook for the jaw.

But the blow landed high on the cheek bone, and Willard fell, partly dazed. Very slowly he staggered up as Referee Pecord counted three. The spectators went crazy.

Dempsey trotted in, weaving and bobbing. A left at the body drew Jess's arms down, and Jack let go his right for the chin. But his aim was faulty; the blow landed on Willard's left eye, and he fell. Ollie Pecord counted nine before he arose, shaken to the heels. Now the championship was within Jack's reach. The moment Jess was up he leaped at him with a left hook that felled him again. Once more the count of nine. With his last atom of strength Willard forced himself up and lurched along the ropes. But Dempsey pounced on him, driving both fists in short, fierce smashes to his quivering sides.


Jack as a young comer.

Very slowly Willard collapsed on the floor, not to rise until nine seconds had been tolled. Dempsey dropped him for the fifth time, danced impatiently as he waited for the great bulk to get off the floor, and felled him yet again.

And yet again Jess managed to get up. Dempsey jolt-jolt-jolted him in the body, and he fell for the seventh time. "Eight!—nine!—*out!*" Pecord chanted; then turned and raised Dempsey's right hand. Champion of the world! Dempsey started for his dressing room. At the foot of the steps a dozen hands clutched him. But as they carried him down the aisle in triumph Kearns' voice pierced the clamor.

"Jack!" he yelled. "The fight ain't over!"

Dempsey had to fight his way back through the crush. He was breathless as he climbed the ring steps.

"The bell was jammed! The three minutes were up when Pecord counted eight. Get ready now!"

Altogether, Dempsey was exhausted when he stepped out of his corner. Still, his luck was with him, for Willard was barely able to move out into the ring.

Jack coasted through the round, breathing deep and resting all he could. He was in no danger. Willard did not try to strike until the end of the round. Then he landed on Jack's chin a left uppercut, soft and harmless.

In the third Jack drove him from corner to corner, then renewed his two-handed body attack so fiercely that at the bell Willard was barely able to stagger to his chair. As the bell clanged again for the beginning of the fourth round, a wet towel struck Jack in the face. It was thrown in by Willard's seconds as a signal of surrender.

AFTER this victory, money flowed in, of course, like a spring tide. The silver screen was five times as profitable to the champion as the stage had been.

In September, 1920, he fought Billy Miske at Benton Harbor, Michigan. Miske's health had begun to fail, and Dempsey put him out as gently as he could in the third round.

Jack met his old friend Bill Brennan three months later in the ring at Madison Square Garden, New York. The battle crowded the Garden, but it was a disappointment. Too much monotonous work in depressing city surroundings had made Jack stale. For eleven rounds Brennan was in the lead. In the twelfth Jack steadied himself, and knocked him out.

Tex Rickard began to plan an outdoor battle which he believed would draw $1,000,000. He would bring over Georges Carpentier, champion of Europe and a war hero. How the crowd would rush to see *him* in action!

Carpentier weighed only 175 pounds, and though he was fast and clever he had no chance with Dempsey. But Rickard knew that thousands of men and women would pay a big price in the hope of seeing him win.

Rickard had powerful enemies, and pressure was brought to bear that made it impossible for him to engage an outdoor arena in New York. He leased a tract in Jersey City known as Boyle's Thirty Acres, and on it erected a shallow wooden amphitheater that would seat 90,000 spectators.

More than that number packed the structure in the afternoon of July 2, 1921. By the time the gong rang, $1,600,000 had been paid for seats.

Rickard was worried. An hour before the fight he took Dempsey by a hidden passage to the top tier of seats and showed him the multitude.

"If you knock him out in a few seconds," he said, "they'll be disgusted. Give them some action for their money."

At the opening Carpentier circled Dempsey in a series of rushes, feinting him and slipping away. Jack moved about carefully, timing the Frenchman and sizing him up. This was sound tactics. No one could step up to a Carpentier and hit him at will.

PERHAPS Georges thought that Jack was slow, but as he made his last rush before the bell Jack landed a left hook on the nose that spilled Georges against the ropes. As he rallied and came on the crowd cheered him.

Quite restored, Carpentier still made the pace in the second round. Near the end of it he feinted with the left and instantly followed with an overhand right, a sort of long hook that landed on the cheek bone and actually shook the champion. The crowd yelled, "Out him, Georges!"

Dempsey has always insisted that while that punch stung him it did not faze him for a moment. It is certain that Carpentier hurt his hand and could not do much with it afterward.

During the third round Dempsey wore the Frenchman down, and in the fourth he finished him. It was not much of a fight, but it was a wondrous and colorful spectacle. It had one curious result: Jack began to be popular again!

A syndicate of oil men and bankers who wanted to boom the border town of Shelby, Montana, offered Dempsey $300,000 cash to fight Tom Gibbons in their town. Gibbons trained at Shelby and made friends on all sides. Dempsey trained at Great Falls, miles away, which did not please the Shelbyites. Then the syndicate ran short of money and wanted a little time on the second payment of $100,000. Dempsey and Kearns stood out for payment; otherwise, no fight. Angry citizens held mass meetings and denounced them and some threatened to lynch them.

The second $100,000 was paid, but the delay and the doubt about the third $100,000 kept visitors away from Shelby. Kearns at last agreed to take whatever money came in and go ahead. The fight was pretty good but not exciting. Dempsey, worn out by worry, was far from his best. He got the decision.

When Luis Angel Firpo, former soda-water dispenser and porter in a Buenos Aires drug store, finished Jess Willard in eight rounds at Jersey City, Rickard thought it was time to move him across the river into the big money.

The fighters met in the evening of September 14, 1923, at the Polo Grounds, New York City. Every seat was taken. The gate was well above $1,000,000.

Jack underrated Luis. At the opening gong, as they stepped toward each other, Jack laughed at the awkward appearance of Firpo's right fist cocked high in air.

Still smiling, he started a left for the jaw. Whang! down came that trip-hammer right fist of Luis' on Jack's chin. The blow jarred the champion to his heels; he could not see clearly. Though he weaved and bobbed to disconcert Firpo and shook his head to clear his sight, he saw not one but a squad of Firpos flailing at him.

However, as Luis crowded Jack near the ropes, Jack in turn left-hooked Luis on the chin. Down went the giant. Dempsey stood over him, still shaking his head and unable to see clearly.

The Wild Bull was up in three seconds, charging clumsily. Dempsey—purely by instinct—hooked him down again. Up—down—up—down! No one to this day knows for certain how many times the swarthy Argentinian crashed to the floor. Once Dempsey clinched and hung on until the referee dragged him away by main strength. A moment later Jack dropped Firpo again, stepped over his sprawling body, and hung on to the ropes to keep from falling unconscious on top of him.

Luis scrambled up full of fight. He dashed at Jack with a swinging left and half knocked, half pushed him through the ropes. The champion fell on a reporter and his typewriter without damaging either.

"Throw me back into the ring!" Dempsey mumbled, and a dozen hands thrust him up to the platform. As he arose, Firpo rushed him again, and once more Jack hooked him down. Then the gong clanged, ending the most startling round ever fought.

IT was a different Dempsey who met the Wild Bull in the second round. He could think clearly now. He had a new respect for Firpo. The raw fellow could hit. Dempsey circled around him. Box him and get him; that was it! The Wild Bull plunged in. Jack feinted, disconcerted him — and dropped him with a left hook to the jaw.

All those knockdowns in the first round had weakened Luis. He did get up, but in a few seconds he fell again—fell and could not stir.

After this victory, Dempsey placed $200,000 of his earnings in a trust fund. Kearns thought it foolish; was offended. The partnership began to creak.

Dempsey entered into a moving-picture contract. In California he fell in love with Estelle Taylor, movie star, and they became engaged to be married. About this time the partnership with Kearns was dissolved. Jack and Estelle were married and took a wedding trip to Europe where the champion gave exhibitions and met and encouraged a young boxer named Max Schmeling.

Harry Wills, a Negro Hercules of six feet three, weighing 215 pounds, professed to be eager to fight Dempsey. Though Jack was willing, Rickard felt that public sentiment was against a championship fight between a white man and a Negro. After much discussion the match was given to young Gene Tunney instead of to Wills.

When the New York State Athletic Commission forbade Dempsey to fight anybody but Wills in New York, Rickard was lucky enough to engage the stadium of the Sesquicentennial Exposition at Philadelphia. But his troubles were not half over. Kearns sued for his share of the purse, at-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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. . . soaks beard soft—soothes skin

SHAVERS . . . FORE! Here's a new, richer, heavier, extra-moist lather that soothes the skin—helps you cut your razor strokes down to par—and breaks all records for cool, clean, snappy shaves.

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It stays moist from beginning to end of the shave. It drenches your whiskers—soaks them soft and limp—so that your razor cuts through them without a sign of slice or pull.

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Its extra-moist lather gives quicker, smoother, easier shaves

DEMPSEY THE DYNAMITER
Continued from page thirty-seven

tached Dempsey's New York bank accounts, and worried the champion and the promoter with ingenious legal devices.

How Tunney, as a modern variation on the gentle art of goat-getting, calmly journeyed the hundred miles from his training camp to Philadelphia and the fight by airplane; how the governors of eight states were among the 140,000 men and women who stared, fascinated, at this "Battle of the Century"; and the story of the battle itself, in detail—these things have been told in my article, Why Tunney Retired from the Ring, in Liberty for March 5.

To the men who had bet on Jack to knock out the challenger in five rounds or less, what they witnessed was a nightmare. "What has slowed Jack down?" they asked one another, and got no answer. Yet the cause was obvious enough: three years without a fight, the luxurious life of the moving-picture colony, and Jack's failure to learn and practice footwork.

As the bell tolled the end of the tenth round, the referee grasped Tunney's right arm and raised it high. Gene was champion of the world.

He grinned but remained calm. Dempsey, his left eye closed, his face blue-knobbed with bruises, shook Gene's hand cordially and wished him well.

Like figures in a dream the silent multitude began to melt out of the passageways, patiently enduring the rain that had not ceased since the fight began. They had seen a thing incredible—the mightiest man since Sullivan outgeneraled, outfooted, outfought. They were stricken dumb.

Dempsey's ambition would not let him rest under the stigma of defeat. Tex Rickard matched him to fight Jack Sharkey in New York. Sharkey was big, fast, game, a fine boxer. He had beaten good men. His only fault was that in the heat of battle he was apt to lose his head.

FOR the first four rounds of the contest Sharkey danced in and out and stung Dempsey with many a fast punch. Then the roar of applause intoxicated him, and he went in to trade punches with Dempsey. The poor sailor did not know that Dempsey's furious jolts to the ribs spelled knockout. In the sixth round, when the former champion's jolts to the ribs were wrecking him, he complained to the referee that Dempsey was hitting low. Neither the referee nor the crowd saw any foul punches. In the seventh Sharkey complained again. As they were in a lively mixup, the sailor backed away and turned to speak to the referee. His wits were asleep—his own fault. Dempsey whipped up a left hook to the chin. Sharkey pitched down and out. Dempsey was $500,000 richer and ready to meet Tunney again.

Rickard made the most of this opportunity. He brought the men together for the ten-round contest in a stadium at Chicago, September 23, 1927, under the inspiration of the Governor of Illinois and the management of a committee of distinguished citizens. The stadium was packed, and the gate receipts were nearly $3,000,000—a record.

Dempsey was in far better condition for this fight, and Tunney had profited by his experience in their first contest.

The battle was much like the Philadelphia affair, except that Jack was faster and stronger. He kept boring in without a pause, and though Tunney often hit him at long range, he did not tire. It was not until the seventh round that Tunney, under a furious attack, miscalculated the distance behind him, and Jack pinned him in a corner. Jack's fists drummed so fast that even Tunney's well planned defense failed.

Down went the champion, his right leg doubled under him, and he sprawled unconscious for three or four seconds. The referee bent over him and began to count the ten seconds.

If Dempsey had retired to a neutral corner as soon as Tunney fell, he might be champion of the world today.

THE State Commission in charge of the fight had warned the principals and their seconds days before the fight that when either man was knocked down the other must go to a neutral corner and stay there until the referee had counted ten, or until the fallen man was on his feet, if he arose within the ten seconds.

Both parties had promised to obey this rule. In the heat of the battle Dempsey forgot about it.

The referee had counted up to four before he noticed Dempsey. Then he stopped counting, ordered Jack to go to a neutral corner—and began to count again from the beginning.

Jack ran to an off corner. Tunney slowly drew his leg out of the tangle and rose on one knee. He waited until he heard "Nine!" Then he jumped up and saved himself from a knockout by running away backward so fast that Dempsey could not catch him!

The minute's rest after the seventh round so refreshed Tunney that he took the lead again in the last two, and thus earned the referee's decision.

Men argued and wrangled over the "long count" for months after the fight, but the prevailing opinion was that the referee's action was just, in view of the Commission's rule, which was thoroughly understood by both men.

Dempsey made no complaint in the ring, nor has he complained since. Jack is a fighter, not a chiseler. He was unlucky that time.

As these lines are being written Jack is in the ring again. Thus far, as the preliminary to an attempt at a comeback, his showing has not been impressive—but Jack Dempsey is Jack Dempsey, and the tale is not all told yet.

He is thirty-seven years old, but his heart is as stout as ever.

Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Battling Nelson, Terry McGovern, and many other champions tried to win back their lost titles and failed.

But there is no sound reason why Jack Dempsey, even at the age of forty, should not be able to recover his. And if Jack should, there would be no need of radio to announce it: from the Atlantic to the Pacific a joyful shout would tell the world that the best beloved fighter of the age had come back to his kingdom.

THE END

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THEY should be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 2,000 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be the minimum price paid for any accepted and published. Five hundred dollars will be the maximum. Each story is to be judged solely on its merits.

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Please remember that if you do not inclose a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript we cannot return it to you or write you concerning its destiny. We are receiving an enormous number of short short story manuscripts, and it has become necessary to enforce this rule very strictly.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

A Tooth of Gold for MAMA

A Short Short Story

By Agnes Christine Johnston

(Reading time: 4 minutes 50 seconds.)

PEDRO JOSE JESUS MARQUESA stood in front of the closed glass door, a picture of complete despair. His eyes, black and shining as ripe olives, spilled tears that streaked down his cheeks and spotted his lemon-yellow shirt. His mouth was a crescent moon turned over.

"What's the matter, Pedro? You didn't have money in the bank, did you?"

Pedro looked up. It was the old gentleman who often bought gas at his father's filling station for a shiny coupé.

"Ai, mister, much money!"

"A little boy like you a bank depositor! You're not more than eight years old, are you?"

"*Si*, mister, only eight. But already I save much money. Five dollar sixty-t'ree cent, mister, I save in bank. Now she is close. How can I get my money out, mister?"

"I'm afraid that you can't, Pedro. Not right away."

"Ai, ai! The Mrs. my mama, never will she have a tooth of gold!"

"A what?"

"For that I save, mister. That is what my mama she want. Like what Mrs. Gonzales next door have. Oh, so beautiful it is, mister! Like fire it flash in the sun. My mama she try save money for one just like. But when she save enough, somet'ing happen. She must help my father make the pay on the filling station. She must buy flower bouquet for my aunt when she die. My sister Serafinita must get her annoys operated out. Always the money go, and my mama she cry and she cry.

"I say, 'Don' cry, mama *querida.* I, Pedro, will buy for you the tooth.' And, mister, I do. I run errands. Sell papers in Canyon. All day Saturday, Sunday, I stay in the filling station of my papa. Quick I jump in cars, wipe windshields. The ladies say, 'How cute!' and give me pennies. I take to school every thrift day money. Teacher give me book to get money out. Five dollar sixty-t'ree cent. But now, mister, bank she close down. Money is gone. Oh, mister, mister, so sad am I, I could die, that my mama gets not the tooth of gold!"

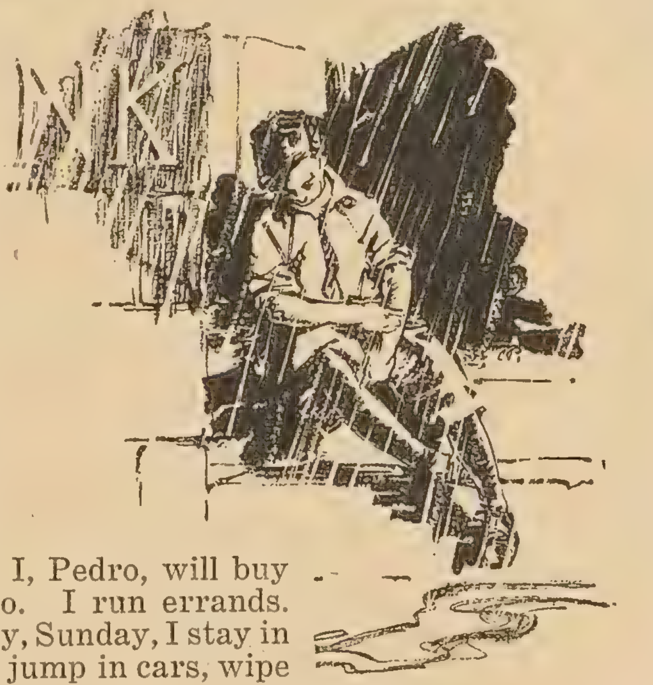
He began to sob again.

The old gentleman patted him on the head. "Now, see here, my boy. You mustn't cry about it. That's no way to lick the depression. Buck up! Smile! I happen to know that the bank was closed only to stop a run on it. Because a lot of people lost their nerve—just the way you're doing. It will open up again. You'll get your money."

"When, mister, when?"

"I can't just say the exact time."

Miraculously the black eyes changed from dark despair to hope. The crescent-moon mouth turned up. "I wait, mister, I wait! Oh, thanks, mister, thanks for the quarter!" . . .



In the chunky little white adobe cabin where the Marquesas lived, Pedro's absence was scarcely noticed when the family sat down to supper. Pedro was often late.

But it was another matter when with midnight came a typical California rainstorm. Torrents and cold, shrill winds.

By 1 A. M. there was tumult in the cabin. Mama lay on the red-plush sofa, her short, fat body heaving with sobs. "My Pedro! He is kidnap! He is drown! He is murder! Ai, my Pedro!"

In her wheel chair, grandmother sobbed. The children, without knowing exactly why, sobbed also. Relatives and friends, jamming the small, hot room, chattered and sobbed spasmodically. And Papa Marquesa, going about his duties in the filling station, wept without shame.

It was Officer Marney, on his Third Street beat, who found Pedro. Lifted up the small, wet figure from the doorstep of the bank and heard him murmur sleepily of "five dollar—sixty-t'ree cent" and something about a gold tooth. . . .

Recovering from a touch of pneumonia, Pedro lay in the great brass bed of his mother. His brown face was faded to a light tan, but his eyes were more than ever like shining black olives. They glanced delightedly at the row of newspaper clippings pasted on the wall. With pictures, too! Of Pedro sick in bed. Of Pedro as a baby. Of Pedro in *fiesta* costume.

HE explained it all to teacher, who had come to pay a call.

"They write it all in the paper. How because the bank she close I stay all night by door, so police must take me home and I get sickness in the chest. They come ask me question, the what-you-call-'em—sobby sisters. Everybody read. Everybody look at pictures of me; say, 'Poor Pedro—how cute!' President Bank he send back to me my five dollar sixty-t'ree cent. Send back to all the children in school the money they put in bank, and say the bank she open again soon. But more, teacher! People who read of me in the paper send presents, send money—much money! Mama! Mama!"

Mrs. Marquesa came running from the hot kitchen to the command of the small monarch.

"Take from the stocking my money, mama *querida,* so that teacher she can count it."

The sum total was thirty-eight dollars and seven cents and one Canadian dime; and as teacher watched it disappear back into the stocking of Mrs. Marquesa, she wondered how she could begin again the lessons in thrift required by the school board to the children who had had their money in the closed bank.

"That's a lot of money, Pedro," she ventured. "Whatever will you do with it all?"

Pedro grinned. "With five dollar I buy for my mama one tooth of gold. The rest I save. All I save! I put him in the bank—" And with a hopeful gleam in his black olive eyes he added: "Maybe she fail again!"

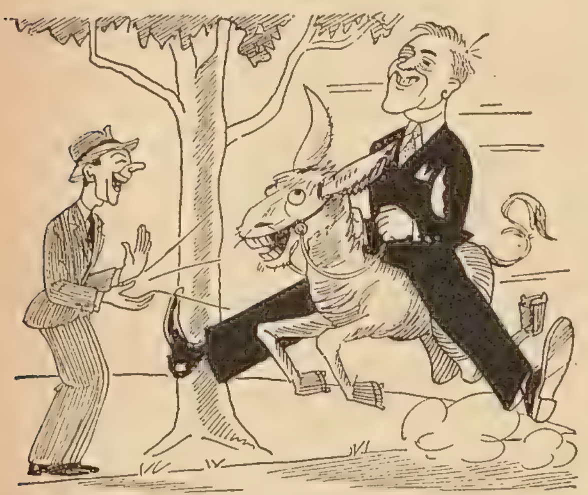
THE END

Vox

Riding the Donkey

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Thanks for Jay Franklin's cool, clear-headed appraisal of Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his article, "Another Roosevelt in the White House?"

Without heat, without rancor against either Republicans or Democrats, Mr. Franklin had his say, and left us with the impression that Roosevelt has an excellent chance of being our next President.



I, for one, would like to see Roosevelt demonstrate his horsemanship astride the Democratic donkey.

I am convinced that he is one of the few Democratic contenders who could ride said donkey without making an ass of the animal.—*A Man Who Follows Politics.*

Wet-Blanketing the Dry Bluff

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Why, the very idea! Let the people vote on prohibition? How absurd!! That, today, seems to be the viewpoint of prominent drys, for they have served notice on the Republican Party that the Republican Party will be signing its death warrant if it should ask the people to pass judgment on prohibition—that they, the drys, will see to that.

In other words, we, the drys, are running this government and we do not wish the people butting in! Regardless of the interest the people are showing in voting on prohibition in every state referendum, every magazine and newspaper poll, we, the drys, do not believe they are greatly concerned.

Joseph A. Gavin

Well, if the Republican Party accepts that bluff, with the people clamoring to be heard on prohibition, and does not knock the padlock off the ballot box and let the people have their rightful say, as they will eventually have anyway, then the Republican Party deserves defeat—and to be known, in the future, as the Old Mother Hubbard Party—spineless, un-American, and useless.—*Joseph A. Gavin.*

Maybe One Will Turn Up

OMAHA, NEB.—Congratulations on your editorial, "Full Protection for Bootlegging Gangsters."

I hope that it gets before the eyes of every member of Congress. I wish that it could be reprinted and placed in the hands of every registered voter in the country.

This editorial is a masterpiece of ice-cold logic, but the difficulty is that you raise a blazing torch to light the way—and we look in vain for a standard bearer.

More power to you!—*M. W. Reese.*

How Are You Feeling?

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—In October, 1931, a certain well known American doctor stated:

"Every other hospital bed in the United States is now occupied by the mentally afflicted, insane, . . . and senile. In addition, there is an enormous number of people almost fit for the asylum."

Such news must be *very* gratifying to the circulation manager of Liberty.—*H. B. Chipman.*

"A King in Overalls" Finds a Fan

BALTIMORE, MD.—It is my opinion that "A King in Overalls," by William Seabrook, was the most interesting story in the April 30 issue of Liberty for the following reasons:

1. It held its attractiveness and was not overwritten.
2. It portrayed a novel and unusual character in Briolle; something refreshing in modern fiction.
3. The locale was in the ever-interesting and fascinating Africa, and there was just enough satire and grim humor woven about the various situations to satisfy the most fastidious reader.
4. And then the clever finale that would have done credit to de Maupassant!—*W. B. Kines.*

Mary, It's the King James Version

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Don't you think that Mr. Theodore Dreiser, whose two-part article, "The Seventh Commandment," appeared in Liberty Magazine, might have taken the trouble to determine just what the Seventh Commandment is before attempting to air his views on it?

It was always my understanding that the Seventh Commandment is, "Thou shalt not steal," and not "Thou shalt not commit adultery," as Mr. Dreiser seems to think.

Perhaps, if the gentleman who wrote the article had taken the trouble to ascertain just what he was writing about by consulting a Bible, he would not have made such an asinine blunder as to confuse the Sixth and Seventh Commandments.—*Mary Agnes.*

And the Only Casualties Will Be Headaches

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have been reading the war opinions of the despairists, hopelessists, and futilists in Vox Pop, and feel a tinge of pity for their narrow, smart-Alecky, cynical natures. When they argue that war will never be abolished, they are still in a class with the primal arboreal creatures.

Stan Lee Kapustka

Man has been in an emergent, evolutionary, progressive stage since the first atom of dust breathed a whiff of life, and, in the future, he will undoubtedly achieve the supermanic ideal dreamt of by Nietzsche and H. G. Wells.

In the future men will fight with their minds, as men should, and not with teeth and claws, like animals.

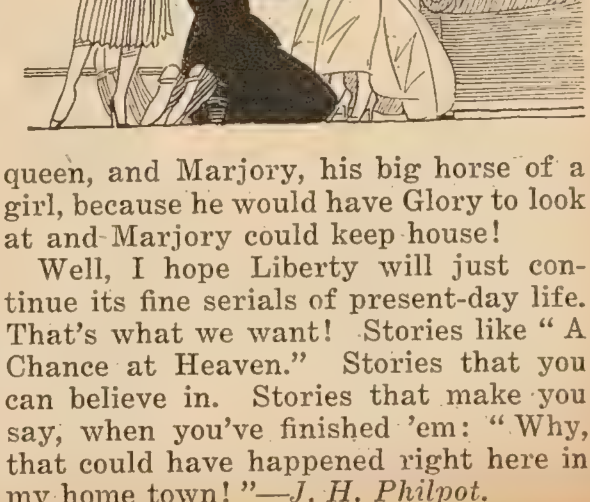
War will gradually disappear as did the plague, the Dark Ages, and Negro slavery!

The alibi of "preparedness" cannot cloak the greed of power. There will come a time—O Providence, speed it!—when armies and armaments will be supplanted by education.

It is true that merely three per cent of the people think. When the majority of people learn to think, war will become an anachronism, an antique, a bad dream!—*Stan Lee Kapustka.*

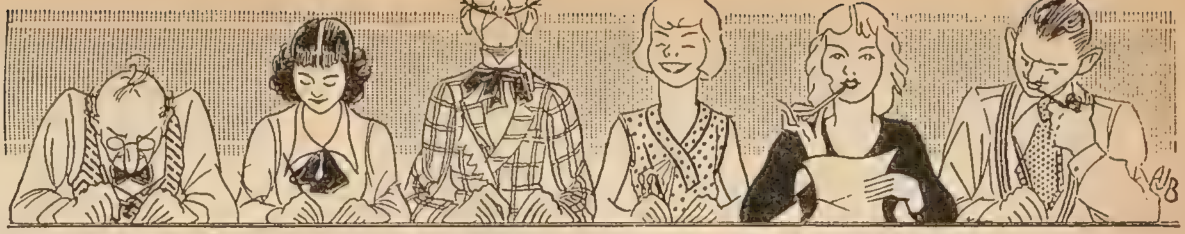
Are You Any Relation to Brigham Young?

EGGER, ARK.—Viña Delmar's serial, "A Chance at Heaven," is the real stuff. I only wish that filling-station guy, Blacky, would get both Glory, his fairy queen, and Marjory, his big horse of a girl, because he would have Glory to look at and Marjory could keep house!



Well, I hope Liberty will just continue its fine serials of present-day life. That's what we want! Stories like "A Chance at Heaven." Stories that you can believe in. Stories that make you say, when you've finished 'em: "Why, that could have happened right here in my home town!"—*J. H. Philpot.*

Pop



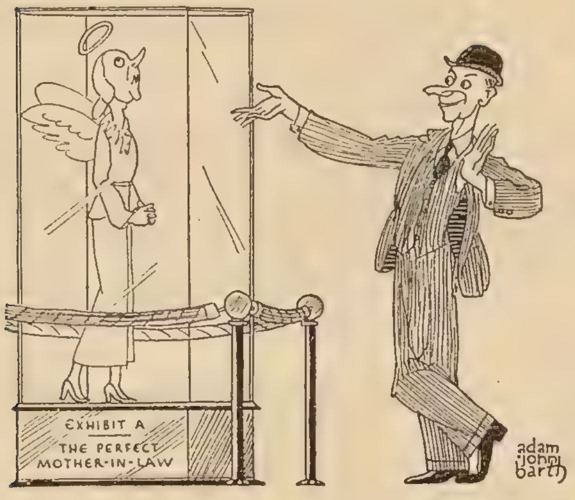
How Good Is a Good-Enough Daughter-in-Law?

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.—These writers who want unkissed sons-in-law, and also unkissed daughters-in-law, may as well ask for the moon.

I'm referring to Marie Beynon Ray's article, " Why I Want an Unkissed Son-in-Law," published in Liberty a rather long time ago, and to " I Want an Unkissed Daughter-in-Law," by Margaret Douglas Winn, which was in your April 23 issue.

Now, if some man will write an article on what kind of mother-in-law he'd like—I suppose he'd want an angel—it would make known three of the silliest wants I have ever heard of.

We are all human beings and will continue so through all the ages to come, and people may as well get used to the things we do.—*M. R. Clarke.*



CHICAGO, ILL. — Margaret Douglas Winn said a mouthful in her article. Several mouthfuls, in fact. More power to her pen! If more daughters-in-law came up to her standards, there'd be fewer unhappy marriages.—*Helen.*

DREXEL HILL, PA.—All of Margaret Douglas Winn's exacting requirements for her future daughters-in-law seem quite legitimate, but—how are her boys?

It is a very strange thing, but it has ever been thus, that a girl must be perfect, or almost perfect, to suit either a man or his mother, but they never ask, " Am I good enough for her? " or " Is my son good enough for this girl he is about to marry? "

Do boys' mothers think this? *No.* Absolutely *no.*

Their boys are " too good " for the girls they are to marry, whether they really are or not.—*Lillie P. Schiller.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Margaret Douglas Winn's little article, " I Want an Unkissed Daughter-in-Law," had some good points in it, with its plea for a sanity test for prospective husbands and wives.

I see as in a vision the Great Unkissed lined up:

Sanity-tested, wholesome girls being honored by the hands of wholesome young men, sanity-tested, who have been kept unspotted from the world in order to raise a lot of wholesome little children. . . .

Thus the safety of society and the next generation is completely assured?—*M. Sutherlin.*

Well, You Know How Women Are

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Texas Guinan's article, " How to Keep Your Husband Out of My Night Club," confuses me.

This is what I can't figure out. Why should any woman who has a husband dumb enough to pay a five-dollar cover charge to somebody, and a dollar a bottle for ginger ale, *want* to keep him home? —*B. B.*

If You Only Knew All You Have Missed!

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Liberty has the faculty of taking a fresh grip on its readers after they think they're completely through with the magazine for life. At least, that's the way it worked out in my case.

I bought Liberty over a considerable period of time, until—as so often happens when one reads the same magazine month after month—I began to find it unsatisfactory.

Recently I bought a copy again—a copy containing one of Dorothy Cottrell's stories — and felt the old magic once more.

It goes to show that a good magazine may be temporarily down, in one's estimation, but it's never out!—*Lilian B. Mendel.*

Lilian B. Mendel

Back to the Soil: A Jeer—

WORCESTER, MASS.—Ha, ha! And again ha!

I just have to laugh when I think that, probably, all the people who are advocating a back-to-the-land movement are people who live in the cities—people whose knowledge of farm life has been got from looking out of train windows, or the windows of closed limousines, when said trains or limousines are traveling at the rate of fifty miles per hour. —*A Scoffer.*

—and a Cheer

ALBANY, N. Y.—I note that more and more big men are getting behind the back-to-the-soil movement that Liberty is pushing. Mr. Editor, they are realizing that a redistribution of population would do a lot toward turning these bad times into good times.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is one of the big men who are in favor of this hegira, and, thanks to him, the State of New York has established a back-to-the-land movement.—*G. Foster.*

Swell! Now Look for Some in Yourself

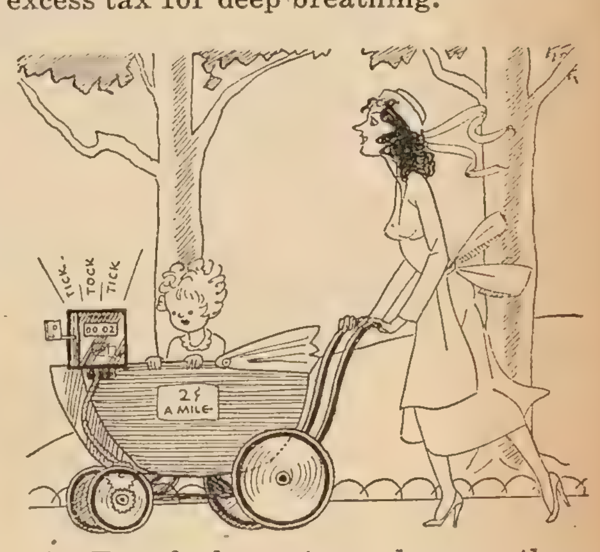
TOLEDO, OHIO—Hoorah for Professor Stiggins' detectograms! He is helping your mag. more than you realize. Since reading them, my detective work has improved 100 per cent and I'm sure that I can even find good points in Liberty now!—*Marceil.*

An Overtaxed Brain Boils Over

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Give us more articles and editorials on taxes, Liberty ole kid! It's a subject that's burning me up.

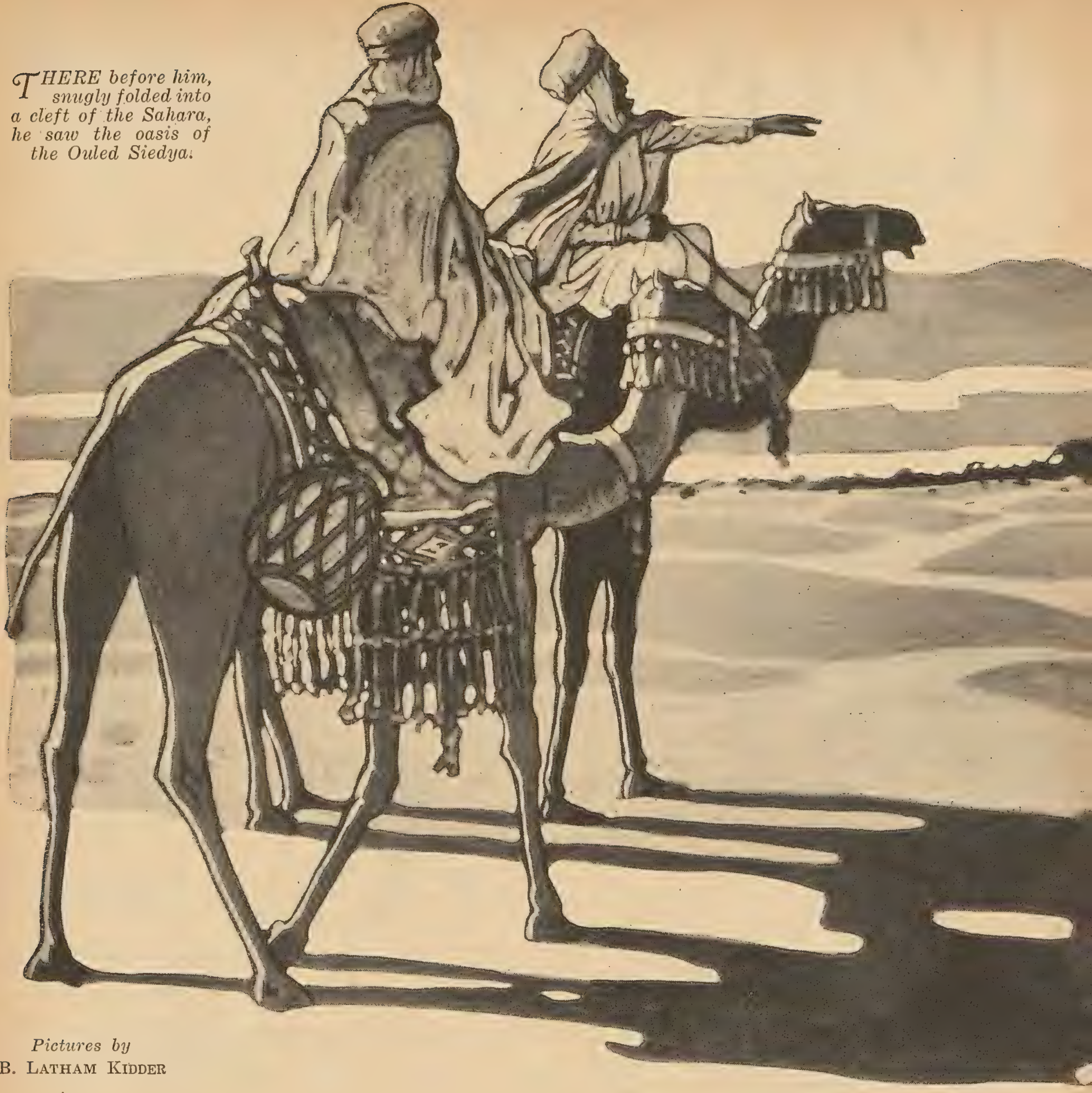
You see, I've just got around to reading the great Congressional tax bill designed to balance our budget. I now rise to make the motion that it be thrown off the longest pier at Coney Island, at high tide, and the following provisions substituted, as better fitted to raise the necessary funds:

1. Repeal the Volstead Act, and tell the Eighteenth Amendment to keep going straight down, till it gets hot.
2. Tax all those making less than twenty-five dollars a week. All those making more than $1,000,000 a year, have the government pay them seven per cent.
3. Give the railroads five times as much as they ask.
4. Put meters on baby carriages and tax two cents a mile.
5. Tax babies crying at night three cents a cry. Surtax of one cent for each howl.
6. Tax of twenty-five cents shall be levied, very angrily, on each loud sneeze a sneezer sneezes. Slight sneezes fifteen cents.
7. Have Congress invent a machine to tax us for the air we breathe. Special excess tax for deep breathing.



8. Tax leaky pots and pans three cents per leak.
9. Tax people who don't like Liberty, but keep quiet about it, thirty cents for each offense. Surtax of ten cents for those who *say* they don't like it.

Now, Mr. Editor, all these suggestions may seem crazy. But are they any crazier than taxing us to enforce the unenforceable Eighteenth Amendment?—*A Citizen of This Land of Liberty.*



THERE before him, snugly folded into a cleft of the Sahara, he saw the oasis of the Ouled Siedya.

Pictures by
B. LATHAM KIDDER

(Reading time: 23 minutes 44 seconds.)

JOHNNY WONG, sleek, unsavory, and crooked, had fallen in love with Gwendolyn Tza, American-born Chinese half-caste like himself. To the surprise of Detective Bill Devoy and the gratification of Father Muldoon, Johnny decided to go "straight" and get a job. Approaching Gwendolyn's door to propose marriage to her, he overhears a conversation which leaves no doubt that she is untrue to him. In a murderous rage he rushes into the room.

PART TWO—THE END OF THE TRAIL

TIM'S hand plunged to his hip pocket swiftly—not swiftly enough. Johnny beat him to the draw. His revolver leaped out. There was a shriek of fear, a crimson spurt of flame—and Tim crumpling, shot through the heart—Johnny running out of the house—and, an hour later, Bill Devoy saying triumphantly to Father Muldoon:

"I can prove it now."

"What?"

"The goods—on Johnny. Moider—no less!"

But proving and catching were two different things. For Johnny disappeared.

Some people in Chinatown insisted that Father Muldoon had a hand in the escape. At all events, the next morning found Johnny aboard the Yvonne Leroux, a rumrunner outward bound for the Mediterranean.

Sinclair, the skipper, was a gentleman by birth. Indeed, he had once held a commission in the Royal Navy, whence he had been drummed out. He knew Johnny from the latter's bootlegging days. He liked him; said to him:

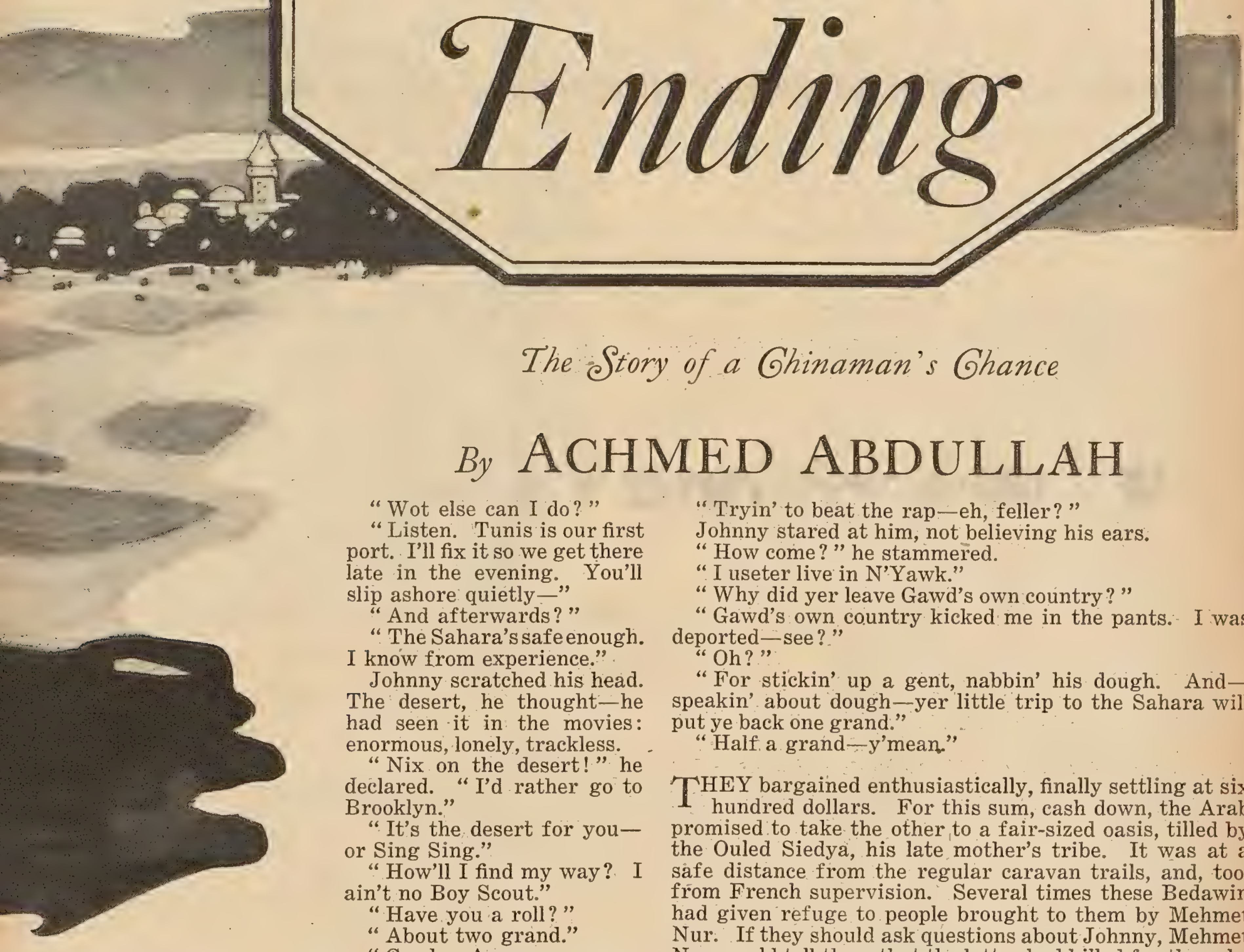
"You're in a tough spot. Murder—"

"Self-defense! The other guy went for his rod foist."

"Tell it to the jury. And don't forget Bill Devoy. I saw him last night at Brian Neill's—heard him tell he's convinced you'd make your get-away aboard some liquor ship. He'll have your description wirelessed everywhere, and the moment you step on dry land—"

"I'll be in the soup. Well, I'll have to shoot it out."

"Don't be comic!"



Happy Ending

The Story of a Chinaman's Chance

By ACHMED ABDULLAH

"Wot else can I do?"

"Listen. Tunis is our first port. I'll fix it so we get there late in the evening. You'll slip ashore quietly—"

"And afterwards?"

"The Sahara's safe enough. I know from experience."

Johnny scratched his head. The desert, he thought—he had seen it in the movies: enormous, lonely, trackless.

"Nix on the desert!" he declared. "I'd rather go to Brooklyn."

"It's the desert for you—or Sing Sing."

"How'll I find my way? I ain't no Boy Scout."

"Have you a roll?"

"About two grand."

"Good. As soon as you reach Tunis you'll look up a chap called Mehmet Nur—I'll tell you later how to find his place. Say to him that you need an asylum in the Sahara. He'll smuggle you there for five hundred, his regular rate."

"Does that boid know English?"

"*You* would call it English," replied the other.

ON an evening twelve days later the Yvonne Leroux warped into her dock, and was boarded immediately by a horde of gendarmes. French gendarmes they were, armed with search warrants that contained a detailed description of Johnny Wong. But they did not find him. For, fifteen minutes earlier, he had reached North Africa exactly as, years ago, his father had reached North America: by a dive, a swim, and his hand jerking out of the greasy, swirling water and gripping the slippery pile of a deserted wharf. And within the hour—following Sinclair's directions—he found the house of Mehmet Nur; found him at home and ready to do business; found him a short, swarthy Arab who, to his visitor's first rather diffident words, made most amazing answer:

"Tryin' to beat the rap—eh, feller?"

Johnny stared at him, not believing his ears.

"How come?" he stammered.

"I useter live in N'Yawk."

"Why did yer leave Gawd's own country?"

"Gawd's own country kicked me in the pants. I was deported—see?"

"Oh?"

"For stickin' up a gent, nabbin' his dough. And—speakin' about dough—yer little trip to the Sahara will put ye back one grand."

"Half a grand—y'mean."

THEY bargained enthusiastically, finally settling at six hundred dollars. For this sum, cash down, the Arab promised to take the other to a fair-sized oasis, tilled by the Ouled Siedya, his late mother's tribe. It was at a safe distance from the regular caravan trails, and, too, from French supervision. Several times these Bedawin had given refuge to people brought to them by Mehmet Nur. If they should ask questions about Johnny, Mehmet Nur would tell them that the latter had killed for the sake of feud—a motive with which they would sympathize.

As to the costs—

"Ye'll spend less down there in a year than in a night's spree on the Bowery."

Johnny followed the other into the back room. He came out of the back room half an hour later, no longer a natty New Yorker, but garbed as a Bedawin, in white loose cotton shirt and trousers, a swathing burnoose of earth-brown camel's wool, and around his head the *kufiyah,* a large kerchief of dull red pulled over his forehead in a peak and shadowing features darkened by walnut dye.

"Boy," laughed Mehmet Nur, "ye sure look the real thing!"

"But can I *speak* the real thing, not knowin' a woid o' the language?"

"All ye gotta do is keep yer face shut. Ain't there deef-'n'-dumb people? Come on!"

So, before midnight, they left the house and were on their way to the south, the Sahara.

For days they traveled. First by train, across the checkerboard fields and orchards of northern Tunis, with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HAPPY ENDING
Continued from page forty-three

glimpses of half-naked natives at work and patient donkeys harnessed to plows. On across the *hammadas*, immense, rolling surfaces of pebbly granite tufted with dry grass and bush. Then across a vast expanse, entirely bereft of life and studded with salt *chotts* that streaked the steppe with dangerous quicksands and whitened it with shimmering crystalline deposits. And silence everywhere; silence accentuated by the clanking of the engine, the rattling wheels, the cries of food hawkers at wayside stations. And, on the third evening, the bustle of the caravanserai where they changed from railroad to camels.

They rode; did not speak much as they rode. The heat was too oppressive, too brazen. And as they went ever farther south the land seemed to strip and peel down to a tragic skeleton.

Valleys of stone, dun, grim, bitten, hard. Hills sharpened and jagged. A rocky, calcined wilderness crumbling and rotting in its own wanton, sardonic abandonment. A suicide of nature. And Johnny shuddered.

He sighed. He mumbled a prayer of his childhood:

" Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with Thee—"

Homesick he was. So homesick! And this bitter, naked land here—why, he hated it, feared it.

Safe? Oh, yes, he guessed it was safe. But he feared its very safety—inhuman safety through enormous solitude and loneliness—more than the danger, the human, companionable danger, awaiting him in New York: Bill Devoy, the district attorney, the jury.

OCCASIONALLY he would think of Gwendolyn Tza. And he would curse her:

" Aw—the damn' yaller-haired—"

Once he spoke of her to Mehmet Nur, who, queerly, the farther south they rode, became more and more the Moslem, the fatalist. He replied by quoting an Arab proverb: " *Rebbi mah ighleq bab hatta iheul bab* "—and translated it into raucous, ungrammatical English:

" Gawd don't close no door without foist openin' another—see? "

" If by door yer mean skoit—well, ye're all wet. There ain't goin' to be no more skoits for me—ever."

" Sez you! " commented Mehmet Nur.

It was on the ninth day out of Tunis that the stony, flayed wilderness gave way to the desert itself.

The desert! The Sahara!

It came with orange and purple; with a carved aridity, a great and sterile monotony; with the implacable gold of the sands rolling away toward the implacable blue of the sky. It came with the sense of something primordial and illimitable, where life was no more than momentary foam, no more than the stuff that dreams are made of. It came swirling south and away, dipping, beyond the horizon, into the stark eternities of time and space and God's will.

And always, hour after hour, mile after mile, the homesickness in Johnny's heart; always the fear—until, on the afternoon of the fourteenth day, Mehmet exclaimed:

" Well, we've made it! "

Johnny had been dozing. Now he opened his eyes. He looked. And suddenly, queerly, his fear left him.

" Aw—gee! " he murmured.

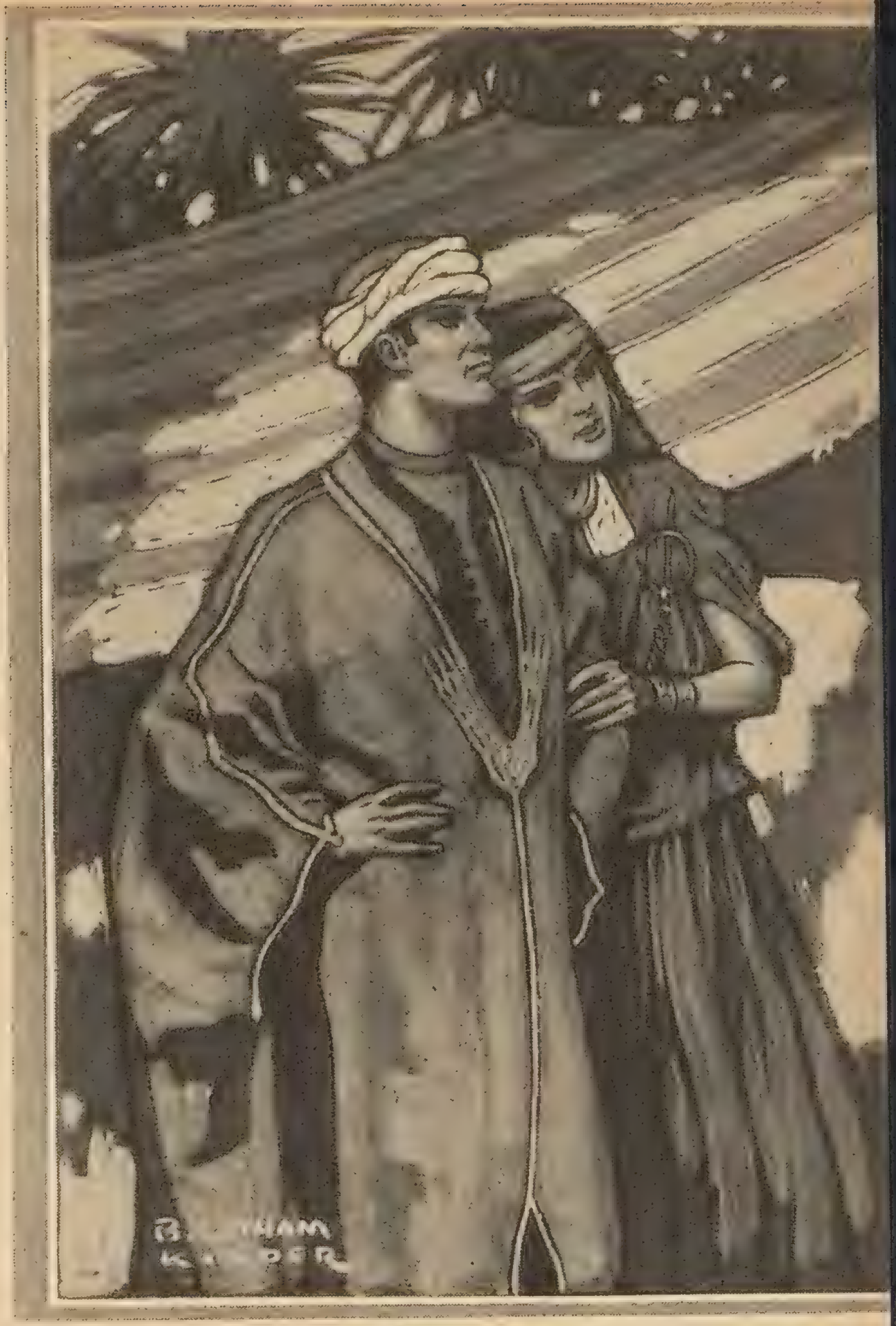
There before him, snugly folded into a cleft of the Sahara and covering many acres, he saw the oasis of the Ouled Siedya—an oasis where, fed by underground rivers, the land stretched fertile and green; where the fields were well tilled and the orchards a revelry of fruit; where sorrel cattle grazed; where men and women—unveiled women, being of the free Bedawin breed—went about their homely tasks; where the smoke wreaths from cozy hearths lingered on the air and seemed to say:

" Here, by Allah, is life! Here happiness! "

Ali, the white-bearded chief, kissed his kinsman and shook the stranger's hand. He led them to a tent and, in sonorous Arabic, bade them enter:

" Be welcome, O creatures of God! Thrice welcome! "

Not that Johnny understood the words. But he understood the kindly smile, the kindly intent; and, with a sigh of relief, he lay down on an earthen couch while the other two conversed, until finally Ali left, and Mehmet informed him:



Bill Devoy did not reply at once.

" You're all set. I told him wot I sed I would—that ye bumped off a guy in feud—and it's oke with him."

They went on talking. The Arab promised he would write to a former pal in New York—a gentleman called Chunk McCarthy who was by way of being a fence—and ask him to find out what was happening in Chinatown and when it would be safe for Johnny to return.

" Not a chance," said the latter, " until Bill Devoy croaks."

" Mebbe. Anyway, I'll write, and let ye know as soon as I hear."

" How? There ain't no post offices in this part o' the woild."

" But there are caravans that come here once in a while."

HE interrupted himself as a young girl entered with food and drink. They embraced; spoke to each other in Arabic, with high laughter:

" *Udkhul hareemakoom!* "

" *Henna el-Bedaw, wah eth-thaif aziz!* "

Then she bowed to the stranger and addressed him:

" *Marhabba, yah hbibi!* "

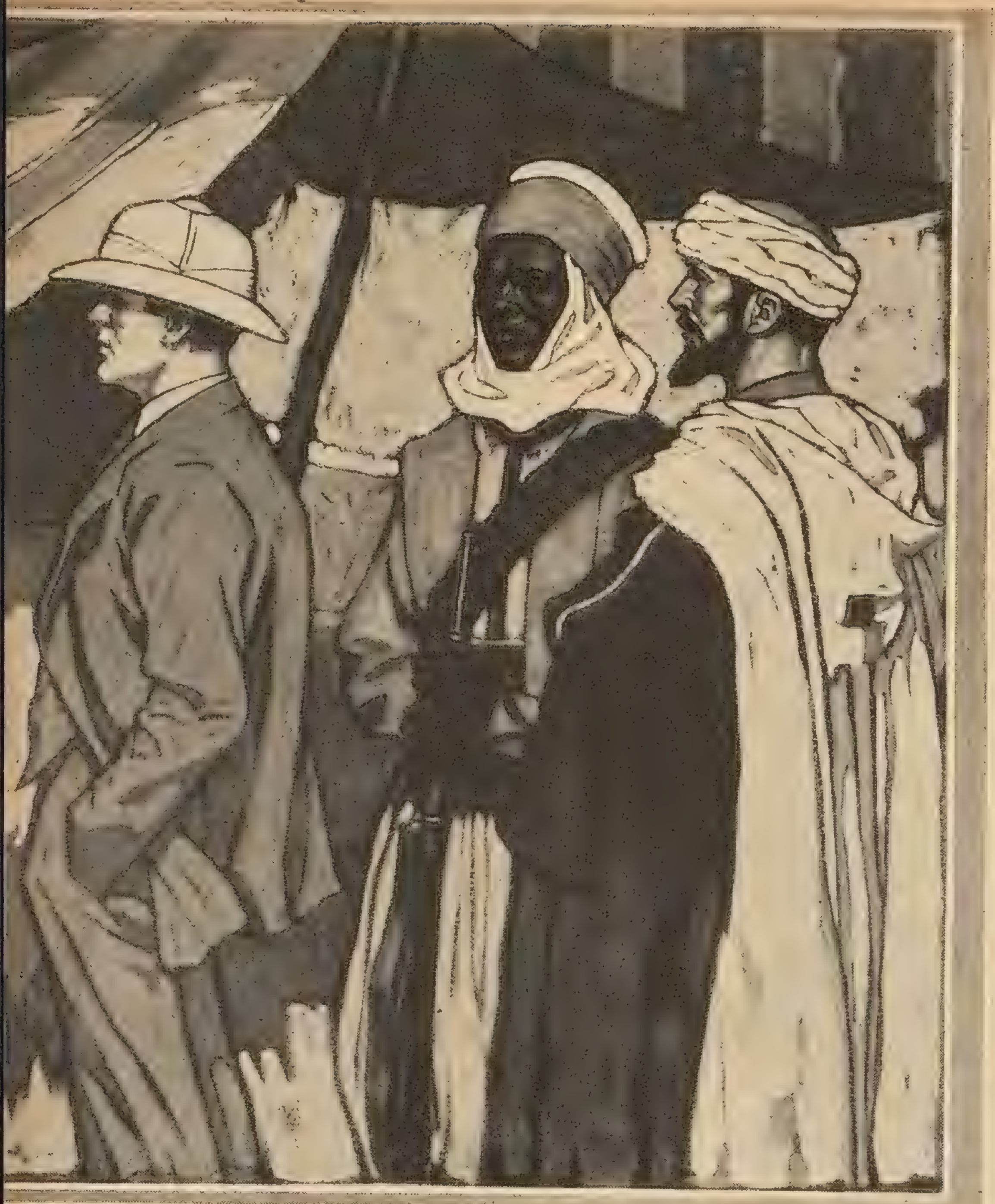
" Wot's she tryin' to say? " inquired Johnny.

" She's sayin' how-d'ye-do to ye," interpreted the Arab. " She's Zuara, a cousin o' mine. Swell looker, eh? "

" Nuthin' in my young life. I'm through with skoits! "

But he looked up, and he could not help admitting to himself—grudgingly—that Zuara was pretty. Oh, yes—very pretty, with her red lips, her frank, fearless gray eyes, and her skin neither white nor rosy nor swarthy, but a clear gold.

She put the food on a taboret. She smiled at the two



thought, how the man had changed!

men and went from the tent while Mehmet suggested to Johnny:

"Here's yer teacher, if ye want to loin Arabic."

"Wot the hell for?"

"Because nobody here knows English, and janes—take it from me"—he grinned reminiscently—"are the best teachers. So, if ye want I should say a woid to Zuara—"

"Didn't I tell yer I'm through with skoits?"

"Awright, awright. And—one more thing more. I'm goin' to give Ali his rake-off o' the six hundred ye paid me; but ye'd better slip him a small piece o' change now and then for yer board and lodgin'—unless ye feel like woikin' for yer livin'."

"Woikin'? Wot can I do round here?"

"Ye can help with the fields, the cattle—"

"Cattle my eye! Wot d'yer take me for? A hick?"

"Are them the three things ye made up yer mind to?" laughed Mehmet. "No loinin' Arabic, no skoits, and no hick woik?"

"Ye've sed it!"

THE next morning Mehmet set out on his return journey; and before the end of the month Johnny had forgotten his three resolutions, one by one; and it was due to a sort of unhappiness.

At first he was happy enough. Happy because he was safe. Happy, too, because this land here, this oasis, was so fertile and clean and blithe, with every door always on the latch and the cattle roaming unfettered; and plenty of plain fare and plain comfort; and everywhere freedom and content; and the Bedawins smiling at him pleasantly, giving him of their best without stint.

But presently this happiness was overshadowed by loneliness—loneliness in the realization that these people among whom he dwelt lived their own lives: lives filled with small joys and small sorrows, great joys and great sorrows; showing tonight, it may be, eyes wet with tears and tomorrow laughing jovially at some friendly quirk of fate.

And he was the alien, unable to exchange a single word or thought. He was, he considered, as much the alien as he had been, years ago, in the New York orphan asylum where the boys had yelled at him:

"Chinkie! Chinkie! Aw—pipe de yaller Chinkie!"

The alien. The outsider. He could not bear it! And one morning—as a peasant drove a huge two-wheeled cart past his tent and had difficulty with his span of sullen, plodding oxen—he ran up to him and cried:

"Lemme give yer a hand, feller!"

He freed the left wheel that had stuck in a rut. The Bedawin laughed his thanks. Johnny jumped into the cart beside him; and the rest of that day he was busy, in a rough pebbly field at the farther end of the oasis, with pick and mattock.

They returned after sundown. Johnny was utterly worn out, every muscle in his body throbbing and aching. Hungry he was, and thirsty; and he needed no language except sign language to understand the other's hospitable gesture to share his supper.

SO he entered the man's tent, and there met his parents, his sister—rather, met her again; for she was Zuara. And if, that night, he learned no more than the Arabic for "mutton" and "bread" and "God bless you!" he made at least a beginning in his linguistic studies—a beginning, too, in human companionship and sympathy.

Thereafter, each day, he labored in the fields alongside of Rashid, his new-found friend.

If there was back-breaking toil in this life of the raw, clogged furrows, there was also sweetness in this same life. Sweetness in the odor of russet grain and sun-dried dates. Sweetness in the lowing of the cattle, the barking of the shaggy dogs, the grating of the water wheels, the creaking of the milk churns. Sweetness—and peace and content—when, the day's work over, he shared Rashid's plain, plentiful fare, and looked into Zuara's eyes and replied to her "*Salaam aleykhoom, yah hbibi!*" with his own halting Arabic:

"*Salaam aleykhoom, yah jaghzal!*"

Thus, as the days passed and the weeks, as his skin darkened to copper until it was hard to tell him apart from the tribesmen, it seemed to him as if his former appetites and desires, the appetites and desires of Chinatown and the Bowery, were fading from his memory; and it was with an effort that he would recall Brian Neill and Bill Devoy, and Gwendolyn Tza, and the man whom he had killed.

Once he had news from New York in a roundabout way: through a letter, brought by a caravan, in which Mehmet Nur repeated what Chunk McCarthy had written.

Jimmy Walker, it appeared, had been reëlected mayor. And Al Smith's Empire State Building was a wow. And Nag Hong Fah had started a new restaurant on Pell Street. And Brian Neill's place had been raided. And Bill Devoy was still snooping about; was still threatening that—sure—sooner or later he'd get that Johnny Wong.

Johnny read and laughed.

He was safe here at the back of the beyond. And he was happy—was more and more happy as, day after day, he became more completely part of this land and this people, while this land and this people became more completely part of him; as, slowly, surely, companionship grew into friendship, and friendship inevitably grew into love—for Zuara.

It was different from his love for Gwendolyn Tza. It

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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was not the sharp, cruel, tearing pain of passion. What he felt for Zuara was the absolute and vital necessity of her life in his; the steadily increasing conviction that he needed her, that he could not do without her.

And so one afternoon, coming upon her in a pasture where she was herding a flock of goats, he told her very simply, in Arabic that was no longer halting:

“I love you. Will you be my wife?”

Her answer was equally simple:

“Yes, best beloved!”

He took her in his arms. He kissed her. She kissed him.

After a while she asked:

“Have there been many women in your life?”

“None.”

“Not even a single one?”

“Not even a single one,” he replied—truthfully, as he felt it.

For Gwendolyn Tza—why, she did not exist, had never existed. And again he kissed Zuara, and, still in Arabic, he exclaimed:

“Now let us praise Allah and his blessed Prophet!”

Then suddenly he smiled as he remembered Father Muldoon.

Gee! If the latter could hear him appealin' to Allah and the Prophet Mohammed—to false and alien gods!

He shrugged his shoulders.

Aw, Father Muldoon wouldn't mind. He'd always been the decent, tolerant, square-shootin' guy.

. . . . .

He would have been surprised had he known that, strangely, at that moment, as he was thinking of the priest, so the priest was thinking of him; speaking of him to Bill Devoy, who had walked into the parish house of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception and announced:

“Well, I've got Johnny Wong—got him in the bag!”

“Same old boast?”

“This time it's a cinch.”

He explained that recently the police had raided the place of Chunk McCarthy, the fence. Among his belongings they had found letters from a certain Mehmet Nur in Tunis. Interesting letters relating how Johnny had found refuge in the Sahara with a Bedawin tribe; how he had become there—and Mehmet, the writer, seemed greatly amused at this bit of gossip—almost like a Bedawin himself, living the life of a peasant, the simple life. “The simple life for Johnny!” laughed the detective. “Can you beat it? I had a talk with the Chief Inspector,” he went on, “and,” slapping his pocket, “I've got everything here—warrants, extradition papers, a line to the French authorities—”

“AND you are going to bring him back here?”

“Ain't it my duty?”

“Your duty to arrest Johnny of Chinatown? Yes. But what about the other Johnny?”

“Wot other Johnny?”

“Johnny of the Sahara. Johnny the peasant. Johnny of the simple life. Johnny who, for the first time, is having a fair chance.”

“Same old gorilla, ain't he?”

“I'm not sure. For, as man's body changes every few years, so man's soul, too, can change. The soul is like a child's slate on which God has written a thousand things: impulses and thoughts and deeds, good as well as evil. And in the course of the years God alters the writing. And at times, being merciful, he wipes it out completely and writes on the slate a new soul, a new life—perhaps a new Johnny.”

“He's still a moiderer. He called the tune and danced, and now he's gotta pay the fiddler. I'm goin' to pinch him. I told you—it's my duty!”

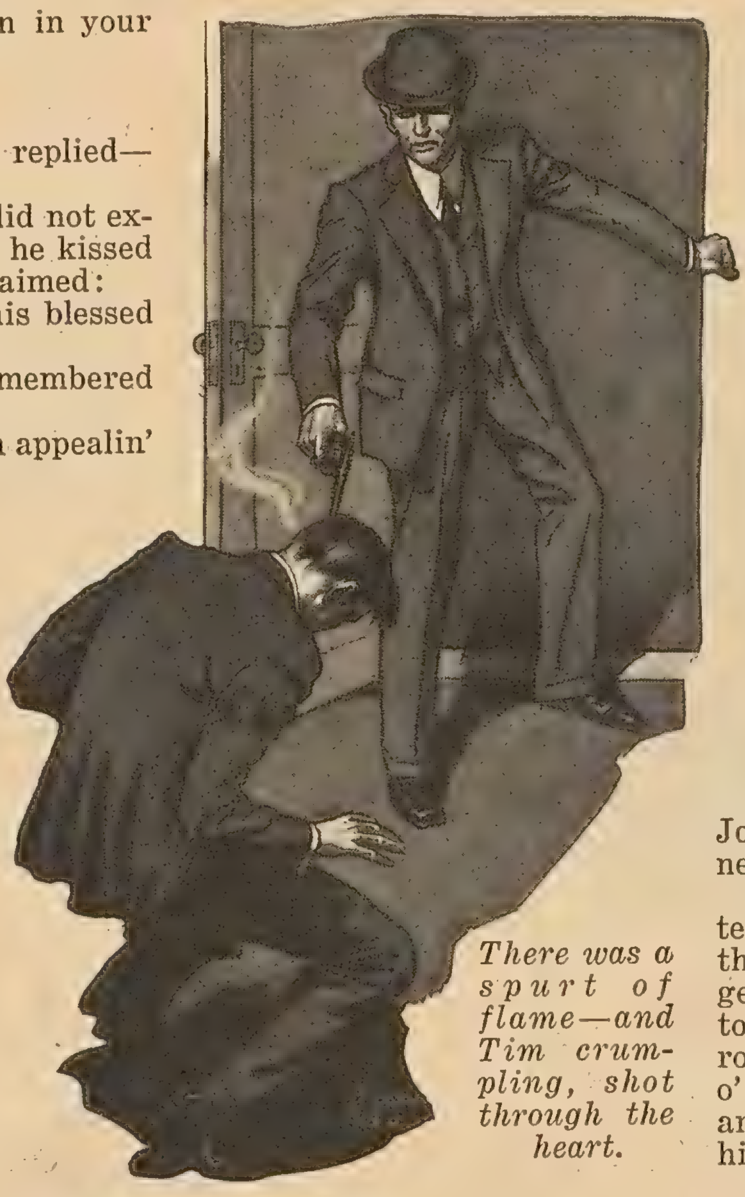
“Oh, yes”—the priest's voice rose harshly—“your duty toward the duly constituted authorities of the State of New York. I respect this duty. But I respect more highly a man's duty toward the Lord.” He was silent; continued gently: “It was Peter to whom Christ said in forgiveness: ‘Feed my lambs!’”

“I don't get you at all, at all,” replied Bill Devoy.

And he left the parish house; left New York that same evening; and took ship for Tunis.

There, two weeks later, he had a satisfactory interview with the French officials. And so he set out for the south, accompanied by half a dozen *goum* (irregular black cavalry) under the command of Sergeant el-Touati, a Central African Negro chosen because of the fluent English he had learned in a Baptist mission school.

They went by train and camel. They traveled steadily, speedily, until finally they reached the heart of the desert.



There was a spurt of flame—and Tim crumpling, shot through the heart.

IT came to Bill Devoy as, months earlier, it had come to Johnny. It came with yellow and amber and crushed rose-pink; with the ghosts of forgotten caravans; with the heaving of enormous rocks piled up as if by a giant's playful hands; with a fantastic silence where all the sounds and movements of the earth seemed to have passed out of existence.

It came to him, as it had come to Johnny, with fear and homesickness.

Dear God, he thought, as, day after day, the sand dunes stabbed into the south with their endless golden gestures, how homesick he was! Aw, to be back in Chinatown, goin' his rounds, callin' at Brian's for a shot o' hooch, then home to Avenue A—and the wife waitin' for him, helpin' him off with his coat, tellin' him:

“Corned beef for supper tonight, sweetie. And the Mulrooneys are droppin' in later—and I got some beer on ice—”

Corned beef, beer, the Mulrooneys, the wife— Life! Yes, that's what it spelled, while this brittle yellow desert—it spelled death.

And he hated death. Death was cowardly and so—oh, so useless!

And then, all at once, he remembered that because of death—to bring death—he had come to the Sahara. Sure. Death for Johnny, who had killed—

Almost he felt sorry for Johnny. But he shrugged his shoulders. It was his duty—as a cop.

“My duty!” he said aloud.

“Beg pardon, sir,” asked Sergeant el-Touati in his flawless, rather unctuous English. “You spoke to me?”

“No. To myself. By the way, how long till we get to the oasis?”

“We're almost there. Just beyond that sand hill to the left.”

And so a few minutes later—again as it had come to Johnny—the fertile valley of the Ouled Siedya came to Bill Devoy. It came with its message of peace and plenty. It came with the sounds of its primitive Bedawin symphony.

Noises everywhere—after the silence of the Sahara. Noises of life—after the silence of death.

Noises in the orchards—a drowsy canticle: a bird gurgling and twittering; another bird chirping to its mate; a buzzing and humming of insects drunk with pollen.

Noises in the pastures: goats bleating; camels grunting; horses neighing; cattle bellowing.

Noises of people, of men and women going about their fine, prosy tasks. And noises from the minaret of the plain whitewashed mosque as the Moslem priest called the faithful to prayer:

"*Urhum yah rubb! Khalkat, elathu ent khalakta; urhum el-mezakin, wah el-juaanin, wah el-ayranin! Urhum—y'ellah . . .*"

"Wot's he spoutin'?" demanded the detective.

And Sergeant el-Touati translated:

"Have mercy, O Lord God, upon Thy creatures! Pity the sighing of the poor, the hungry, the naked, the sinners! Have mercy! Have mercy upon them, O Lord . . ."

The words echoed in Bill Devoy's brain:

"Have mercy upon them, O Lord . . ."

Funny, he thought—a heathen, this guy, wasn't he? And he seemed to agree with Father Muldoon—and perhaps both were right.

But—well, he couldn't help it. He was a cop—had to do his duty.

So he rode into the oasis, by el-Touati's side, to ask the chief of the tribe to surrender Johnny Wong; and he was passing the fourth tent when he heard a voice speaking with the raucous intonation of the New York gutters:

"Why, if it ain't old Bill!"

The latter reined in his camel. He looked. A man stood there: bronzed as a Bedawin, dressed as a Bedawin, with a Bedawin's free, proud carriage of body.

And Bedawin, doubtless, the slim, pretty woman who was beside him.

"GETTIN' careless in yer old age, ain't yer?" this man continued. "Say—I could have bumped yer off the moment I seen yer."

Then speech came to Bill Devoy, as he dismounted:

"Ain't your gat in woikin' order?"

"Sure it is."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Aw, yer wouldn't understand, yer poor Mick." And after a silence he added: "Got the handcuffs ready?"

Bill Devoy did not reply at once. He stared at the other.

Gee, he thought, how the man had changed! No longer Johnny of Chinatown.

But—what had Father Muldoon said? Oh, yes. Johnny of the Sahara—Johnny the peasant—Johnny who, for the first time, was having a fair chance.

Still, he was a cop; had to do his sworn duty.

And he reached for the handcuffs in his pocket. And then, all at once, he grinned.

SURE! It was his duty to bring Johnny back to New York, to Sing Sing. But—suppose he couldn't find him?

"Say," he demanded, winking brazenly at the other, "I'm lookin' for a guy called Johnny Wong—a doity, lousy crook wanted for moider. Ain't seen him round here, have you?"

Johnny's answer was slow:

"No. I ain't seen him round. Because—y'see—this Johnny—this doity, moiderin' crook—he died a while back."

"Good riddance—eh?"

"Ye've sed it!"

A pause; and Johnny went on:

"Sorry yer had yer long trip for nuthin'. Well, I want yer to have a bite o' supper with me. And—here, meet the wife!"

And Bill Devoy bowed politely to Zuara; and, queerly, it seemed to him that at that moment he could hear the thin, pleasant chimes of the bells of the chapel of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception—over in Chinatown, across from Brian Neill's speakeasy.

But then, Bill Devoy, although New York born and bred, was Irish. Celtic he was—and ridiculously imaginative.

THE END

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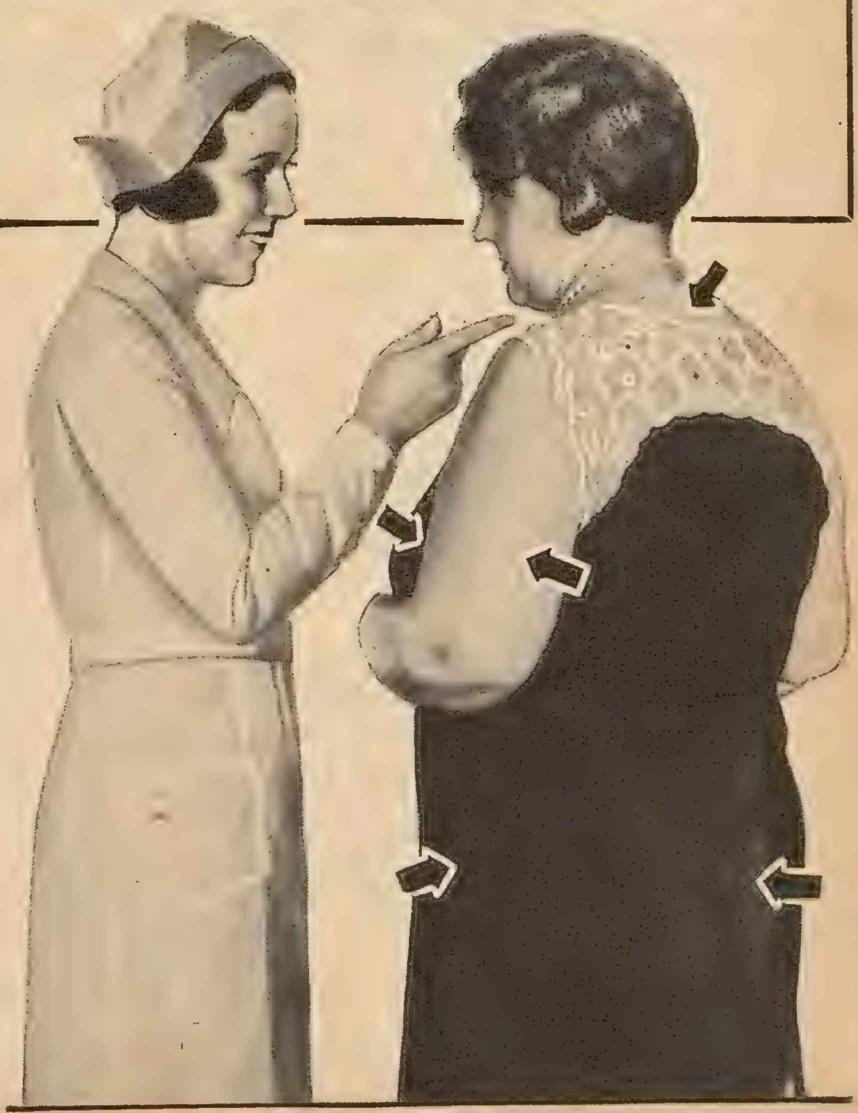
*Note particularly—Jad Salts is urged purely as a poison-banishing agent—not as a reducing. The change in food does the work.



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To explode a firecracker at a shotgun wedding.
Wilbur Smith, Fort Stanton, N. M.

$50 SECOND PRIZE

Fanning soup with your hat instead of blowing on it.
Kenneth P. Wood, Jenkintown, Pa.

$25 THIRD PRIZE

For a man to blacken his wife's eye—in the presence of guests.
Mrs. K. H. Dahlburg, Cleveland, Ohio

$10 PRIZES

Howard L. Rosenthal, Chicago, Ill.
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Paul Gohagan, Haddon Heights, N. J.; F. F. Harbour, Mansfield, Mass.; Julia M. Davidson, Leonia, N. J.; George W. Reilly, New York, N. Y.; Margaret Bowers, Jamaica, N. Y.; Esther W. Farrow, Los Angeles, Calif.; F. Farley, Chicago, Ill.

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W. L. Andrews, Corpus Christi, Tex.; Doris B. Abbott, Washington, D. C.; Leon B. Alderman, Binghamton, N. Y.; William V. Arold; Jersey City, N. J.; Ollie Burton, Los Angeles, Calif.; Joseph L. Baldwin, Tiffin, Ohio; Jane Christian, Omaha, Neb.; E. M. Chamberlain, Kansas City, Mo.; B. Gaston Chandler, Nashville, Tenn.; D. R. Curtis, Birmingham, Ala.; Elvera B. Carlson, Parkers Prairie, Minn.; Mrs. S. J. Caplan, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. S. J. Chraft, Chicago, Ill.; Ebner Church, New Haven, Conn.; Richard Close, Coral Gables, Fla.; Dr. Virgil Damon, New York, N. Y.; J. J. Davies, Easton, Pa.; George H. Davis, Fresno, Calif.; Mrs. T. H. Daniel, Clayton, Mo.

V. E. Dillon, Mexico City, Mex.; Charles P. Deuel, Lakewood, Ohio; Mrs. B. L. Easterling, Bainwell, S. C.; Josephine Fritch, New Orleans, La.; Fred Geilinger, Wheeling, W. Va.; A. Gaubitz, Toledo, Ohio; B. E. Golden, Davenport, Ia.; Mary L. Gardner, Detroit, Mich.; Hubert H. Gailey, Wichita, Kan.; Ellwood S. High, Allentown, Pa.; Elmer R. Haller, Peoria, Ill.; E. T. Haines, Toledo, Ohio; E. K. Howard, Oneonta, N. Y.; Arthur Huston, Winchester, Ind.; Walter Johnson, Chicago, Ill.; Mabelle D. Knight, Los Angeles, Calif.; Thelma McIntosh, Beckley, W. Va.; Adeline M. Mason, Shelton, Wash.; H. Leonard Mash, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. E. R. Menefee, Covington, Ky.

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ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 28

1—The jawbone of an ass.

2—A king of Lydia in the sixth century B. C., renowned for his great wealth.

3—"It fell to earth, I knew not where." (The Arrow and the Song, by Longfellow.)

4—The union, usually by fusing, of two or more metals.

5—Allah.

6—Queen Wilhelmina I.

7—She was burned at the stake.

8—Juan Ponce de León.

9—The theory of evolution.

10—From the names of islands in the English Channel.

11—Jenny Lind, a famous soprano.

12—Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan.

13—Chinaware.

14—The countries bordering on the eastern part of the Mediterranean and its contiguous waters.

15—Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Sault Ste. Marie Railway.

16—A wind instrument of the flute kind.

17—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

18—No; they were adopted only because they are easy to transmit and distinguish.

19—Seven red and six white.

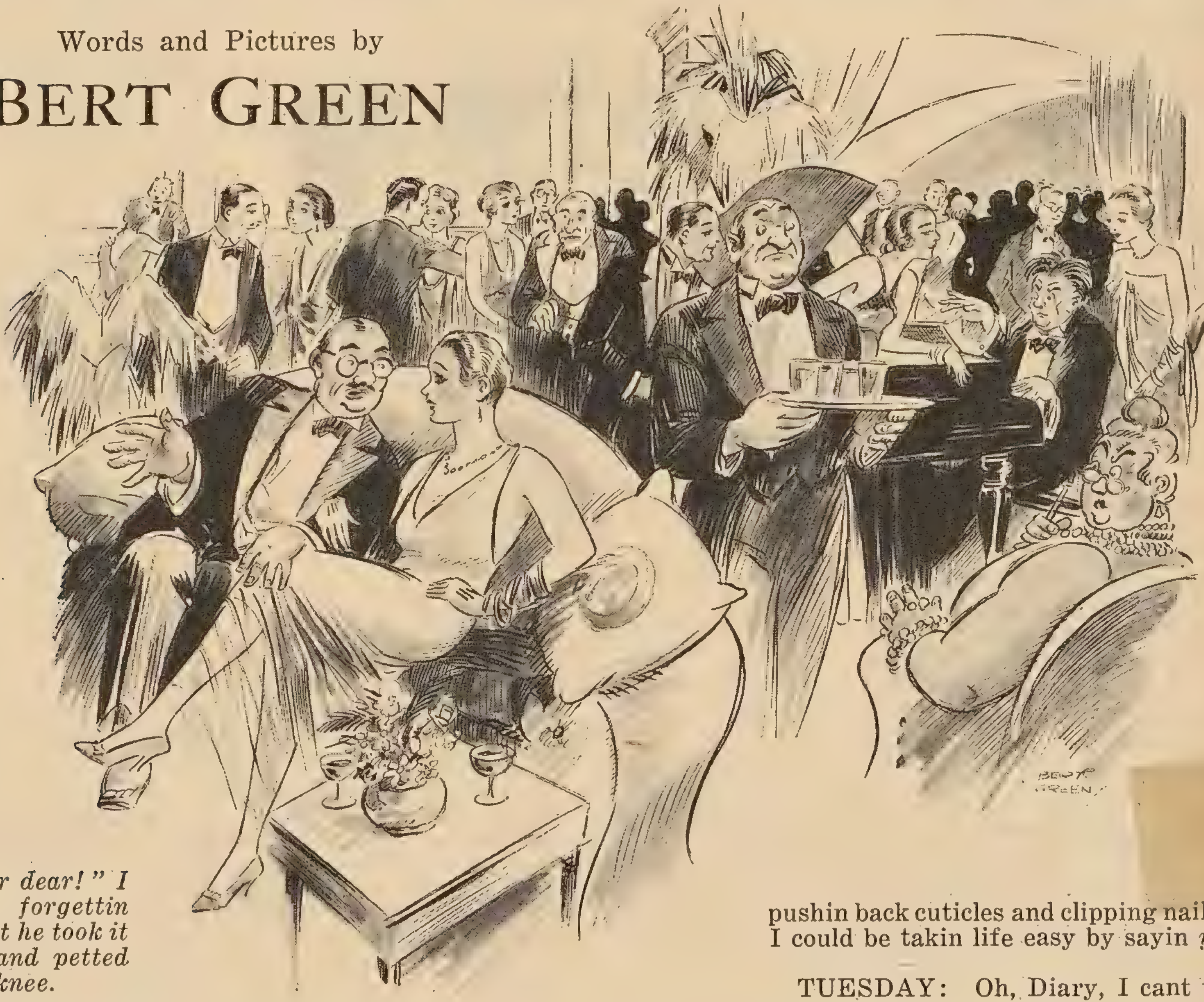
20—One that rules, but not necessarily with legal sanction.

Diana's Diary

She Hesitates Between Her Dream Man and Hopes of Hollywood

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN



"You poor dear!" I remarked, forgettin myself, but he took it all right and petted my knee.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)

MONDAY: Oh, Diary, I started out goofy this morning. Everything seemed to go bluey. I was late to work too. Big excitement in the subway. I was just gettin interested in my tab sheet, when who blows through the car beggin but a young punk with an empty sleeve.

Well, everything was jake till the rattler kissed the curve at Times Square. The sudden jerk threw the gimmick over a drunk's dogs and right into the lap of a stylish stout. Oh, what a riot! Yes, and to top the fun, the gimmie's coat went over his head and there as big as life was the *other good arm* strapped to his side.

Well, when the customers saw that, there was murder. A red-headed mick opposite me gave one look, jumped to his feet, drew a haymaker from the floor and tapped the fakir on the button. If it hadnt been for the guard buttin in, his mother wouldnt have known him from a short order of soup bones. When we pulled into the next station, a cop took him over to have his picture taken. So thats that.

As soon as I got in the barber shop the boss raised Hell because I was twenty minutes later. So I turned on the icicles and froze him, the big tomato. Gosh, that razor pusher makes me so depressed sometimes, I could yell out loud. I don't know why it is, but every Monday morning Im lower than a snake's vest.

I guess Im just a dumb Dora. If I were smart Id be layin around in loungin pyjamas and lettin some old night bloomin sapolio service me, thats what. Why should I be pushin back cuticles and clipping nails when I could be takin life easy by sayin *yes?*

TUESDAY: Oh, Diary, I cant wait to tell you. Im all thrills. I dreamt of *David*, my *Dream Man*—you remember Diary, the boy I met in the subway. I didnt really meet him but he gave me his seat and picked up my things when I dropped them in the car. I found out who he was too—by accident I saw his name and picture in the rotograveur section of the paper—I have it hanging in my room—hes C. David Manton, a society man.

Well, I dreamt about him last night, honest I did Diary. Oh gee! Oh gosh! It was such a heavenly dream. He took me to the theater, and all through the play I heard and saw nothing but *him*—then Diary, my eyes slowly opened—I was *alone*—awfully alone—I was cold—I guess I cried—my little room was empty—terribly empty. I had been dreaming—the romance was over—it was all a myth. Oh! why did I dream like that? There must be something to it—maybe I was out of my mind.

WEDNESDAY: Paid a rap of $2.65 on my electric light bill today—a buck more than usual. It serves me right. That's what I get for promotin wrestlin matches and allowin midnight gals like Marion to use my joint for a pettin parlor. Its not that she burns the light so much but when she begins leanin heavy on her trailin negligees, believe me, she swings a mean and wicked iron.

THURSDAY: Well, here it is Thursday again. Mr. Doty was in today. He said, "Honest Diana, you look more precious than ever," so I kept the five buck tip and

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

let him blow me to lunch to keep him from bein lonesome. Ho-hum, such is life Diary.

FRIDAY: We had quite a merry time in the shop today. It seems that Angelo, the barber on the third chair, had been doin a bit of cuttin up with some dizzy hoofer from a burlesque show. As soon as his ball and chain got hep to the glad tidings, she zoomed into the tonsorial parlor wavin a meat knife a foot long. With one slash she put a slit in her hubby's pants big enough to give an elephant phneumonia. What a circus!

Mr. Donovan from the steamship company came in today and invited Yours Truly to a party on board tomorrow night. He told me I could bring another girl—so I invited Marion.

SATURDAY: This isnt Saturday Diary—its 3 Ayem Sunday. Aint you ashamed of yourself Diana, comin in at this unearthly hour? I think youre a bit crocked. What are you giggling at, you little fool? Oh, you had a good time, did you? I'll say—never had such fun in my life.

I was lappin up woozy-water on a big barge, oh, and I got a big *millionaire hot on my trail Diary*—honest I have. I'll write about it tomorrow when the pen aint so dizzy.

The sudden jerk threw the gimmick right into the lap of a stylish stout.

SUNDAY: Well Diary, now that Marion and I finally decided to get up for supper, I'm goin to write down everything that happened yesterday on the boat. When we got on board, Mr. Donovan led us into a great big beautiful room called the Lounge. Then he got very confidential and slipped us girls the tip-off about the party. He said he had to entertain some very snooty friends who were very valuable customers to the line. That is, they travel back and forth to Paris like Marion and I take the subway to Brooklyn. So Mr. Donovan said, "Theres one man in particular you girls want to play up to. Hes a Mr. Fishbaum of the Fishbaum Dress and Suit Company—hes a multi-millionaire and a very influencial gentleman. On the square, he landed here in the Land of the Free and the Home of the Braves forty years ago without a jit. Now he makes everything on a woman from the stockings up."

So I looked at Marion and both of us began powderin our noses. So then Marion said to me, "You take the dress and suit business and I'll take Mr. Fishmarket." She would! Later on, when the guests arrived, Mr. Donovan brought Mr. Fishbaum over to where we girls were parked and introduced Marion and me. "These two ladies," he said, "are with the Follies." So Mr. Cloak and Suit was quite intrigued—so much so, he sat between us. That Follies fib of Mr. Donovan's may have been a smart crack, but to us—it kept us ducking questions.

When the orchestra broke loose, a dignified looking bird with a wig came over and asked Marion for a whirl. Marion looked very peeved. I could see that she didnt like the idea of me doing a solo with Mr. Fishbaum. But he was O. K., he kind of liked it.

Well, later on, Marion came over and said, "Where the hell do you get off to grab the heavy sugar papa?"

So I got very angry. I said, "Can I help it if Mr. Fishbaum sticks around like a cold? I'm not running this party—mind your own business."

At supper we had a hectic time. I was seated on Mr. Fishbaums right and all he did was service me. Honestly, he was mine for the making. After supper, when everybody was quite binged with champayne, the guests went to the Grand Suite to hear Mr. Rubenstein tickle the horseteeth. While Mr. Rubenstein was busy tearin off Listz's Dream of Love Mr. Fishbaum became quite sentimental. In fact, he was so full of sediment, he began goin scenario and tellin me the story of his life. He told me he was born in a little slab called Petrograd and bein the youngest of sixteen kids, his family was very poor. So poor in fact, that they handed him the wide open spaces to shift for himself.

He said when he landed in the U. $. A. the only thing he had to his name was four Rubles, two Marks, a plugged dime and a sewin machine strapped to his head.

"You poor dear!" I remarked, forgettin myself, but he took it all right and petted my knee. "What did you do then?" I asked him, tossing a cute smile. So he said he swapped the sewin machine for a pushcart and went into business for himself. "I had quite a struggle for a time," he told me.

"I used to make pants at night and sell em in the daytime." Whata man! "So I moved from the garret I was livin in and took a little store on Rivington Street. That was the home of many great men—men like Carl Laemmle, Sam Goldwyn, Jesse Lasky and William Fox, they all used to visit down there—look at em now!" he gasped, grabbin his cocktail. "Theyre all famous—theyre in the motion picture business!"

"Oh! why dont you go in the movies?" I asked him, squeezin his hand. "If the four Marx brothers can knock em horizontal, certainly a big brainy man like you would be a riot."

"Maybe I will some day," he said, looking straight into my eyes.

Oh! Diary, he was awful sweet—he took me home in his Rolls Rough—said he wants to take a paternal interest in me—is there such a thing?

Gosh, I wonder whats going to happen next week? Shall I stick with my Dream Man and dream—or am I going to Hollywood? Oh! I must see a fortune teller *on Monday!* Yoo-hoo.

More of the adventures of Diana will appear in an early issue.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Learning by Experience

My five-year-old daughter Ethel confided to me that when she grew up she was going to have a little girl. I asked her why she wanted one, when she knew how much trouble she was to me. Without hesitation she replied:

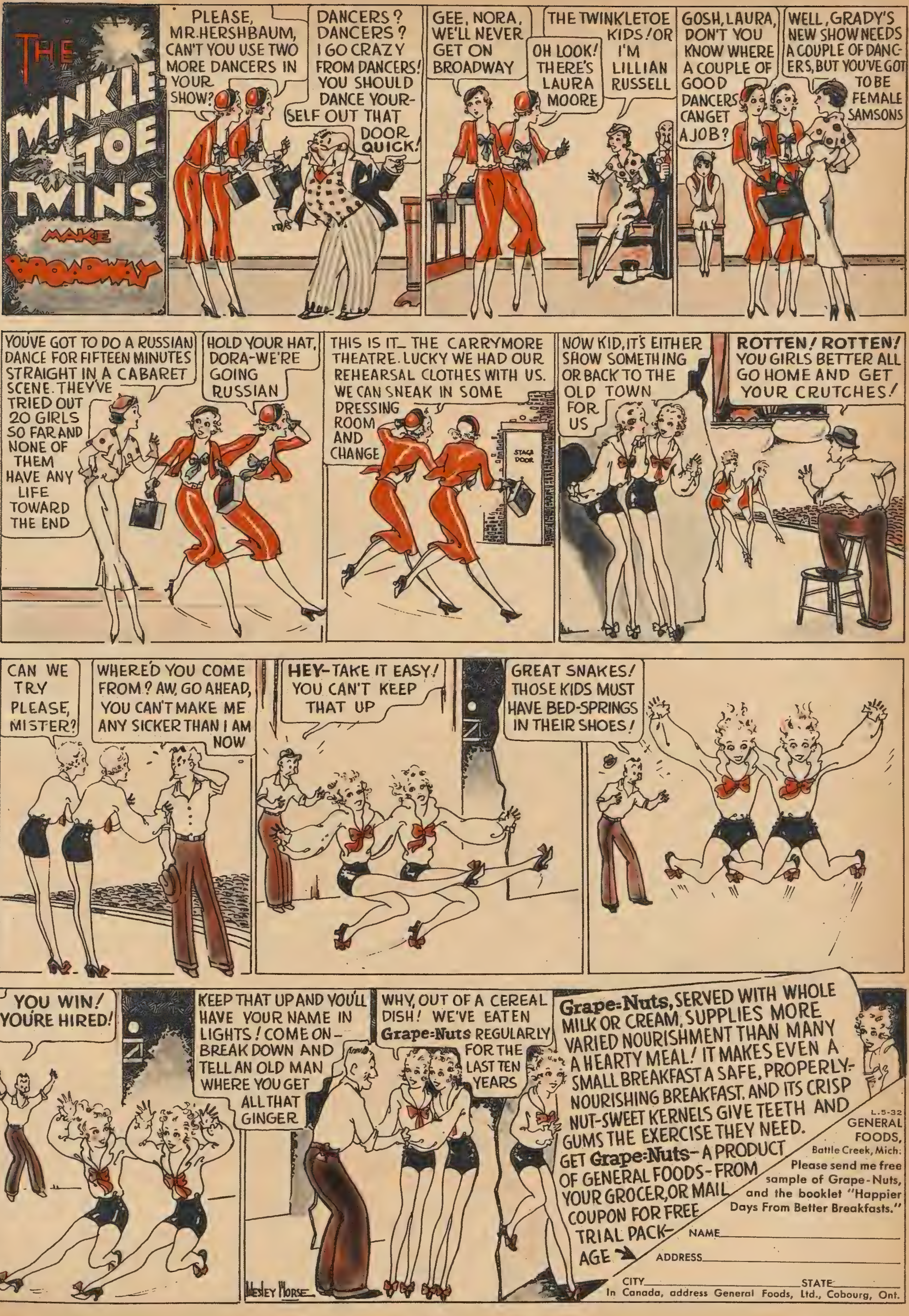
"Oh, I'd teach my little girl not to be like me!"—Mrs. Arthur Akerholm, 2911 Ave. P, Galveston, Tex.

* * *

She Spoke Her Piece

Little Mildred had been given her first piece to recite. Her mother admonished her to speak loudly enough to be heard all over the auditorium. At the entertainment mother sat in a rear seat.

As Mildred finished her piece, she looked at her mother and shouted: "'S 'at loud enough, muvver?"—T. G. Davis, 45 Washington St., Marblehead, Mass.


THE TWINKLE-TOE TWINS MAKE BROADWAY
PLEASE, MR. HERSHBAUM, CAN'T YOU USE TWO MORE DANCERS IN YOUR SHOW?
DANCERS? DANCERS? I GO CRAZY FROM DANCERS! YOU SHOULD DANCE YOURSELF OUT THAT DOOR QUICK!
GEE, NORA, WE'LL NEVER GET ON BROADWAY
OH LOOK! THERE'S LAURA MOORE
THE TWINKLETOE KIDS! OR I'M LILLIAN RUSSELL
GOSH, LAURA, DON'T YOU KNOW WHERE A COUPLE OF GOOD DANCERS CAN GET A JOB?
WELL, GRADY'S NEW SHOW NEEDS A COUPLE OF DANCERS, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO BE FEMALE SAMSONS
YOU'VE GOT TO DO A RUSSIAN DANCE FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES STRAIGHT IN A CABARET SCENE. THEY'VE TRIED OUT 20 GIRLS SO FAR AND NONE OF THEM HAVE ANY LIFE TOWARD THE END
HOLD YOUR HAT, DORA—WE'RE GOING RUSSIAN
THIS IS IT—THE CARRYMORE THEATRE. LUCKY WE HAD OUR REHEARSAL CLOTHES WITH US. WE CAN SNEAK IN SOME DRESSING ROOM AND CHANGE
STAGE DOOR
NOW KID, IT'S EITHER SHOW SOMETHING OR BACK TO THE OLD TOWN FOR US
ROTTEN! ROTTEN! YOU GIRLS BETTER ALL GO HOME AND GET YOUR CRUTCHES!
CAN WE TRY PLEASE, MISTER?
WHERE'D YOU COME FROM? AW, GO AHEAD, YOU CAN'T MAKE ME ANY SICKER THAN I AM NOW
HEY—TAKE IT EASY! YOU CAN'T KEEP THAT UP
GREAT SNAKES! THOSE KIDS MUST HAVE BED-SPRINGS IN THEIR SHOES!
YOU WIN! YOU'RE HIRED!
KEEP THAT UP AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR NAME IN LIGHTS! COME ON—BREAK DOWN AND TELL AN OLD MAN WHERE YOU GET ALL THAT GINGER
WHY, OUT OF A CEREAL DISH! WE'VE EATEN Grape-Nuts REGULARLY FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS
Wesley Morse

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WILD HEARTS

A Horse Without a Rider—End of the Grim Search—The Lame Arm of the Law—Jane Finds the Man She Loves—Taking Desperate Chances

(Reading time: 34 minutes 15 seconds.)

THIS is a story of love and bloodshed on Sweet Waters Ranch and the regions around it. Living on the ranch were John Gleason, its owner, his sons, his daughter Jane, and his men, all of whom Black MacDonald and his cutthroats were trying to terrorize into flight. Even Jane was threatened. While she was riding Gray Hawk, the stallion was wounded by a bullet. Still more startling was the impudence of a stranger who met her, far from the ranch, kissed her against her will, and vanished. This episode was followed by the sudden appearance of Smoky, a gelding, with an empty saddle.

PART THREE—DANGER AHEAD

BEN SASK had ridden Smoky away that morning, to look at the steers in Cedar Roughs, to see how the water was holding in the southern springs.

And Smoky was coming home as fast as his flying feet could bring him—and he had no rider!

Jane ran out of the house toward Big Lot, where she saw her father standing. The young gelding came crashing into the corral, his nostrils blowing wide, covered with sweat, trembling.

John Gleason laid a hand upon the dripping neck. Carefully the boss examined horse and saddle, running deft, blunt fingers over skirt and stirrup leathers, searching for the feel of something which chilled Jane's heart still more. Finding nothing, he took up the broken, trampled reins and led Smoky into the warmest corner of the stone barn as the boys came hurrying up.

"Something's happened to Ben," he said laconically, "out of his own control. Smoky'd never throw him, and he'd never let his horse come home alone. Also, Smoky's had a scare."

"You're right he has!" said Barb. "Look at his eyes."

Bob pulled off the saddle and he and Steve and Sammy set to work at rubbing down the gelding with bits of gunny sack. John Gleason turned without a word, and Barb followed him. They went straight to the high-fenced pasture behind Little Lot where the silvers grazed. Barb whistled once, and Starwind and Blue Buck, Bluestar and Blanco, followed by the rest of the mares and the weanling colts, came trotting toward them. Shutting back the others, they let the four through the gate and took them to the barn. They began saddling up. The three boys at work on Smoky had him fairly well dried by that time and, covering him from ears to tail with blanket and hood, they came out silently and helped finish the task.

As they led the horses around into Big Lot, Jane came down the path from the house. She carried five guns in their holsters. Silently she gave them to their owners.

"I'd like to go with you, John," she said, raising grave dark eyes to her father's face, "but I may be needed here—when you bring Ben in. I'll have a bed ready, hot water, everything."

"Best you could do," said John Gleason. "God knows we may need them all."

As the men mounted, Jane looked once at Bob Salters, a still, deep glance which went into his heart. It was as if, hardly conscious of it herself, the girl bade him ride carefully on this grim trail, that he might come back alive. He raised a hand in promise, and the next moment the line of riders strung out of the corral.

They went down the trail which Smoky had come up, to a point a couple of miles below Standing Rock. Here Boss John halted.

"Ben went into the Roughs from here," he said, "because he was going first to look over the cattle at the north end. He was coming back by the southeast ridge to look at Juniper Spring and Little One. Sammy, you and Steve go north. Bob and Barb, you come with me. If anybody finds—anything—shoot three times. We'll circle to meet—big circle first, drawing to center—and we'll ride till we find him. Let's get going."

The country into which Boss Gleason struck was wild and broken. They rode in single file, up one long rocky spine after another, their keen eyes searching the country. At intervals one or the other of the younger men would rise in his stirrups and send a long halloo ringing in the silence. For two hours, three, they rode.

Suddenly the boss leaned from his saddle, halting the mare. He peered hard at the dry earth, then jerked his head backward.

"Hoofprints," he said. "Smoky's, I think. Too narrow for anything but a silver."

The trail of the horse led on down the hill, entered the fringe of low brush, and came to Little One Spring. Here the rider had got down to drink beside his horse. There was a boot's print in the soft mud at the edge. From the spring it went on down, going south and west.

"He headed for Juniper Spring from here," said Bob.

"Right," said Gleason. "Let's get along."

Following it, they came to Juniper and saw where the rider had stopped a moment to rest his horse. Then the trail led south again.

"That's queer," said John Gleason. "Why didn't he turn back from here?"

"Maybe he saw something," said Barb—"cattle too far over. Or maybe he just wanted to see how MacDonald's range was holding up."

"Not just that," said Bob quietly. "Ben wasn't curious enough to add another mile to Smoky's day."

They went cautiously for a quarter of a mile, entering a fringe of scattering timber which topped a long descending spine. On the top of the dropping spine they halted and looked searchingly in all directions. The hoofprints, lost in the brush on the northern side, reappeared again here to go down a bit at an angle.

AND here, suddenly, Bob Salters, who had taken the lead in the trailing, got off his horse. "Come here, boss," he said. "Smoky stood here—and here's where he got his scare. Look at the jump he made!"

To a horseman's eye the print was plain. A horse had stood here at its ease, its left hip dropped in rest. And it had leaped ten feet straight down the hill from that standing start!

In tense silence the three men went down, following the trail of broken brush. And fifty yards on down the slope their search was ended.

In a little open spot Ben Sask lay face down, his hat gone, his right hand doubled beneath his breast, his left stretched out and tightly closed. The back of his vest shone dark red in the low sun's light.

White to the lips, all three of his friends got down and gently turned him over. Out of that clenched right hand slid a stump of pencil such as riders carry in their pockets. Gently Bob Salters pried open that other hand. A cigarette book dropped out. Barb picked it up and gave it to the

By VINGIE E. ROE

boss. John Gleason opened it, and there, scrawled largely on the white thin paper, Ben Sask had left a message.

"Saw bunch men," it said, "come up slope. Eleven men. All dark clothes — black mask on faces—saw me watching —shot me twice—think was—"

Here the scrawl, running down to the tiny page's corner, reached the end of the paper, and the hand that made it had suddenly become too weary to turn it over.

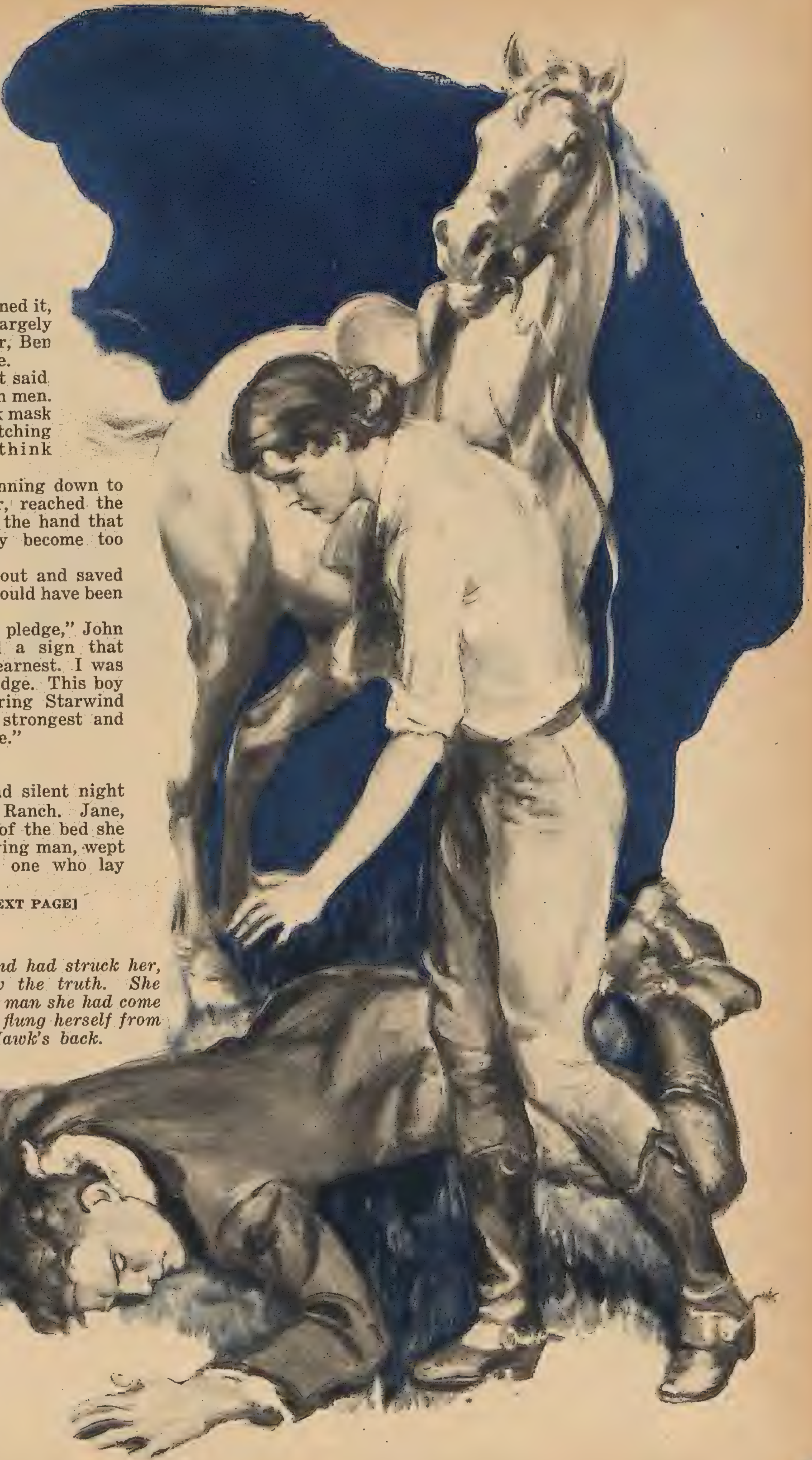
Death had reached out and saved the man whose name should have been written there.

"First fruits of the pledge," John Gleason rasped, "and a sign that trouble has begun in earnest. I was wrong to take that pledge. This boy owed me nothing. Bring Starwind over here. She's the strongest and she'll carry on — for me."

II

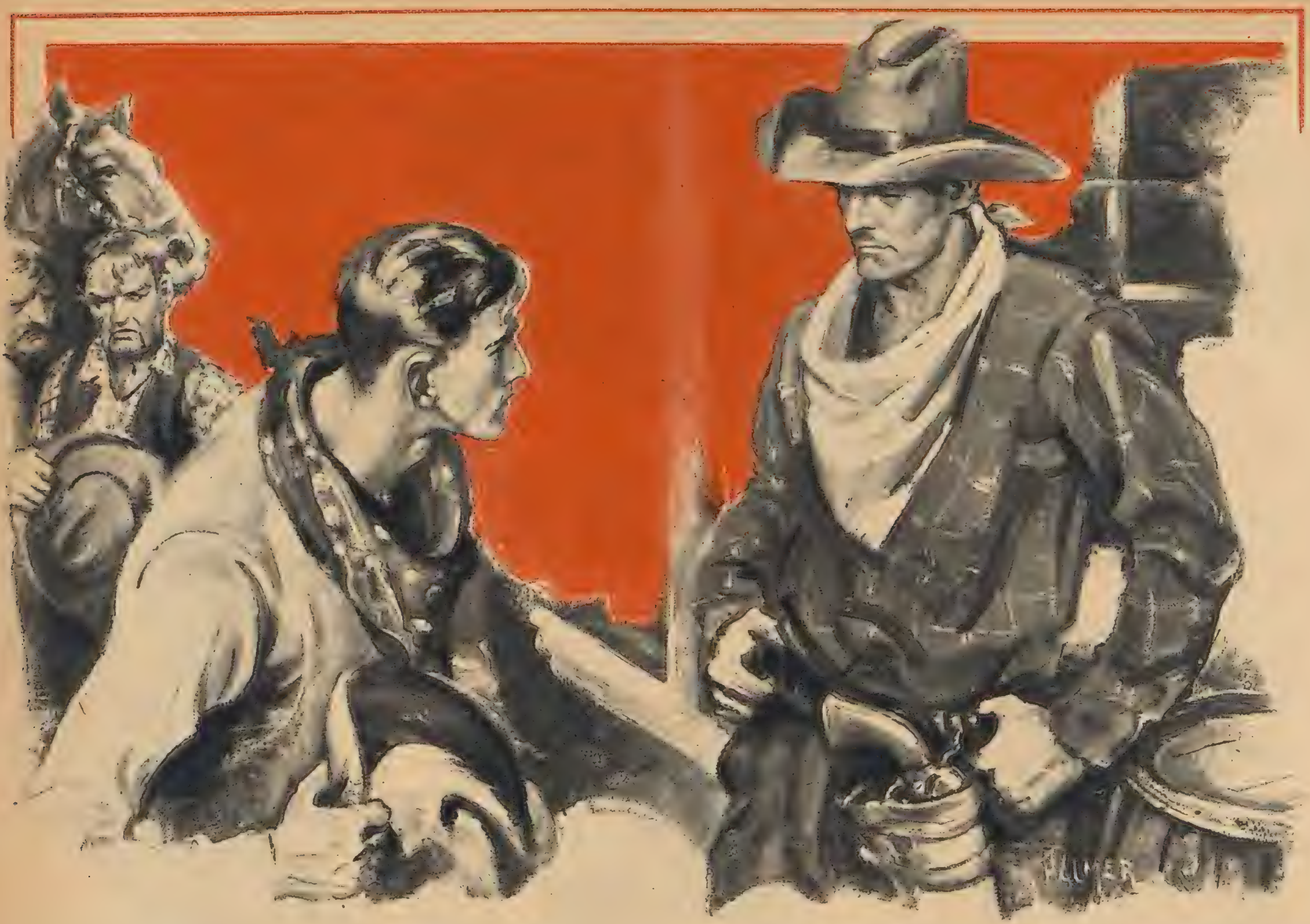
THAT was a sad and silent night at Sweet Waters Ranch. Jane, smoothing the covers of the bed she had got ready for a living man, wept steadily for the dead one who lay there instead.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



AS if a hand had struck her, she knew the truth. She had found the man she had come to meet! She flung herself from Gray Hawk's back.

Pictures by
DELOS PALMER



"I see the beginning of your finish—and so does every man here."

WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-three

Barb and Bob were on the way to Maulin to notify the sheriff and the coroner and to send a message to Ben Sask's brother in Michigan.

John Gleason walked back and forth in the yard outside the house, his leonine head sunk on his breast, his hands clasped behind him.

To Jane, who hung by the stark white bed, the bells of fate seemed ringing. Poor Ben — poor, poor Ben! Never one to set the world on fire, he had been a steady and faithful worker, a dependable stand-by. And he had been shot in the back because he had seen a bunch of men—*assassins* — go riding up the Roughs!

SHOT! As they had tried to shoot her in Sundown Gap, as they would undoubtedly shoot Sammy or Barb or Bob or Steve at the first good chance. The devils!

Jane wished passionately that she had killed the man who rode the squealer that night beside the willows!

The man who rode the squealer.

That thought stood stark in the middle of her brain like a signpost. It was like a finger pointing steadily in one direction.

Black Mac himself was the man. It could be no other!

With a sudden motion she whirled in her stride and, bending over the sheeted form of the dead rider, she uncovered the still face, and her hot eyes between their swollen lids sought for some small thing which she might take as guerdon. They fell upon the open collar of his blue shirt and the plain pearl button hanging from a loose thread. The button was streaked with a dark-red stain.

With shaking fingers Jane Gleason took it off, pulled from her breast a little buckskin bag which hung there from a string around her neck, and, opening it, dropped the button in to click faintly on some hard object—the empty shell which Boss John had found among the rocks at the foot of the high rock face beyond the Gap.

Just before daylight the boys came in from Maulin with Sheriff Henter and the coroner, a mild little man named Stead. They rode in the latter's car and seemed to have little to say to each other. Boss John met them in the yard where he had walked all night, his face pale and drawn. When he looked up at the sheriff his eyes were hard and haggard.

"We have some grim proof, Mr. Henter," he said, "of what I talked of when I saw you last. It is murder at last. I call upon you, in the name of all law-abiding citizens, to do your duty here. 'Light, gentlemen."

The men climbed out of the car and followed him.

In the dim room they looked down on the still face of the dead. Gleason's eyes, glued to the sheriff's face, took note of its expression.

"You speak pretty confidently, Gleason," the latter said presently, "about the manner of this man's death. How do you know it was murder?"

For answer John Gleason took from his breast pocket the bloodstained book of cigarette papers and handed it to him. "That was clutched in his left hand," he said; "this little pencil in his right."

Sheriff Henter read the sprawling words, his brows narrowed, his underlip caught between his teeth.

"You read it, Mr. Stead," said Gleason.

The coroner complied.

"What more could you want?" asked the boss simply.

"Nothing for me," said Stead. "I call it tight circumstantial evidence."

"Um," said Henter. "You found it, you say, Gleason? Yourself?"

"Myself."

"Ah—yes. Were you alone at the time?"

"Alone? What are you getting at, Mr. Henter? Of course I wasn't alone. My son was with me, and Bob Salters, one of my riders."

"I see. Your son and your employee. Um!"

John Gleason's pale face flushed to the purple of wrath.

"Just what are you trying to do, sheriff?" he asked thinly. "Who are you fixing to shield? You talk strange for an officer of the law."

"Careful, Gleason. You might talk too much yourself. I'm only getting at such facts of the case as present themselves. I'll take that paper, Stead."

"You will not," said Gleason evenly. "That paper is going into the bank at Maulin, to be held until someone comes to trial for this. And I commission you, Mr. Stead, to go with me and see that it is so deposited."

"You mean to take this evidence out of the hands of the rightful officers of the law?" cried Henter.

"No. I merely don't trust you, Mr. Henter, after these peculiar remarks of yours. It will be turned over to you, but at the proper time and place."

It was the sheriff's turn to flame with anger.

"You may sweat for this, Gleason," he said.

"I've sweated already, for years," said Gleason. "I don't mean to sweat alone any more. Someone else is going to sweat with me. I expect you to do your duty, as I said before, at once. That bunch of men who came into Cedar Roughs yesterday are still there this morning, without a doubt. I'd advise you to begin investigations."

"I DON'T take advice from anyone, Gleason. Least of all from people who may have axes to grind."

"I have no ax to grind," said the boss sadly, "except justice for this dead boy here. But I warn you now that I'll have that—one way or another—so help me God! If I don't live to see it, then my sons will carry on. After them, my daughter, even. They're strong stuff, the Gleasons, and will not give up without a struggle. And after us all, the men who've been with me for a matter of years. They're all of a kind, Sweet Waters breed. Take a look at them."

With a long stride he reached the closed door and opened it. The flood of light from the hanging lamp above the table fell on Barb and Bob, Steve and Sammy and Jane, who were waiting there. Jane was putting the hot breakfast on the table, and turned with a dish in her hand to look at them. A quiet group they were, and there was something in their faces which stilled the hot words on the sheriff's lips.

"Breakfast is ready, gentlemen," said Jane. "Please be seated."

"Thanks," said Henter stiffly. "I'm not hungry."

"I am," said Stead, "and if you'll tell me where to wash up I'll be with you."

"Sure," said Barb. "Come with me, Mr. Stead."

Sheriff Henter left the house and went out to the car, where he waited while the rest partook of a substantial breakfast. As the men rose at its end Boss Gleason looked the coroner in the eyes.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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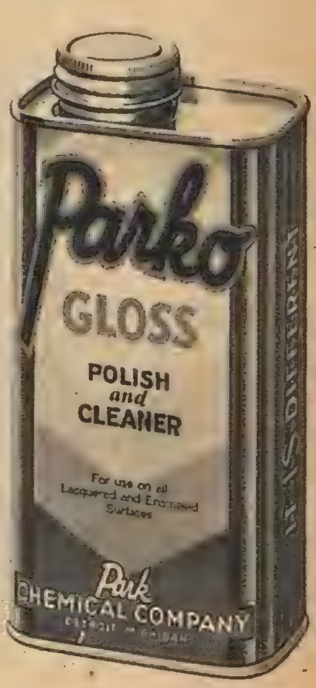

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WILD HEARTS
Continued from page fifty-five

Jane stopped playing abruptly and turned to face him.

"I don't know exactly what to think, Mr. Stead," he said, "about many things. But one thing I do know, and that is that I have met a man this morning. I'd like to shake your hand. You're not afraid to stand by your convictions."

"Shucks!" said the little man. "It'd be a poor stick that wouldn't. I figure on doing my duty where, as, and when I see it." He held out his hand.

When the sun was painting the eastern ridge in flaming rose and gold, Ben Sask went up the Sweet Waters Creek for the last time, in state, strapped to a sideboard which Jane had made soft with comforters, riding high across the old car's tonneau. Boss John and Bob rode in the front seat, and Barb followed in the car behind with the officers.

Sammy and Steve stayed by the ranch to take up the interrupted work of the alfalfa fields.

At Maulin they found a buzz of subdued excitement. There was talk of other tragedies, and among it a thin sound of Jed Barstow's name and whispers of different things than death. Little knots of men clustered together, to dissolve and cluster with others. A crowd gathered about the coroner's office when they carried Ben in and laid him decently on a slab in the room behind, pending the inquest. This was to be held on the morrow, and the men from Sweet Waters stayed in the town. A telegram came to John Gleason from Stewart Sask in Michigan to ship the body to him, and Bob Salters made all the necessary arrangements.

EARLY next day Coroner Stead impaneled a jury which found that Ben Sask had come to his death, murderously, at the hands of a person or persons unknown. The buzzing in the town continued. Men who had heard John Gleason's statement in the store some time before concerning his fears and his intentions made it a point to express by a quiet word or a handclasp their understanding of the situation and their sympathy with him.

It was, therefore, at a most inopportune time that Black MacDonald and a group of his riders came in, loud of speech and laughter, visiting the known sources of liquid refreshment. It was inevitable that they should see the dark looks turned in their direction, for word of that pitiful scrawl which the dead boy had left behind him had gone about like wildfire.

And it was soon apparent to everyone concerned that Sheriff Henter had left town. On a hurried call from up the river, so his rat-eyed henchman said blandly.

"He don't mean to do a thing," Boss John told Bob and Barb. "He's either afraid of MacDonald or he's protecting him."

The Gleasons stayed at the one hotel, waiting to go the last short lap of the journey that they could with Ben. This would be the distance between the coroner's back room and the depot just before the arrival of the east-bound train at night.

Just at sundown the sparse procession started—merely the plain hearse, with John Gleason, his son, and his rider, their heads uncovered, walking behind it. They left from the upper end of the town, and had to pass directly through its center, down the one main street, to reach the railroad station. And a strange thing began to happen. First, Mr. Stead caught up with them and fell into step beside Bob Salters. At the first cross street a man who had been in the store that day stepped in behind him. Two others, watching, looked at each other and followed.

The thing caught fire all down the street, and men joined in silence, taking off their hats, so that what had been a piteously short train to follow a dead boy on his last journey rapidly became a long cavalcade of grave-faced men who expressed something more than the common sorrow of the human race for death. This moving train meant the crystallizing of an opinion.

And Black MacDonald, standing prominently on the store porch, his wild dark face full of hilarious laughter, caught it—caught it, and was so amused by it that he bent forward, slapping his thigh. He laughed at Sweet Waters and at its folk, at Ben Sask shot in the back.

But hatred for him and his ran back along the line, and faces turned toward him dark with anger. When the east-bound train had roared away, the long line came back up the street as it had gone down, and Bob Salters, beside Boss John, was the most coldly angry of the lot.

As they came abreast of the store porch he fell out of line and faced the men standing there—seven of them.

"SEE something to laugh about?" he asked.

"Sure," said Black Mac thickly, his utterance clogged by the bootleg he had drunk. "Don't you?"

"You're damn' right I do!" said Bob. "I see the beginning of your finish—and so does every man here."

"Ho-ho! Hear th' young sprout! My finish! *My* finish! Don't look much like *my* finish, does it?"

"Lots of things go toward making a finish. There was Jed Barstow, for one thing. Ben Sask's another. And this line of men's one more. Don't forget that, MacDonald—this line of men! They mean public opinion, and that's downed many a bully and caught and hung many a murderer."

"You damned young ——!"

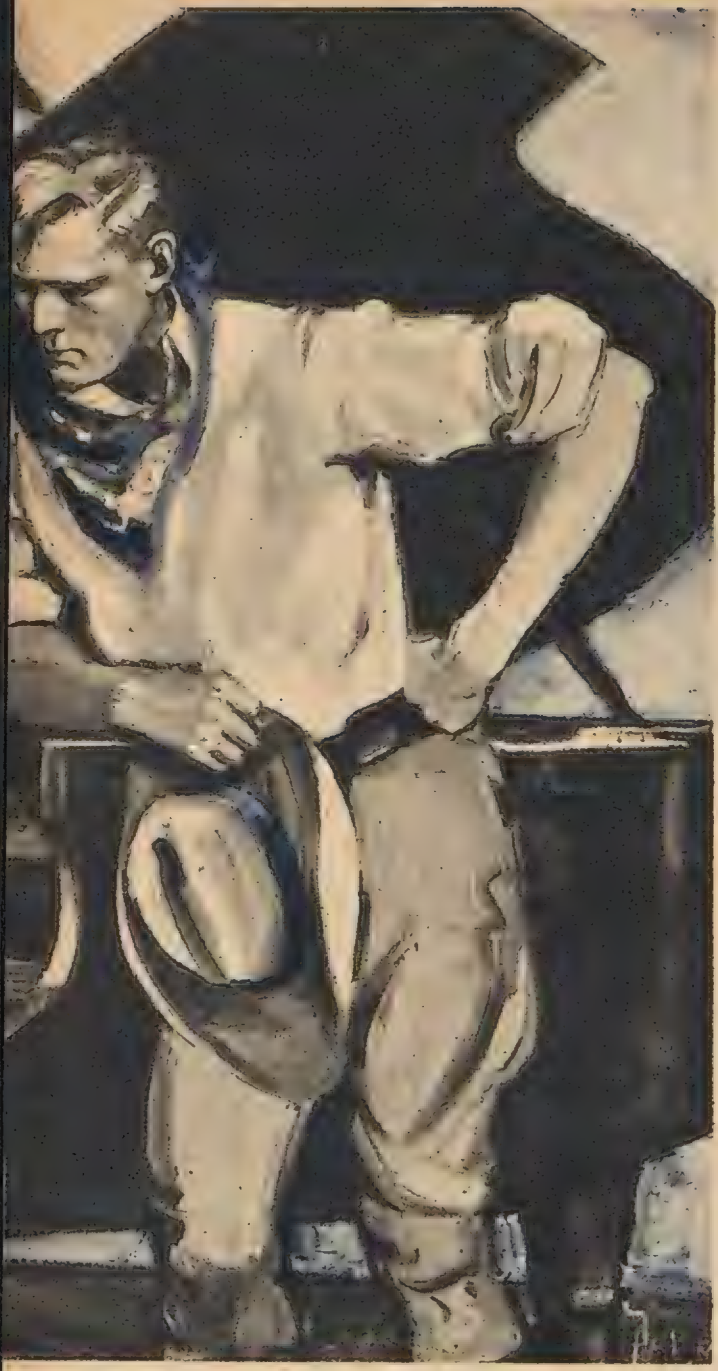
Black Mac, his eyes blazing like live coals, started to leap off the porch. But Bissard caught his arm and swung him round. Stumbling with rage and liquor, the master of Stone House teetered on the edge a moment, and then backed in among his men.

"I'll remember, all right!" he said, those glaring gray eyes going hotly over the faces in the street.

"We'll remember out at Sweet Waters too," said Bob—"remember not to ride alone or to turn our backs to any bunch of riders. Remember how to shoot quick and far."

And with that he turned and swung away.

At the next corner the long line broke up, and this time it gathered into knots under MacDonald's very eyes, and the talk buzzed more loudly than it had all day.



"Worried a lot over me, aren't you?"

Boss John looked at Bob anxiously. "You may have marked yourself, boy," he said, "and I don't like it."

"Mark and be damned!" said Bob hotly. "Someone else is going to be marked plenty before this feud is over!"

"But not for me or mine. I'm taking back my permission for you and Steve to stick. It's not fair or right. Poor Ben's end has shown me I was wrong to let you all stay in the beginning."

"Bunk, boss! I'm staying—for you—*and yours*. Get me?"

John Gleason said no more, but his big hand fell affectionately on his rider's shoulder.

III

THINGS tightened down at Sweet Waters Ranch. True to Bob's promise to MacDonald, nobody rode alone—save Jane. She neither obeyed her men-folk nor took their warnings seriously.

Bob, watching her from the corner of the big room one night, longed to take her bodily and put her out of harm's way, in some safe retreat where theft and blood and war were not. His blue eyes were soft upon her.

Presently he rose and swung his long length over, to lean on the edge of the old piano where she sat running her fingers over the keys.

Jane stopped playing abruptly and turned to face him. "Worried a lot over me, aren't you?"

"I'll say I am! Sick with worry. You remember what I said that night we rode down the valley? About your face turned to the stars—how the earth might as well dissolve if that happened? Well, that goes, for me—forever."

The simple words, the low voice, set a quiver of sudden tears in her throat. She slid her fingers softly into Bob's big hand and curled them about two of his.

"You're the kind of man a woman should get down and thank her Maker for, Bob," she said a bit unsteadily, "and anybody but a born fool would do it at once."

"Not quite such a world-beater as all that, honey," he said, "but if being a one-woman man means anything to you, why, give it a thought sometimes."

BOB was a natural artist in ways of the soul, and he left the dim room immediately, and Jane heard him whistling softly down the path to Big Lot.

Yes, she told herself, it was true—Bob was such a man as a woman should pray to have. And yet, across the memory of her calm eyes there flashed the vision of a wild, dark face. She felt again the surge and thrill and shock of hot lips on her own, saw the flame in eyes as dark as hers, heard the arrogance of a voice which cried against her cheek. She sprang up from the low old seat, striking her fist on the yellowed keys with a discordant crash.

"Fool! Silly!" she whispered furiously. "What ails you, Jane Gleason? A stranger! A four-flusher. A smart-aleck from below! And you glory in his insults!"

She was thrilled by that sudden memory, scourged with a searing shame. She knew no woman to whom she might go for advice. There was only Pomo Belle. But Pomo Belle might know. On the impulse of the thought, the girl went swiftly to the kitchen, took up a cloth and began drying the last of the washed pans on the drainboard.

"Why-for?" asked Belle simply.

"I want to make talk, Belle," said Jane as simply.

Knowing the exquisite etiquette of the brown people, she said no more for a while, but waited quietly.

After a while Belle said, "Talk."

"How does the wise woman take her man, Belle?" Jane asked. "What does she choose him for?"

Belle scoured a pan, her brown face grave.

"Many ways. The wise woman knows her heart. If she want all things—all deep things, joy an' sorrow—she look at the face of a man. If she want only peace an' the joy of safe things, she look at his heart."

"Do you know—what makes love, Belle?" Jane said lowly. "How a woman feels when she loves a man?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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WILD HEARTS

Continued from page fifty-seven

For a long time the Indian woman stood rapt in memories. Then—"Ump," said Belle, "she knows him here," and laid a damp hand on her breast. "She knows him like child knows its mother. She goes to him straight, like bird to its nest."

"Sure?"

"Sure. In the end. Maybe get sidetracked many times. Maybe see other man—man with laughing face, good to look at. Maybe don't know long time. Then something happen that make the heart bow down, maybe. Maybe her man get hurt—get killed. Then she know for sure—for dam' sure she know! She lucky if not too late."

A strange thrill shot through Jane at the words—a cold thrill, heavy with portent. She wet her lips, which seemed dry, and presently she said, "How did you know Bill, Belle?"

Once more Pomo Belle looked into the past.

"Just so. Bill he nothin' look at. Little, bow-legged, no fight in him. Only work, work, an' give, give. I was young woman then, little in the waist, cheeks round. Bill bring me red lilies from the hills, help me herd sheep, look at me out of dog's eyes.

"Sam Four Sleeps he come over west from this country. From down Klamath Lake. He is tall man, legs straight like young pine tree, mouth open with laugh. He give me red beads an' a red blanket. Also he tell my father he give him forty horses for me. My father say, 'Yes,' an' I think maybe I come over this Klamath country with Sam Four Sleeps.

"Then I walk with him one day—an' we meet Bill Jacks. Bill he have big black dark under eyes. His belly all caved in. He look at me out of dog's eyes for sure—dog been whipped an' starving. An' he give me ten dollars—all his pay for last month. An' he say, 'Belle, you buy yourself somethin' nice for you marry to Sam—maybe dress, maybe shoes, maybe ribbon.'

"An' Sam Four Sleeps he say quick, an' stick up his head like mad buck, 'No, you don'! You don' give my woman money, you dam' Pomo!' An' he hit Bill, hard, in face.

"Bill he fall down. An'—I don' know—I didn' know then what I do, hardly. Something here—where the heart is—it snap like tight rope, an' I scratch that Sam Four Sleeps all over his face so hard, two three men they have to pull me off.

"I marry Bill Jacks next day, an' my father he so mad he kick us right out. We come on away an' never go back."

For a long time the two women were silent. Then Jane asked softly, "Were you ever sorry, Belle?"

"No sorry," said Belle firmly. "Never no sorry. Bill Jacks he good man. My man! That's all."

JANE laid a hand kindly on the woman's shoulder as she left the kitchen. "Thanks, Belle," she said. "I'll think about Sam Four Sleeps and Bill."

"You getting a Sam," said Belle quietly, "an' a Bill. Me, I know."

"Maybe," said the girl honestly. "I—don't know yet myself."

She carried Belle's words to bed with her, and for many hours lay tossing in the quiet darkness thinking of Bob Salters—and the rider of the sage. It was so she thought of the wild young stranger who had kissed her. A Sam and a Bill!

She waked late next morning, and something had crystallized in her heart; some vague delight had taken form and substance. Life was calling her from the high levels, and Jane knew then that she would go.

When her father and the boys had all gone out about the work of the ranch after the noon meal, she saddled Gray Hawk and, putting her old gun in its holster beneath her arm, she rode out toward Hanging Road and began its steep climb to the Gap. The day was sweet and soft, and the smell of the sage struck poignantly in her nostrils as she gained the high levels.

The sun went down the west and a purpling of the gray of the sage began to show in the distances, and she knew she ought to turn back. But the pageant of the coming twilight cast a spell about her, and she rode on.

At length, as she turned her horse toward home, she looked to the west and saw that it was later than she had thought, for the purple in the sage had turned to blue.

It would be stark black by the time she reached Sundown Gap, and she felt of the gun beneath her arm. Not that she was afraid, but she thought of her father and Bob, who feared for her so much. She should not give them cause for worry—and what had she gained by coming, anyway? Her silly hope had died within her. And with the dusk she was ashamed of it. Served her right for the dim dream of—a Sam Four Sleeps! She would not be so weak again. She would mind her own busi—

"*Hawk!*" she yelled. For in the midst of his running stride the stallion had fumbled his forefeet a split second and risen straight into the air, to sail away across the sage in a monstrous leap. He had jumped something lying dark and still in the low brush.

When she could pull him down, Jane whirled and rode back carefully, searching the darkening earth.

AT the spot where he had jumped a man lay face down, his arms sprawled above his head as if, in the act of crawling, he had suddenly found no further need of effort. His head was bare—and it was as black as Jane's own. He wore trim dark clothes, and he was slender, a tall form stretched inertly.

As if a hand had struck her, she knew the truth. She had found the man she had come to meet!—and for a wild moment the universe swung drunkenly about her. Then she flung herself from Gray Hawk's back and was down on her knees beside him, her arms about the still shoulders, the white face turned to hers.

She caught her breath with a half sob. Then she laid him down and ran expert hands over his long body. Low on the right breast they encountered the dread wetness and stickiness of a wound. When she held them up to the dying light they shone dark with blood—dark blood of an old wound. This man had not been hurt this day, nor maybe yesterday; for there were incrustations on his shirt, on his vest, and on his trousers. Wonderingly Jane saw that the latter were worn entirely through at both knees, showing that he had crawled long and painfully through the sage and sand.

She took his left wrist between her thumb and fingers lightly, holding her breath to sensitize to the ultimate her every faculty, and with her whole being listened.

Faint, like a thread, like a whisper, she caught the dim pulse. He was not dead—her *Sam Four Sleeps!*

But what could she do to hold that dying spark of life? Swiftly she tore off his soiled white shirt, stretched him gently on the earth. Then, kneeling astride his slender form, she began a light and steady slapping of his torso. Gently, briskly, over the heart, over the left lung, up to the throat and back again, her long hands went. She dared not touch him on the right side, for fear of starting the wound to fresh bleeding. But it was the heart she must stimulate, and she was thankful that the wound was on the other side.

She watched it as she worked, and knew it for a bullet hole. Shot from the front—a clean, low hit. A small ball. The emerging hole in the back would be larger.

Jane leaned down as she saw his breast lift with a breath, faint as a newborn babe's to be sure, but there. The cold breast was still cold to her touch, and she drew the shirt over it again, working over the fabric. If only she had something warm—a coat, a blanket. The coming night would be cold, as all nights are in the high country, and life was at so low an ebb in him that it might well expire before she could get home and back with John and the boys.

But John and the boys would soon be coming to look for her—up Hanging Road, searching the Gap and the long levels. It would be long before they found her if she waited here, so far off the road. And yet, she could not leave him—she dared not leave for a moment.

He was so cold, so pitifully cold! And then Jane Gleason had an inspired flash. She would warm him at her own vital breast, pour into him the life that ran so high in her! Jumping up, she pulled her saddle off Gray Hawk, snatched off her saddle blanket, put the saddle back and cinched it swiftly.

Running back, she carefully lifted the still form, wrapped it as best she could in the spread blanket, and, leaning down with the shoulders in her lap, she pressed it close to her body. The ends of the blanket she pulled over her own shoulders, to keep within the tiny tent thus formed all the body heat possible.

He seemed no stranger, but one who had been with her always. And he seemed infinitely precious. Jane's arms tightened about him; she pressed her lips against his cold cheek—a fierce, half-savage caress, deep and clinging. She was not conscious that it was her very first.

In another hour the inert head stirred ever so faintly in the hollow of her throat. His lips moved and she heard his thin whisper: “Drink—water.”

“Hush-h-h,” she whispered. “Hush-hush-h-h. We'll get a drink—after a while. Be quiet now.” And he was quiet, lapsing again into unconsciousness. But the coma was of short duration and he stirred once more.

“Drink,” he whispered. “Drink!”

Carefully Jane began to reach after the groping mind. She moved him slightly in her arms.

“Listen—listen,” she called. “Water—drink.”

A low moan answered that. “Drink,” he whimpered thickly with his swollen tongue. “God!”

Jane moved him again.

“Come on,” she said. “Let's go. Let's get going.”

For the first time there was a straining in the sodden muscles, as if the body, catching the command before the clouded mind, strove to obey. A great flood rolled across her soul—gratitude to Heaven, unspeakable joy.

And presently he looked dully at her.

“Where—you—come from?” he whispered thickly.

“Home,” said Jane. “I found you here in the sage. Be still again—don't talk.”

He closed his eyes and sank his face in her neck.

“DO you think you could ride in my saddle if I ride behind and hold you?” she said.

“Anything,” he answered in that thick voice, “for water. Where?”

“Home,” said Jane clearly. “To Sweet Waters Ranch—to my father, John Gleason.”

At the start that shook him in her arms Jane's heart bounded with a strange portent.

“No,” he said; “don't take me there!”

“Then where?”

A strained silence fell, and Jane repeated her question.

“Nowhere,” the man answered presently. “Let me die—here. Only, for God's sake, get me—some water—first!”

“Listen,” said Jane. “You're wounded—shot. Some hours back. Did those devils at Stone House do it?”

“No,” came the throaty whisper after a slight pause. “Accident. Did it myself. Tried to hit—coyote. Horse jumped. Threw me—gun went off.”

“Where are you from? Where do you live around here?”

“Far away. Nowhere. You—you wouldn't understand.”

“But I've got to get you somewhere,” said Jane desperately. “Some place where you can have help—a doctor.”

“No. No doctor. Be all right. Just some water.”

For a long time Jane held him.

“Shall I—shall I take you to Stone House?” she asked, wetting her lips. “To Black MacDonald?”

“No,” he said; “not there either. Leave me here—”

“You want me to—hide you?”

“If you will,” the pale lips answered.

At that reply Jane Gleason's heart sank in her breast. What dark secret was wound about him? Who had shot him, and why? These questions moiled excitedly in her brain and found no answer. But the exigency of the moment put them aside, and she began to cast about for ways of saving him. She studied the lay of the land in memory and searched it for sanctuary, and presently she thought of the face of the cliff beside Signal Rock.

It sloped there to a sandstone ledge, and a little way along this ledge there was Old Coyote's Cave. Old Coyote had lived there for seven years, scourging the herds with their calves, before Sammy and Bob had found his stronghold and trapped him at its mouth. It was a desperate chance, getting a wounded man down the steep slant from the Rim to the very narrow ledge, and one false move could easily send one like a plummet straight down the face of the Wall to the floor of the valley a thousand feet below. But in all the reaches of the rolling levels it was the only hidden spot.

“All right,” she said. “I'll hide you—and I'll care for you. But you must help me by doing exactly as I say. Will you do that?”

“Exactly,” he said.

“Your wound is not bleeding. It has congealed to a certain extent. The first thing is to bind it. I'll make a compress and a bandage from your shirt. Then we'll get you on my horse—he's the prince of all horses and will carry double and be steady. I know a place where I can take you, but it's down a cliff and we'll have to be very careful. Can you sit up alone?”

SHE took her arm away from him, and he swayed drunkenly a moment, but with an effort managed to stay erect—if drooping in a pitiful arc could be called so. With deft and steady hands Jane stripped his undershirt away, leaning close to see his wound. There it was, ghastly in the pale flesh, a small, clean wound.

Hurriedly Jane tore the garments at hand into strips and, rolling several, pressed them against the twin holes, bound them there with the rest as tightly as possible. Then she went and brought Gray Hawk close.

At the command of “Stretch!” he walked out so far with his front feet that he brought his back down a full six inches. Again and again Jane lifted the man's tall form up against the horse's side, only to have it slide weakly down, its clawing hands raking the saddle skirts. Her lips were gray with the effort. But at last she got him, like a log of wood, into the seat, and finally in place. She climbed up on Gray Hawk's rump, and taking the reins, with her arms around the naked body, began the long and slow journey back along the Rim to Signal Rock.

It was full night when she reached the pinnacle, and the man in her arms was a swaying burden. He rolled down almost dead-weight when she tried to help him from the saddle, and she let him lie with his head in her lap. “Listen,” she said presently. “We are going down a steep and narrow trail to a ledge of rock on a cliff. One stumble and we'll both go over. I'll go first, and I'll have you at my back, with your arms around my neck. If you can't take each step with me as I go, then hang to me and I'll drag you down. Lean in to the left when we reach the ledge. Do you understand?”

“Yes.”

Together they got him to his feet, got his arms around Jane's neck, and tried the first step. An erratic effort throwing them both off balance, it showed Jane the danger that lay ahead for them. Letting him down again, she brought the saddle blanket which she had flung across the stallion's hips at the start, and passing it beneath the man's arms tied its corners around her neck. This made a sling of sorts, and helped when she once more raised him. As he stood drooping against her back she tightened the ends about her throat, and knew as she did so that she might be signing her own death warrant.

“All set,” she said briefly. “Let's go.”

Will Jane's struggle to reach the cave, with both love and life at stake, lead to safety—or doom? Next week's installment will give you the answer.

$500 *in* CASH PRIZES!

A Liberty Cross-Word Puzzle Contest

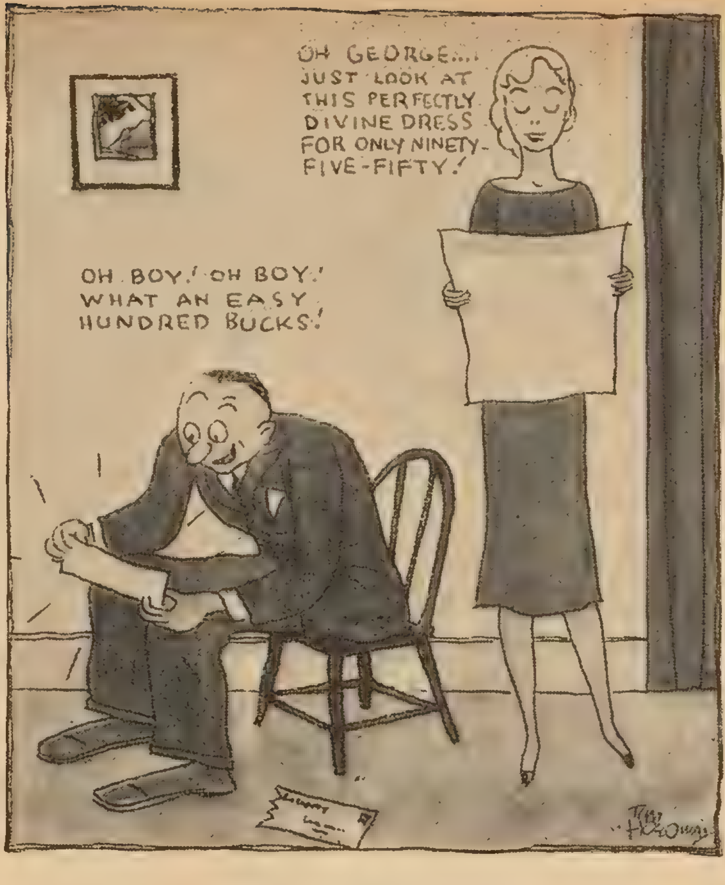
ANOTHER $500 Cash Prize Cross-Word Contest! Another $100 First Prize. Another $50 Second Prize. Another $25 Third Prize. And sixty-five more prizes of $5 each! Get your entry in this week and establish your claim to a share of the money. Every prize is worth while. Any prize is within your easy reach.

If, in the past, this offer had been available and you had won a cash award for every cross-word puzzle you solved, you might be wealthy today. Liberty suggests, now that prize money is available, that you start right now to cash in your skill and make up for lost time. There is still time to get in on this week's prize distribution and to win additional prizes as long as this series of contests continues.

Perhaps you need some extra vacation money this year. Here is the opportunity to win it. Possibly you've had your heart set on some luxury not provided for in your regular budget. Why not let a Liberty prize check buy it for you? Nearly everyone has some special use to which extra money can be applied advantageously. That Christmas fund. A concert series. The show you've been wanting to see. Sports apparel and equipment. Or any of the thousand and one things which arise in each individual's own personal circumstances. You can make these expenditures with a clear conscience if a Liberty prize check takes care of the outlay.

The rules are short and concise. Scan them carefully and then send in your entry as directed. You will note that this week's solution is to be accompanied with a brief letter telling "The story, article, or department that I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."

Every effort will be made to announce the winners of this week's prizes in Liberty dated July 16, which is on sale July 7.


OH GEORGE... JUST LOOK AT THIS PERFECTLY DIVINE DRESS FOR ONLY NINETY-FIVE-FIFTY!
OH BOY! OH BOY! WHAT AN EASY HUNDRED BUCKS!

The PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
65 PRIZES, each $5	325
TOTAL, EACH WEEK SIXTY-EIGHT PRIZES	$500

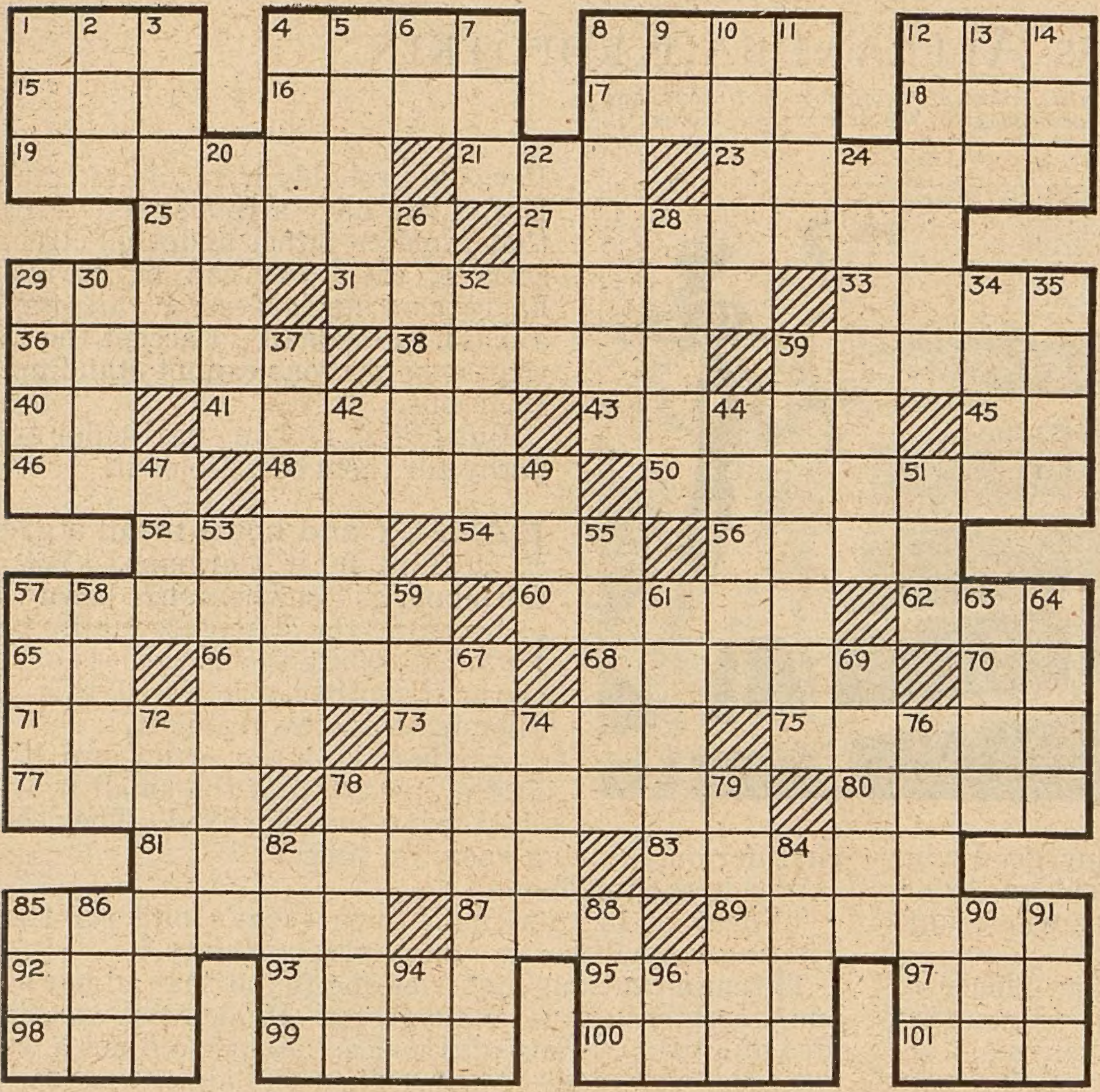
The RULES

1. This contest is open to anyone, anywhere, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
2. Solve the cross-word puzzle which appears on the opposite page.
3. Attach to your solution a letter telling "The story, article, or department that I like best in this issue of Liberty, and why."
4. The most nearly correct cross-word puzzle solution accompanied by the best letter, judged on the basis of interest and clarity, will be awarded first prize, the next best will be awarded second prize, etc.
5. It is not required to clip the puzzle from the magazine in order to compete. Send in your solution on a tracing of the puzzle if you wish.
6. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Weekly and by entering this contest you agree to accept their decisions as final.
7. Send all entries by first-class mail. Address Liberty Cross-Word Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
8. All entries for this week's contest must be received before the close of our business day on Tuesday, May 31, 1932.

NEXT WEEK—LIBERTY PRESENTS ANOTHER $500 CASH PRIZE CROSS-WORD CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

Here Is Contest Puzzle

No. 6

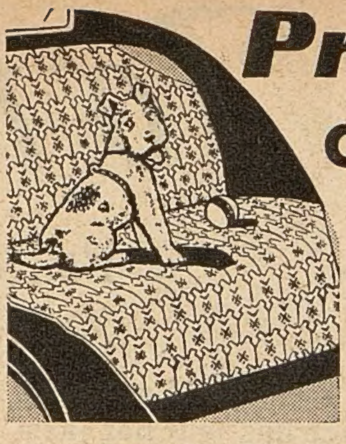


HORIZONTAL

1 Cereal grain
4 Daze
8 Margins
12 Shade of brown
15 Form of to be
16 Narrow fabric used for binding
17 Amend and revise
18 Hasten
19 Hesitate
21 The male turkey
23 Cardinal number
25 Citrous fruit (plural)
27 Feminine name
29 Actor
31 Russian tea urn
33 Pronoun
36 More unusual
38 Stabbed
39 Tree gum
40 Either
41 A seaport of England
43 Becomes dry and withered
45 None
46 A letter of the Greek alphabet
48 Ethical
50 Descendants of Shem
52 Garment
54 Tibetan ruminant
56 Bind with a rope
57 More severe
60 Heavenly body
62 Stray
65 Lava whose surface is rough
66 Measures of area
68 Ceremonials
70 The beloved of Zeus
71 Abrade
73 A battle of the Franco-Prussian War
75 Chief of a Moro tribe (variant)
77 Masculine name
78 City in Georgia
80 Nursed and fostered
81 Curls or ringlets
83 Not new
85 Joint of the arm (plural)
87 Greek letter
89 Portended
92 Fabulous bird
93 Device for drying hops
95 Rational
97 Expel moisture
98 Word of assent
99 Broods of pheasants
100 Demeanor
101 Comprehend

VERTICAL

1 Simpleton
2 Southern constellation
3 Bank official
4 Stalk
5 Weeds
6 Above
7 Free of charges or deductions
8 Causes to change place
9 Small fish of the carp kind
10 Inferior in importance
11 Agitate
12 Essay on a definite theme
13 Island
14 A marshal of France
20 Fatigued
22 Scent
24 Goddess of retribution (Greek religion)
26 Wiser
28 Loads
29 Fall
30 Rows
32 Species of eel
34 Cardinal number
35 Son of Seth
37 Fanciful tale
39 Rematched
42 Elector
44 Hire again
47 Frosting
49 One hundred thousand rupees
51 Demonstrative word
53 Public speakers
55 Holy book of Mohammedans
57 Kind of starch
58 Sour
59 Ceases from motion
61 Makes, as coins
63 Ceremony
64 Crucifix
67 Chooses
69 Fur-bearing animal
72 Garrets
74 Spirit; enthusiasm
76 Tends
78 Analysis of ore
79 Expiate
82 Short jacket
84 Word of solemn ratification
85 Crooked; askew
86 Deer
88 A theory
90 Sooner than
91 Color
94 Japanese measure of area
96 Sloth


Protect Cushions of Auto with GORDON UNIVERSAL SEAT COVERS

INSTALLED IN FIVE MINUTES

They're Washable

KEEP upholstery and clothes new and clean, increase car's resale value. Durable, hard-surfaced, washable materials to which garments won't adhere. As inexpensive as home-made.

Coupe or Roadster $2.50 Coach, Sedan, Touring $5.00

At department stores in several hundred cities, auto dealers all over the U. S., or order direct C. O. D. parcel post. Give car name, model, choice of tan or gray materials. Money refunded in full if not satisfied.

Advertising Tire Covers For All Advertisers

California State Fair Sacramento Sept. 1-8

They are moving billboards that put your sales message over at a glance. Nothing better for rapid-fire, intensive advertising at little cost. Send now for new low prices and samples.

THE J. P. GORDON CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

Mrs. ESTELL ANTHONY

Your mother is desperate because of your disappearance. Please communicate at once with Mrs. W. R. Connor, Old Fort, N. C.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

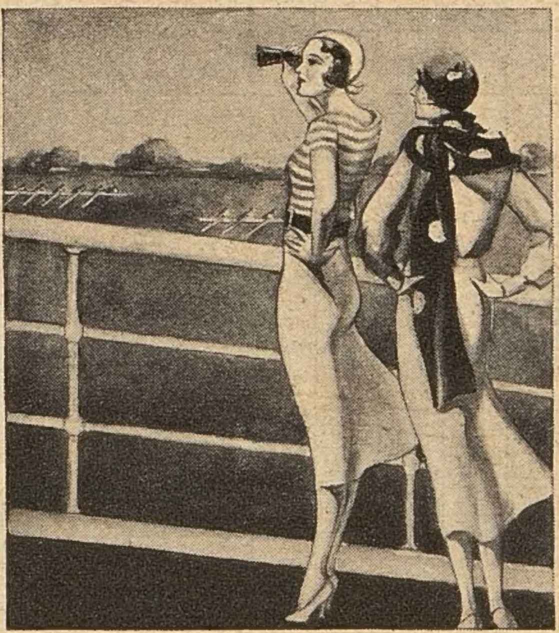
YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 5 minutes 5 seconds.)



NOW France has sent her jazziest author over here to put New York on a literary spot. Maurice de Kobra, Parisian twintype of our own J. P. McEvoy, will hang around Manhattan night clubs, dive into speakeasies, Harlem hot spots, etc., then tell the French reading public all about us in a rapid-fire novel *à la* Dixie Dugan.

De Kobra's Dixie will be called Mimi Broadway. Mimi wins a beauty prize somewhere out West and comes to New York to have a career. The great question is, can she get along in the big wicked city—and stay good? Monsieur de Kobra says no.

And we have no idea, he says, how highly the European imagination is being excited by our wild prohibition ways. To the average French reader, sipping good wine with a clear conscience, rumrunning, raid-ridden America has become a land of fascinating violence where anything can happen.

Maurice de Kobra

Monsieur de Kobra has plenty of ideas of his own about this country. " American women," he told me, " are human cocktails. Look at the mixture—Slav legs, English smile, French bust.

" Americans are born vertical. We Europeans (we're horizontal by nature) cannot stay here more than a few months at a time. We have to go back to Europe to lie down."

Monsieur de K. has had an interesting life. Been here ten times. Knows all about girls. Once taught German *Fräuleins* how to be graceful flirts; officially he was teaching them French. At same time was French prof at Berlin University and player of Viennese waltzes in Berlin cabarets.

During the war was French liaison officer with our Rainbow Division.

ARE women—we modern women—still afraid of mice? The average man insists that we are, and calls it a plain disproof of our feminine progress.

Now our English sisters have given this old male slander a stunning blow. At a grand mouse rally—" South of England Mice Show" was its official name—women mouse fanciers outnumbered the men mouse fanciers recently *by fifteen to one.*

What do you think of that?

Prize mice, let me tell you, run into money. The top mouse in the show was valued at $250.

" I CAN'T afford to travel," writes a girl who reads this page, " so I'd like to be a stewardess on an ocean liner. My folks would almost die if they knew I wanted to do that. They think menial work is degrading. Please tell me what you think about it."

This letter raises an interesting question. It is impossible to decide offhand whether or not any so-called menial work is degrading. To some people it is. To others it is not. The difference depends upon your sense of independence. If you have a highly sensitive ego—if you take offense easily and are always on the lookout for slights—then you had better not try to do menial work. It would probably hurt you too much. But if you have a robust self-respect that remains intact under all circumstances, then you can be perfectly happy as a stewardess, a waitress, or a maid. Personally, I accept the fact that some persons cannot stand up to such jobs.

But I don't feel any particular sympathy for them because of it.

FAMILY and home mean a great deal to most Germans. Yet in Germany, as elsewhere, life has a way of breaking the strongest family ties. I want to salute the cleverness of one German mother who faced this sad dilemma—and overcame it.

As her children grew up they drifted away from the small provincial town where she lived. They could visit her only during vacation time.

Wisely she told herself:

" Vacation in this small town—that's dull for them. Visiting me will become an unpleasant duty."

Through cautious inquiries she found that all her sons and daughters adored Heidelberg. Heidelberg was their idea of a lively, interesting place. Mama said not a word until she was ready to act. Then she announced to her children the following news:

" I have taken a house in Heidelberg. Now you can all have a good time when you visit me."

They do, so one of her sons informs me. And mama feels that she has been amply rewarded for uprooting herself.

A REALLY comprehensive book on dieting (how to reduce and how to gain) has been written by Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City. It's called Diet and Weight Control. (Published by Liveright.)

FROM Paris a friend of mine writes: " American cotton goods are all the rage here. The very smartest designers are using them.

" Lyolene has taken them up, and her ' little cotton frocks ' are exquisite.

" She finishes them with pearl buttons, hand fagoting, embroidery, etc., in such novel ways that they are real creations.

" Cotton evening dresses, too. And Schiaparelli is showing coats in cotton tweed—the very latest thing."

DID you know that scallops and smoked haddock are affinities? They are. They combine deliciously; make fine casserole companions.

Give the scallops 5 minutes' gentle simmering in plenty of water to which a little mace has been added. Lay the haddock fillets in boiling water, lower the flame, and cook for 8 minutes. Drain scallops and haddock. Flake the latter.

The quantity of scallops should be double the quantity of haddock. Prepare a thick cream sauce, half milk, half cream. Add 1 tablespoon grated American cheese and 1 teaspoon paprika to 2 cups sauce. You'll need a cup of sauce for every cup of fish. Mix sauce, scallops, and flaked haddock. Place in fireproof dish, sprinkle with a little cheese, put in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

IF YOU DON'T KNOW—
FIND OUT
HOW YOUR LAXATIVE WORKS

Your very health is at stake!

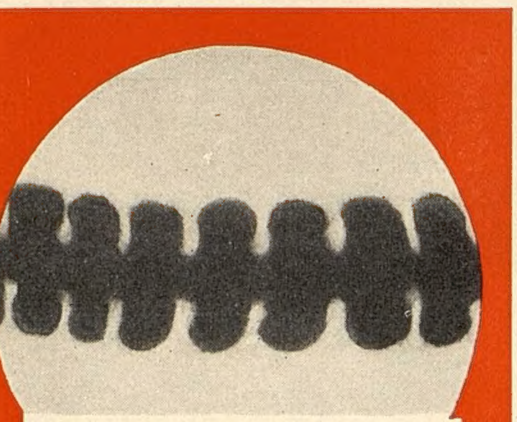
Don't think constipation is unimportant simply because so many people are subject to it. Doctors will tell you it is an underlying cause of a great proportion of common ills today.

"Constipated!" you say. "I'll take a laxative." But hold on! *Which* laxative will you take? For there are many —and only a few are good for you.

Many wrong laxatives actually *aggravate* constipation instead of correcting it! For in giving relief they rob Nature of a necessary function—response to the delicate *natural* impulse. Their violent methods are opposed to Nature's way.

Ex-Lax acts as Nature does

The right laxative, the doctor will tell you, simply "nudges" Nature, when delayed—puts Nature back to work. Such a laxative is Ex-Lax—America's leading laxative in point of sales.



X-ray of a Normal Intestine
The peristaltic muscles knead and churn constantly to eliminate waste matter. When action is delayed, Ex-Lax simply gives Nature a gentle nudge and proper function is resumed.

Beware of Violent Cathartics!
Chronic constipation distends the intestines, causing loss of muscle "tone." Repeated abuse with violent cathartics may further impair the action of these muscles, thus often doing more harm than good.

Ex-Lax does not gripe. It does not over-stimulate the intestines. It does not rush food through the intestines before assimilation is complete.

Doctors approve the Ex-Lax way

All of these things are important, doctors know. And that is why the Ex-Lax way, gentle but effective, has the stamp of medical approval.

Ex-Lax is not absorbed into the system; its use does not cause harmful after-effects. It is not habit-forming. Pleasant to the taste, millions—old and young—use Ex-Lax.

Phenolphthalein is the only medicinal ingredient of Ex-Lax. Presented in a deliciously chocolated form, this laxative is known to doctors the world over for its mild effectiveness.

Get Ex-Lax today at your drug store. 10c, 25c, 50c sizes. Or mail the coupon below for a free sample.

© 1932

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Safe

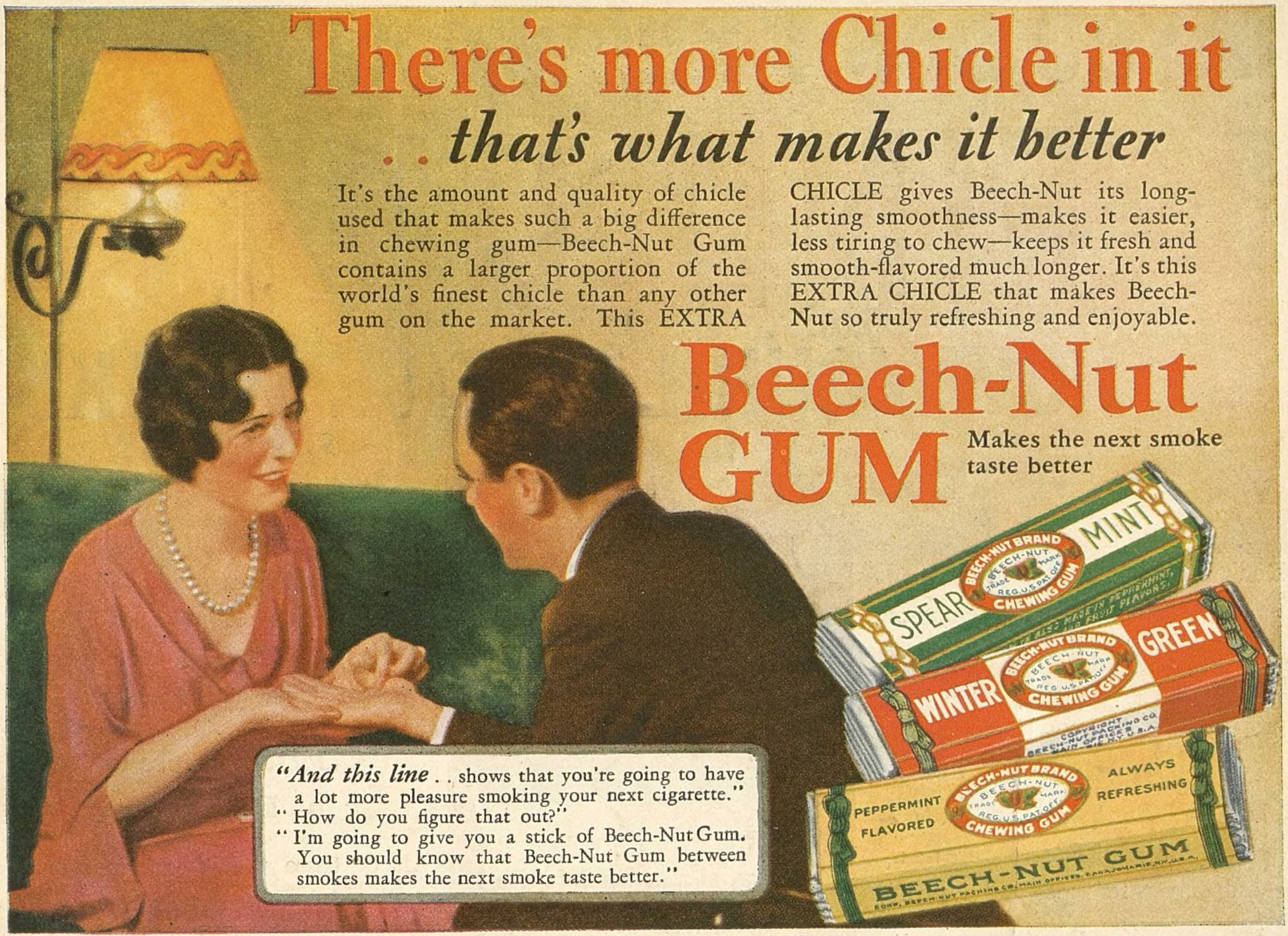
FREE SAMPLE

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, L52
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Kindly send me the free sample of Ex-Lax.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________


BEECH-NUT BRAND
BEECH-NUT
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CHEWING GUM
SPEAR MINT
WINTER GREEN
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM

There's more Chicle in it

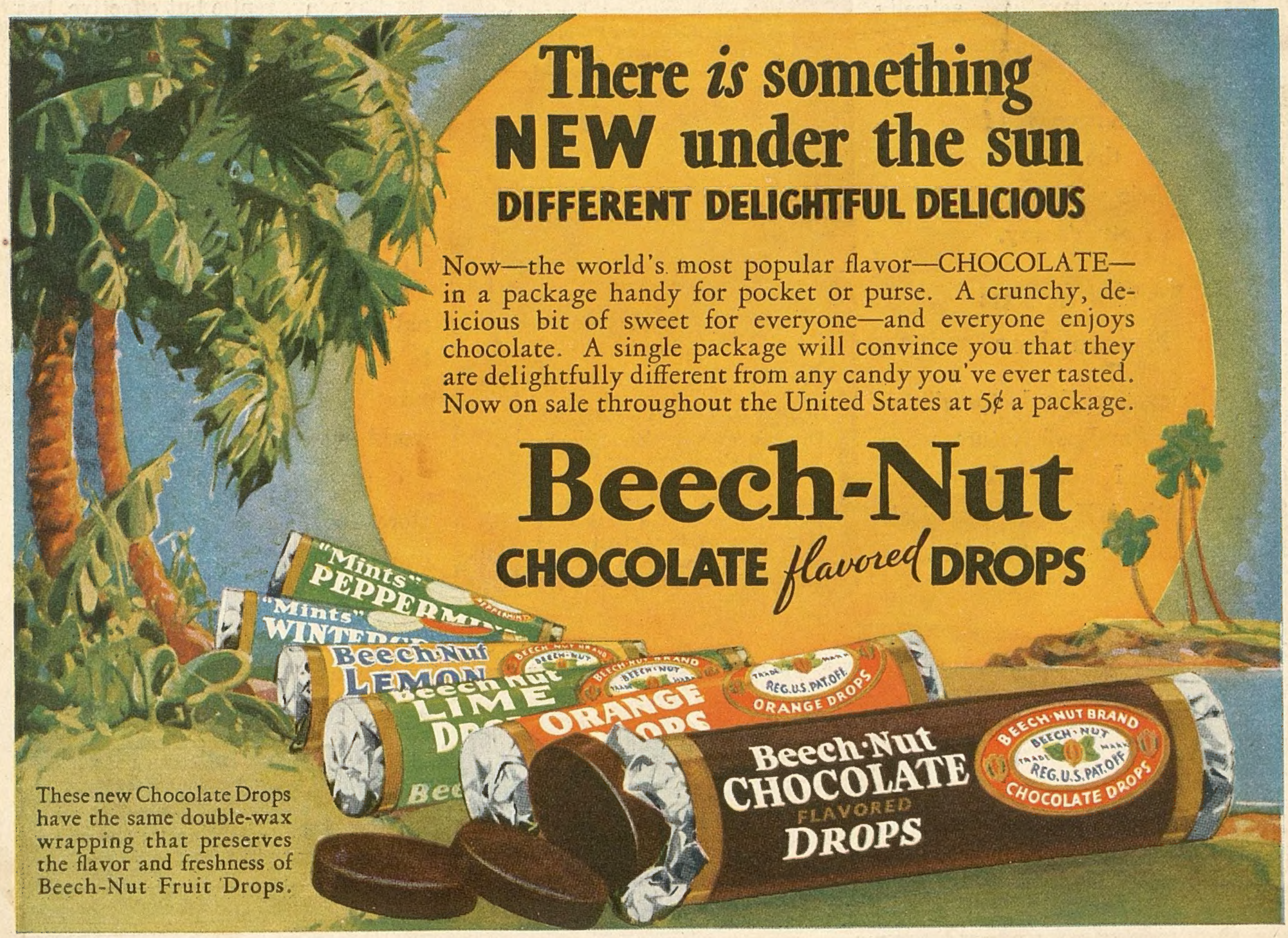
. . that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM

Makes the next smoke taste better

"*And this line* . . shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette."
"How do you figure that out?"
"I'm going to give you a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. You should know that Beech-Nut Gum between smokes makes the next smoke taste better."


"Mints" PEPPERMINT
"Mints" WINTERGREEN
Beech-Nut LEMON
Beech-Nut LIME DROPS
ORANGE DROPS
Beech-Nut CHOCOLATE FLAVORED DROPS
BEECH-NUT BRAND
TRADE MARK
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
CHOCOLATE DROPS

There *is* something NEW under the sun

DIFFERENT DELIGHTFUL DELICIOUS

Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

Beech-Nut CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.